

LIFE



JUDY GARLAND

DECEMBER 11, 1944 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



There comes spring, laughing in the window. There goes winter, away from your heart. It's Christmas, it's Thanksgiving, it's the 4th of July—you're laughing, you're crying, there are stars in your eyes—it's the day your man comes home.

And when you get right down to planning—for books and flowers, a friendly fire, polished tables, sparkling silverware—then Community* shares your dreams. Like you, we work away at our war jobs. Like you, we look to tomorrow. That bright tomorrow, when we can once more fashion for America's favorite brides the bride's all-time favorite Community. That shining tomorrow, when your man comes home. And the day will come!

*TRADEMARK

SPEED THE DAY!

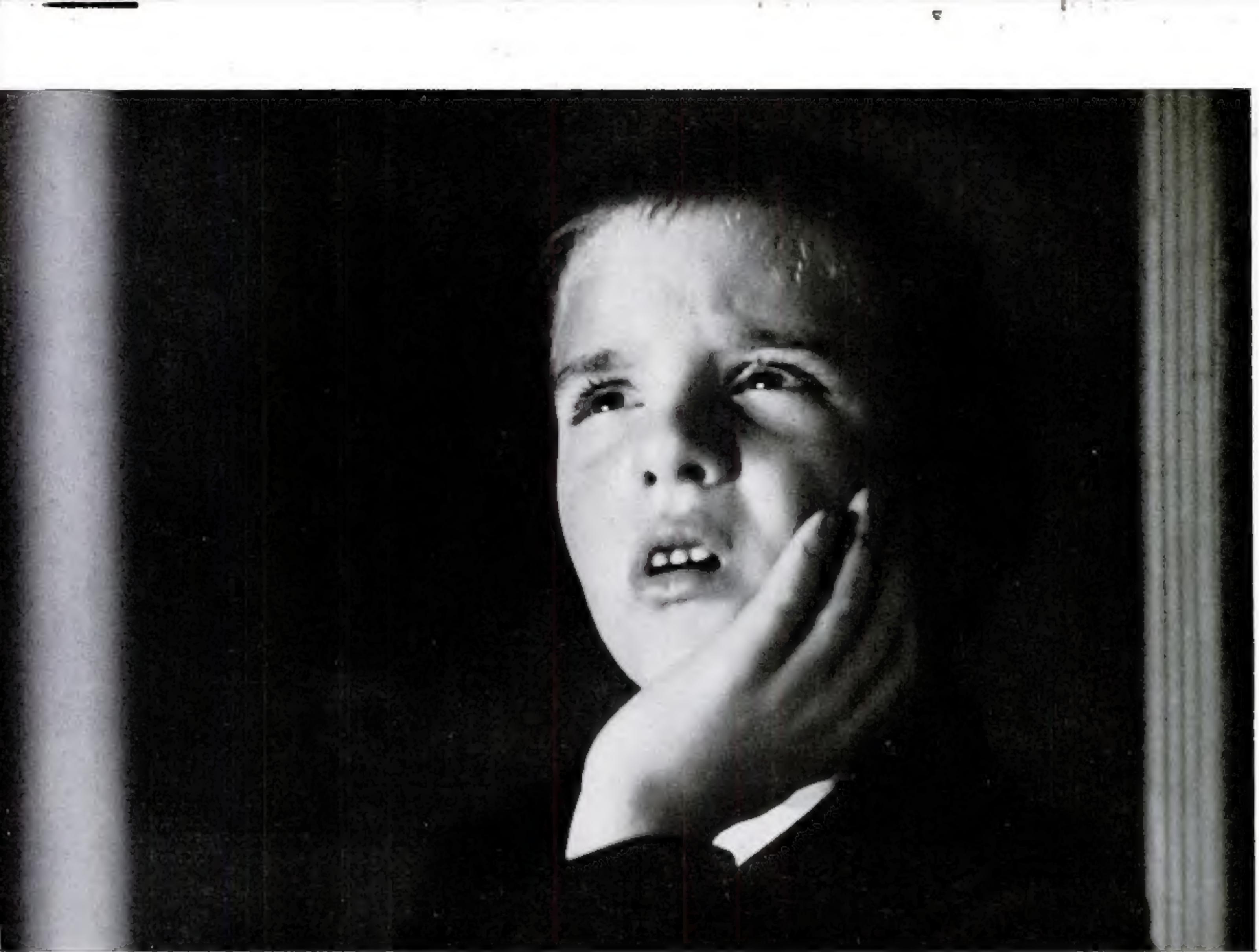


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If it's Community... it's correct

FREE! If you'd like a full color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, write COMMUNITY, Dept. H, Oneida, N. Y.



Am I embarrassed! Why, Pop ...

**You brushed your teeth without
massaging your gums!**

Pop: What's so terrible about that, Bobby? It's my teeth that need care, not my gums.

Bob: You'd go to the end of the class in our school for that answer, Pops. We're taught that regular gum massage is just as important to teeth as regular brushing.

Pop: Well, this is something I never learned in school. Fire away, Teacher.

Bob: Oh, you're just kidding, Dad. Everybody knows you should massage your gums after brushing, 'cause today's soft foods often let gums get flabby and tender, and then comes "pink" on your tooth brush, and then, "oh-oh!"

Pop: What do you mean, "oh-oh"?

Bob: Just, "oh-oh," better make a date to see your dentist right away!

THE importance of regular gum massage for healthy teeth is being taught in thousands of schools throughout the country today.

Not only that: A 1944 survey shows that 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby, tender gums, protect teeth.

Fortunately, Nature gives us a warning signal when a danger point is reached—a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush. See your dentist when this happens. He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to help the health of the gums. One reason why more than twice as many dentists today personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice, as shown by a nationwide survey. So remember ...

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"
WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



Product of Bristol-Myers

This One

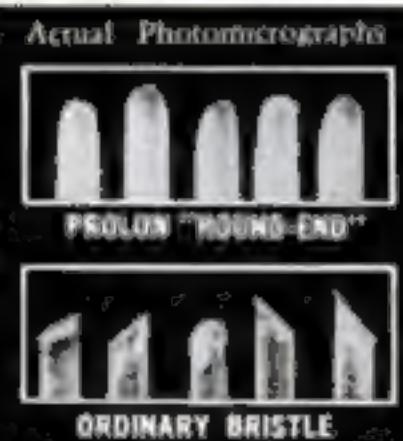


ZFFY-YUF-T7NL

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY
TO MAKE MY BRISTLES AS GOOD
AS **PROLON!**



For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

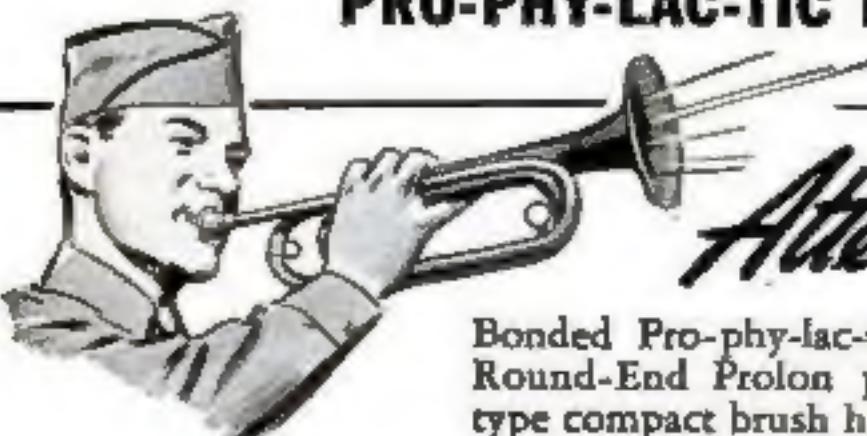
PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! Users of
Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.

BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THANKSGIVING

Sir:

Thank you for the beautiful picture of the Tallmadge, Ohio church on the cover of your Nov. 20 issue.

My husband grew up in Tallmadge and his grandfather helped build the church. He had walked 600 miles from Connecticut, carrying his ax on his shoulder. Two years later he went back to Connecticut to see his mother and returned the same way to Tallmadge. The park was called "the center," and the diagonal and straight roads met there, where the church, the town hall and the school were built; religion, law and democracy, education.

FLORENCE G. TREAT

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir:

Thank you for using a picture of our church as a cover for your Nov. 20 issue. We believe there are many others who would like to know more about this historic place of worship.

The First Congregational Church was organized in 1809. Thirteen years later work was started on the present building. All the lumber was donated from the surrounding forest, the framework being hand-hewn and the rest of the lumber sawed in a mill near by. The four front pillars were from solid black walnut trees, fluted by hand. Ours was the first "steeple" church erected on the Western Reserve. The building was completed, free of debt, in September of 1825. Today it is the oldest church building in Ohio still being used as a house of worship. It stands today as it was built except for the side entrance which is to be seen in your picture.

KENNETH E. SEIM
Pastor

First Congregational Church
Tallmadge, Ohio

PARIS FASHIONS

Sir:

Of the 83 men here at Westminster College the vast majority of us agree that we are definitely opposed to any infiltration of "Paris Fashions" (LIFE, Nov. 20) beyond the Statue of Liberty if your photographs are exemplary of things to come. We shudder to think

(continued on p. 4)

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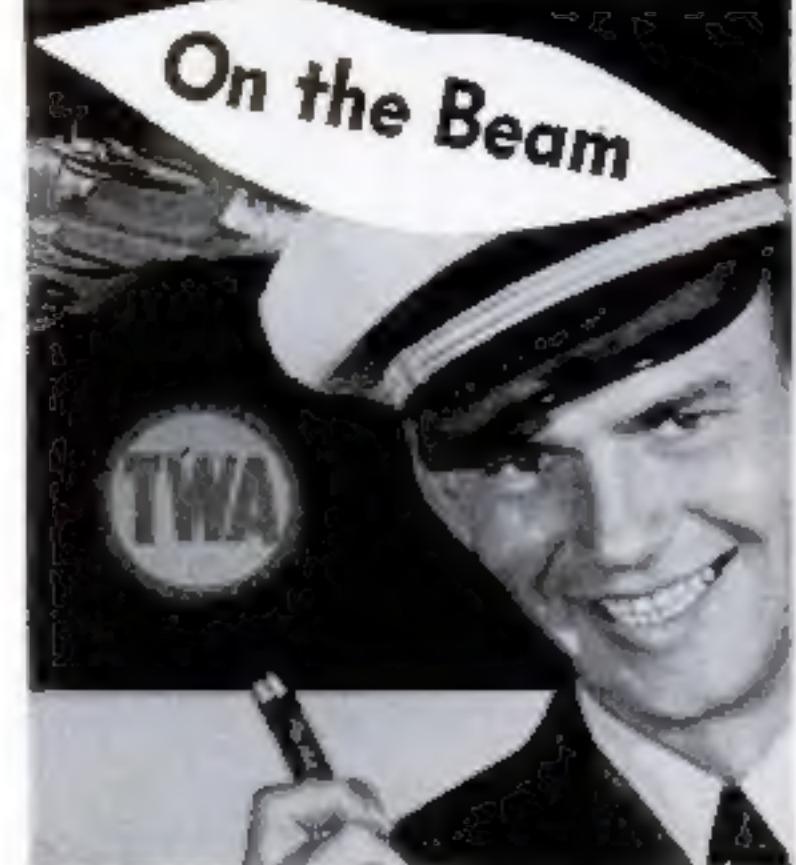
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LIFE
December 11, 1944

Volume 17
Number 24

On the Beam



Pilots with chapped, cracked, dry lips get back on the beam with CHAP STICK.

CHAP STICK keeps lips fit



Convalescents know the discomfort of parched lips. Soothing CHAP STICK is made to order to smooth and ease dry, chapped lips.

CHAP STICK for feverish lips



Tip to Mothers: Let Junior have his private CHAP STICK. He'll prize it—if it's his very own!

CHAP STICK for every member of the family



The one and only CHAP STICK—specially medicated—specially soothing. "Biggest little thing in my kit," says the soldier. "Biggest little thing in my medicine cabinet," says the head of the house. Every member of the family should have his own handy stick. CHAP STICK keeps lips fit. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.



KEEPS LIPS FIT



Please help keep **LONG DISTANCE** circuits clear
for necessary calls on December 24, 25 and 26.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



When?



BUT HE'LL BE COMING BACK!

And it won't be long, now—if we each do our own full share! How about it, Mister? How much do you care about the little kids . . . the mothers faint with waiting? What's your full share to speed a Father home?

How much do you care? Enough to lend two weeks' pay . . . to help? Enough to buy a father's blankets, shoes . . . and bullets? Enough to pay for a couple of extra bombs to hasten the day he starts for home?

Put your heart into it...they do | 6th War loan

CONTRIBUTED TO THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE BY THE
CHESBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CONS'D. MAKERS OF 'VASELINE' BRAND PRODUCTS

Two noses press against a window pane.
Two pairs of eyes watch the shadows deepen
... and the street lights come on.

For a long time, now, there have been no evening stories about the growly bear . . . no one to read the funnies while Mother got the supper . . . no one to throw the ball for Bimbo half so well.

For Father has been gone a long, long time.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

of our own coeds bicycling to a house party in one of those culotte bloomier affairs; and as for balloon skirts, we don't even talk about them. Even Wellesley jeans and flying shirttails are better than the lavish rigs from across the water.

WALLACE ABEL
Uniontown, Pa.

Sirs:
... I don't think peace is going to be so good after all.

GENE WILLIS

Black Oak, Ark.

Sirs:
The shoes are worst of all. Even Dietrich legs would look like tree stumps in them.

F. SIMMONS
New York, N. Y.



DIETRICH'S LEGS . . .



... LIKE THIS!

RURAL DELIGHTS

Sirs:
Thanks for the photos of rural New York illustrating the magnificent little pieces in the *New York Times* description of nature in its many moods and aspects. Is the author really a nature lover or is he a city-bred man whose feet have trod only hard pavements but whose yearning has been for the open spaces?

The mysterious silence of the *Times* as to his identity makes him suspect!

WALTER MANN

Philadelphia, Pa.

• The *New York Times* prefers to keep its editorial writers anonymous but declares that they all come from the country.—ED.

FAMILIES SPEAK FOR THEIR WAR DEAD

Sirs:
I was very interested in your article, "Families Speak for Their War Dead" (*LIFE*, Nov. 20).

I agree that the war veterans should handle the peace plans for the most part, but compulsory military training in the U. S. would certainly be a mis-



VanRoy

*Signet of Quality
in Pipes*



VanRoy
BARD 55



At home or afield a VanRoy adds new contentment to hours of relaxation . . . It is a pipe with a noble heritage of quality chosen by men who relish life's better things . . . Indulge yourself when it comes to pipes—discover the pleasure of VanRoy ownership.

VanRoy Pipe Family
ARISTA • BARD • COURIER • DUMONT

VANROY COMPANY, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1

(continued on p. 7)

Pint-size husky

This is a story about "Boy Meets Gear." It began in 1934, when Little Andy there was building up muscle he now needs at the wheel of an armored truck. And at General Motors, men were working on a special little gear that turned out to be one of Andy's best friends when war's pinch came. Let's see what happens.

* * *

Ten years ago General Motors engineers were working over a new rear-axle gear that was lighter, stronger—and lower than they had ever used before. Its first purpose was to give your car a flat floor board, a smarter design, and lower over-all height.

It was called the hypoid gear and it did

its job well. But it also proved so tremendously strong that it graduated into trucks for heavy overloads and extra duty.

When war struck, the hypoid gear answered the same bugle calls a grown-up Andy did. Because it proved so sturdy in hard use, government engineers wrote it into many of their specifications for trucks and military vehicles.

So when war pictures show General Motors trucks climbing in and out of shell holes, clawing up frightening grades, scrambling through sand banks and mud holes—thank a little driving gear about the size of an apple. It takes all the power those big en-



gines can put out and sends it into the wheels that have taken millions of Andies wherever they need to go.

Here's one of many such examples of American ingenuity that flowered in industry because, in our country, men are rewarded for handling the tough jobs.

This idea helped put our country at the top in conveniences and human comforts. It has proved superior to every other system in wartime. And it holds the certain promise of more and better things for more people in the new world that lies ahead.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

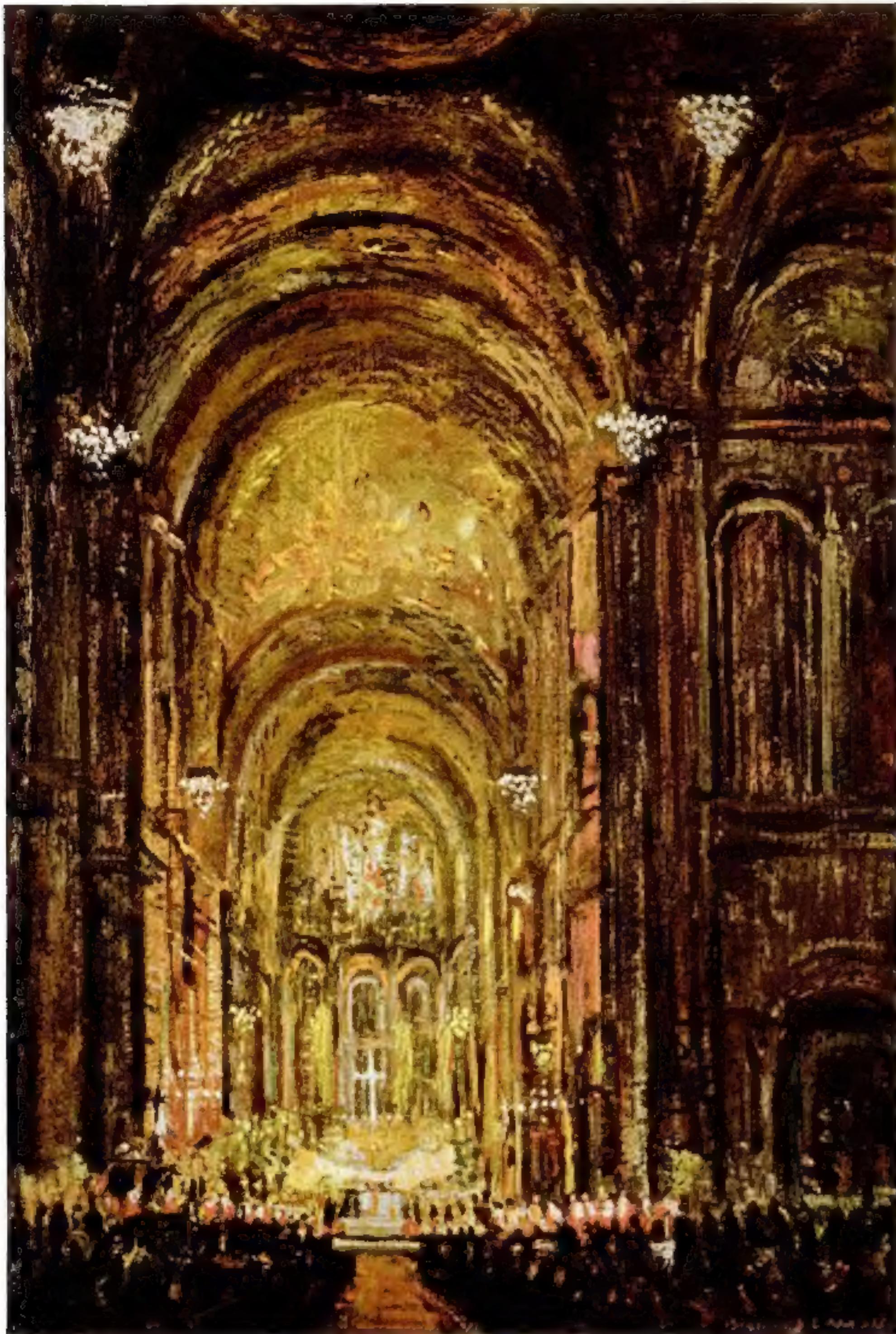
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GM TRUCK AND COACH

MAKE
VICTORY COMPLETE



Buy More War Bonds





And the Glory of the Lord™ the great anthem from Handel's "Messiah," interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Bernard Lamotte. . . . For information on reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection, write to Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

And the Glory of the Lord

Ring out, oh voices, in glad hosannal Ring out . . . from solemn cathedral and simple chapel, from distant ship and island shore. Lift heavenward a hymn whose message fills the world with hope.

To men free to sing their faith, Christmas, this year, comes as a day of deep rejoicing. To men still fettered, yet unafraid, it offers new-forged comfort. To both, it is a time of prayer that may soon know fulfilment. . . .

For the light of peace is lengthening, and there is promise that at last the forces of hatred shall be banished from the earth . . . that the hearts of all peoples, shadowed by great sacrifice and sorrowing, shall once again hold only mercy and good-will.

Then, truth shall triumph over tyranny.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

The Capehart — The Farnsworth

PRODUCTS OF FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

and all because
she gave him!
Regal Ties!



Famous for Two
Generations
for Style and
Wear

\$1.00
and up
at better stores



Exclusive Styles
Exclusive Features
Exclusive Fabrics

Regal Ties

Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

take. Having just finished a costly war, do we want to force our youth into training for another one? I certainly hope not. If we handle the peace correctly there'll be no need for mass military training.

CAROL RITCHIE

Louisville, Ky.

Sirs:

A woman such as Mrs. Courtney, who can lose a son in the war and at the same time think constructively about Germany, is a credit to this country.

Her proposal to re-educate Germany comes at a time when many plans are being advanced for the control of the warlike nature of the Germans.

These plans do not suggest methods for getting at the root of the problem, which is the nature of the Germans themselves.

The products of the free American educational system, taught as they have been to think for themselves, will eventually conquer these products of the perverted educational system. For the United Nations can set up elaborate systems of control, but unless something is done to swing the German urge for self-expression into peaceful, productive channels, a nation as clever as Germany is will find a way to bring about World War III.

J. B. M. ARTHUR

Apponaug, R. I.

Sirs:

I am in second-term high school myself and many of my friends who are at the age of 15 would gladly enter for military training if we knew there was a way of training and continuing an adequate education.

BURTON ROBBINS

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

So Mr. Ragsdale thinks that only the U. S. should run the international show, that only the U. S. is unselfish enough.

How about the civilians in Britain who saw their homes blasted to bits and their loved ones killed, do they not deserve a voice in the peace? And Russia, who has suffered the most of all and who proved that the German superman could be beaten. Do they not deserve a voice in the peace?

I am a Canadian and my only brother was killed at Dieppe. Canada, too, has a right to sit in at the peace negotiations.

O. S. POTTER

Toronto, Canada

GI SPORT GOODS

Sirs:

In beautiful, cool, colorful Colorado our deer-hunting attire is of the brightest hues obtainable ("GI Sport Goods," LIFE, Nov. 20) as it is much better to have a deer mistake you for a hunter than it is to have a hunter mistake you for a deer!

J. STANLEY BLUNT

Canon City, Colo.

Sirs:

Any deer hunter who wears a camouflage suit into the woods during hunting season is either short of brains or will be shortly.

VICTOR CROFTCHIK

Columbus, Ohio

• LIFE's story explicitly warned the wearers of camouflaged clothing: "Wear a red cap!"—ED.

Sirs:

The Army 30-cal. semiautomatic rifle is very fine, but not for deer. It is too small; the velocity and shocking power of the bullet does not measure up to a good deer-hunter's standards.

There still are a lot of fireside hunters who harbor the illusion that it is just

(continued on p. 8)



TO MOTHERS—this is important . . .

Your little girl can still keep warm and dry

You know the dangers of wet feet
that lead to sniffles and colds.
You know, in wartime especially,
that every member of the family
must keep well. You are aware that
Doctors are over-busy and that
ruining precious shoes is wasteful.

The American family does not have
to go without rubbers in wartime.
Today, in spite of the shortage of
rubber, your Government recognizes
the need for proper rubber footwear.

You have gladly given up the style,
lightness and color of Gaytees—
but the "U.S." label still assures
you the same quality of making
and good fit as always.



Pre-war Gaytees are shown here. While
they are not available today, like most
good things, they will be back. "U.S."
Waterproof Footwear, shown on figures,
is available in better stores.

"U.S." Gaytees
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
1230 Sixth Avenue • Rockefeller Center • New York 20, New York

Serving Through Science

Listen to the Philharmonic-Symphony program over the CBS net-
work Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 P. M. T. Carl Van Doren
and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps KLEENEX luxuriously soft - dependably strong!



In your own interest, remember—there is *only one* Kleenex* and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only* Kleenex has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

In these days of shortages

—we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: *consistent with government regulations*, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!



There is only one KLEENEX*

(T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

what the doctor ordered but old-time hunters say that one deer hanging in camp is worth 10 crippled ones in the woods.

CPL. WALTER L. JOHNSON
Ellington Field, Texas

BETTE DAVIS

Sirs:

While I've seen Bette Davis in all her varied roles from meek and mild to fiery and fast, not once have I seen her as painted by Alexander Brook (LIFE, Nov. 20).

WILSON HARRISON
Spartanburg, S. C.

Sirs:

Against the statement, "The clothes she wears in this portrait do not suggest any specific character she has played on the screen," I beg to differ. *Au contraire*, the red cape, the white chiffon



DAVIS IN "NOW, VOYAGER"

gown—like the upswept ash-blond hair—are strangely reminiscent of Miss Davis in the picture *Now, Voyager*.

The roses are sheer whimsy.

Mr. Brook has merely excluded the butterflies from the cape and has presented it to us much after the manner of the celebrated 16th Century painter Domenico Theotocopoulos (El Greco).

RUFUS LINDSEY
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

So! According to the story on Bette Davis, "many intelligent women loathe cooking and outdoor sports." Am I to assume the converse of that statement is true? Women who do enjoy cooking and outdoor sports are dumbbells?

MRS. J. R. CONNELLY
Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

On behalf of my very intelligent wife and many others like her, I protest. "Many intelligent women" would be better off if they did like to cook and so would their dyspeptic husbands.

S/SGT. FRANK K. McDOWELL
Maxwell Field, Ala.

Sirs:

In the article, "Bette Davis, An Oil Painting," I find this sentence, "Whom did that to me?" It certainly should be, "Who did that to me?" Even if it had been reported that Mr. Samuel Goldwyn said this, such a mistake should certainly have been changed by the editor.

J. V. DILLARD
Staunton, Va.

• No sensible editor ever edits Mr. Goldwyn's Goldwynisms.—ED.

FRENCH LICK

Sirs:

Apropos of that line beneath a picture in your "LIFE Visits an Indiana Spa at French Lick" (LIFE, Nov. 20): "There are small houses along the track and when a guest went into one of them



The sugar house stands right among the maple trees so the sugar can be made from freshly gathered sap.

Taste this real maple sugar flavor

The flavor of real maple sugar is a heart-warming and unforgettable treat. And that's the flavor we give you in Vermont Maid Syrup!

First, we choose maple sugar with a full, rich flavor. Then, by skillfully blending it with a combination of cane sugar and other sugars, we enhance the maple flavor—make it richer . . . more delicious.

You get a uniform, real maple sugar flavor every time you pour our Vermont Maid Syrup on your pancakes or waffles. Get Vermont Maid at your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.,
Burlington, Vermont.



Vermont Maid Syrup



MADE FROM
Real
ORANGES

5¢



(continued on p. 10)

**A young beauty takes up
an old issue . . .**

Stockings!

It's Barbara Britton, starring in the Paramount Picture, "Till We Meet Again"

"Stockings have always been important to any girl who knows the first thing about grooming!" declares vivacious, young Barbara Britton.

A good stocking must be all that Cannon Rayons are! They fit at every important place! They're dreamy sheer! They have that fashionable, dull finish! AND—they show a very stubborn resistance to wear and tear!



It's easy to see why the smart girls all call for Cannon Rayons, isn't it?

A special twisting process, called Hi-Twist, gives them wonderful elasticity...lasting quality that's so essential these walk-more days!



Barbara reminds you . . . "Our government asks us to make everything we wear last as long as possible."

So suds your Cannon Rayons gently! Like all rayons, Cannon Stockings will not perform properly under rough treatment. And please remember the 36 hours required for drying!



***Cannon
Hosiery***
HI-TWIST RAYON

Made by the makers of the famous Cannon Towels and Sheets
Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

This Year Give Practical Clothes Protected with DuPont "Zelan"

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR DAD! Rain and snow, mist and sleet roll right off Dad's "Zelan"-treated jacket—and all good cotton clothes protected with "Zelan."

"ZELAN" SHEDS WATER



"WHEE!" says Anne. A "Zelan"-treated snow suit that's smart enough for a grown-up Miss. Mother's glad too...because Standard Army spray test proves when clothes are properly washed or cleaned,

"ZELAN" WON'T WASH OUT!

*weather protection
that won't
wash out*

DuPont Zelan
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



DU PONT, WILMINGTON 98, DELAWARE

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



ACCIDENTS HAPPEN! But most splashes won't harm rain or play clothes that wear the "Zelan" tag or label. Spots that aren't greasy will sponge right off.

"ZELAN" RESISTS STAINS



DuPont Zelan
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



be hung his cane outside" how did your reporter overlook the classic incident of the early 1900s, when a wealthy wag from Kenosha, Wis., purchased dozens of canes and in the small hours before dawn patrol hung one on every door to the irremediable confusion of impatient guests.

HERMAN M. APPEL
Milwaukee, Wis.

HEDDA HOPPER

Sirs:

Were these pictures, both of which appeared in LIFE, Nov. 20, posed by the same two professional models?



H. HOPPER & L. PARSONS



M. CHRISTIANS & J. BROWN

■■■■■ the same background or is this remarkable resemblance purely coincidental?

R. J. LINDAHL
Brighton, Mass.

● The resemblance is purely coincidental. Gossiping women look the same in fact or fiction. ED.

USS "MISSOURI"

Sirs:

What kind of camera could take a picture of those shells from the USS Missouri (LIFE, Nov. 20)?

VINCENT WORMALD
Cambridge, Mass.

● A 4x5 Speed Graphic with a 5-in. Wollensak lens and an exposure of 1/400 at F. 8. Specialist P. S/C Arthur Statham took the shot of the Missouri from a Navy crash boat making between 20 and 25 knots.—ED.

JEANNETTE MACDONALD

Sirs:

Now don't you think that Shakespeare designed in his mind a Juliet who was "adolescent" and "youthful" instead of a buxom "fat and 40"? At any rate, La MacDonald can have my vote in or on any stage!

RUTH MARCIA CLARK
Tampa, Fla.

Sirs:

Why doesn't she give up?

V. ARTEN
Mineola, N. Y.



TAKE A TIP FROM ME
TRY

BC

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES
NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS



10¢ 25¢ USE AS DIRECTED
ON PACKAGE



*the girl
Seampufe slip*

December means all-round merriment
And thanks for gifts from Seampufe Cleo
(And thanks a million-dollar gifts to
lovely Seampufe angels.)

\$2 to \$3 at good stores everywhere
SEAMPUFÉ • 148 MADISON AVE. • NEW YORK

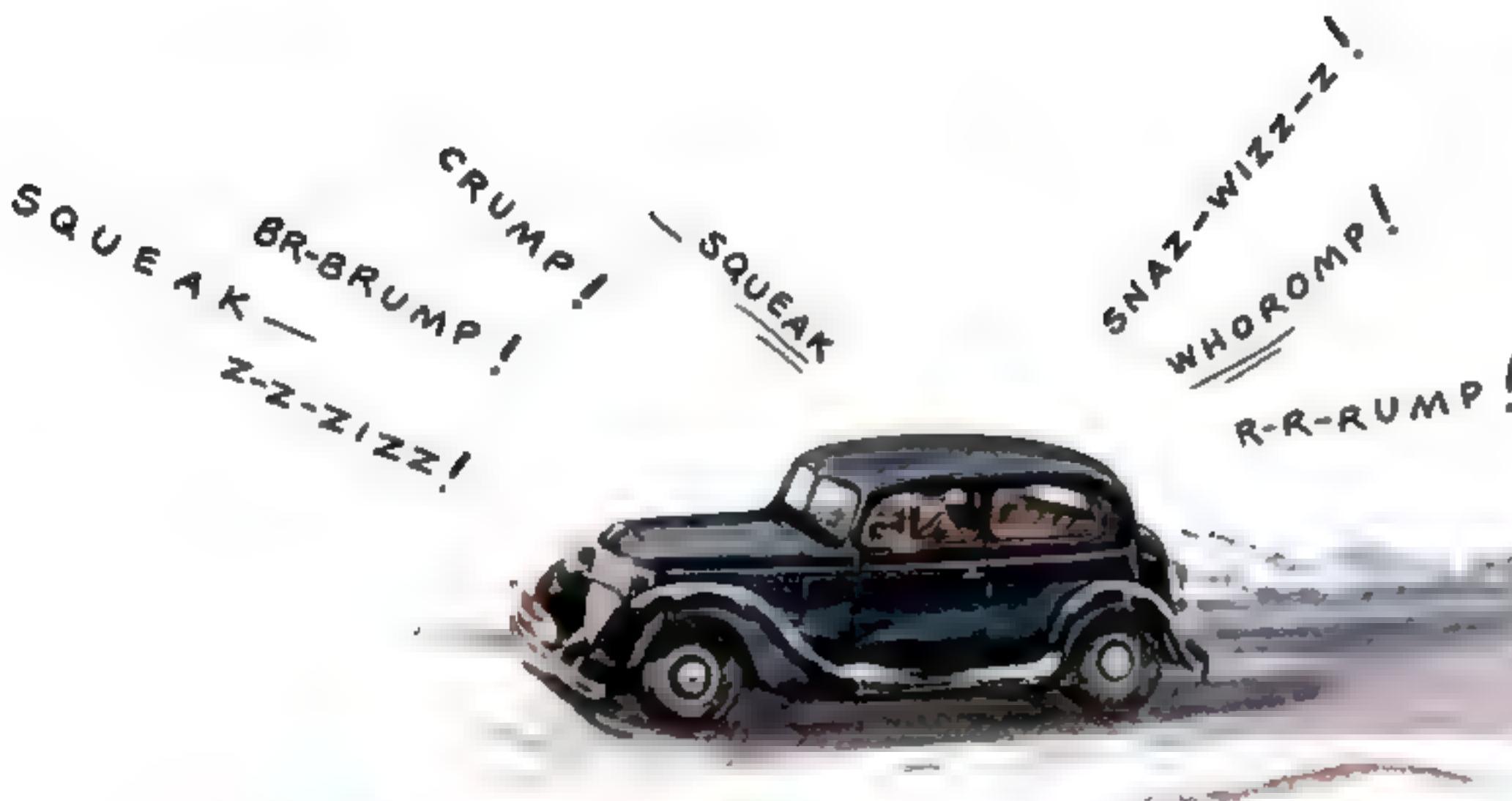


There's a

in your future!

FORD HAS BUILT MORE THAN 30,000,000 CARS AND TRUCKS





He's gone about as far as he can go ...

Thousands of cars go off the road daily. Is your car next?

Could be . . . but it needn't!

A car is as old as it *feels*. Neglect it and it shows its age, complains, soon gives up the ghost altogether. *Do something about those warnings, and you keep the old fellow full of young ideas.*

If your car is beginning to complain — if it's starting to groan and squeak — take it to your Texaco dealer while there's still time.

He knows the points of danger for aging cars.

He'll check the battery, radiator, tires, spark plugs. He'll drain the crankcase and refill with Insulated Havoline or Insulated Texaco Motor Oil. He'll give the tired old chassis a soothing Marfak Lubrication.

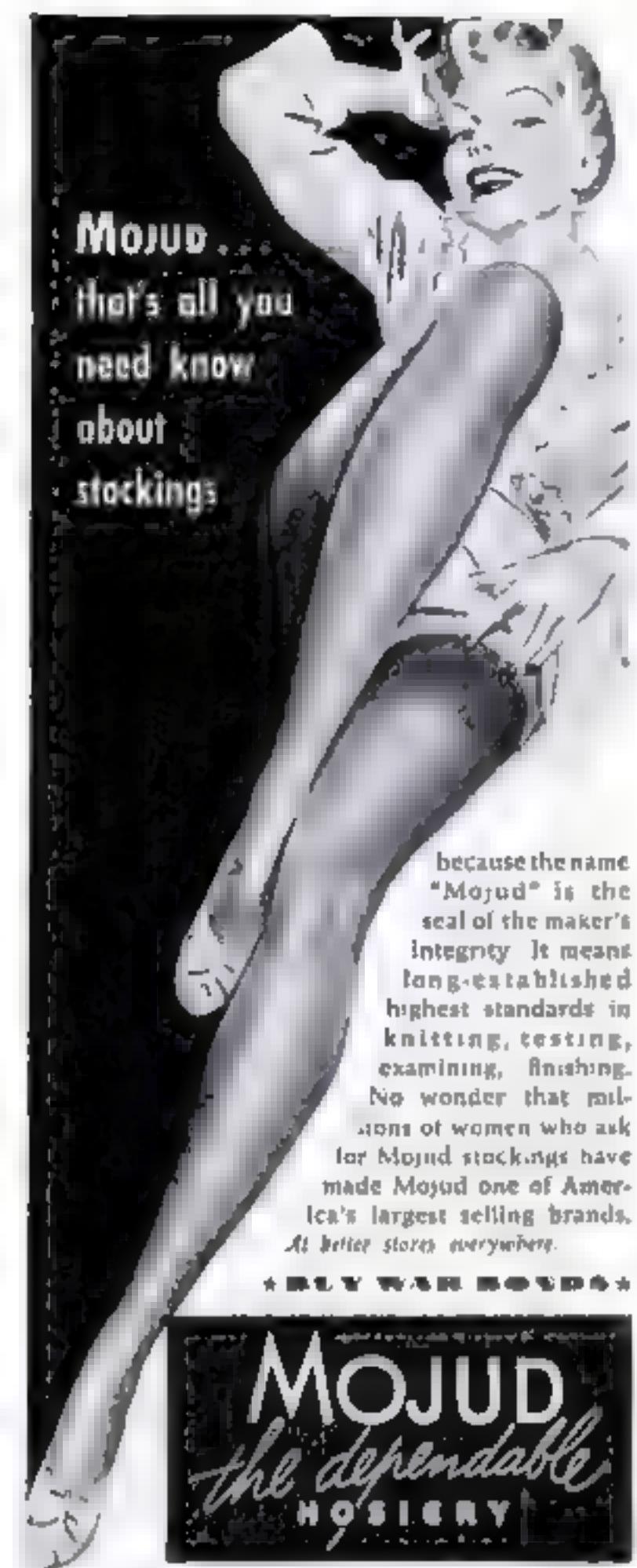
Get this Texaco check-up *regularly*. It'll keep your old car feeling fit as a fiddle. And that means it'll keep *you* on wheels till that new car comes.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

You're welcome at
TEXACO DEALERS

TIME IN... Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon. See newspapers for time and stations.





Mojud

that's all you
need know
about
stockings

because the name
"Mojud" is the
seal of the maker's
integrity. It means
long-established
highest standards in
knitting, testing,
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No wonder that mil-
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LIFE

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LIFE'S COVER

Frances Ethel Gumm is known to millions of moviegoers as Judy Garland. Born in Grand Rapids, Minn., 22 years ago, she started in show business when she and her two older sisters appeared as a singing trio in Midwestern theaters and at the 1933 Chicago World's Fair. Now one of M-G-M's most valuable properties, she made her debut at that studio in a short with Deanna Durbin in 1936, has since made 18 movies. For scenes from *Meet Me in St. Louis*, her latest movie, see page 68.

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MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT POSES FOR A NEW PORTRAIT AT WHITE HOUSE. SHE USUALLY DISLIKES PICTURES OF HERSELF BUT SHE SAYS SHE LIKES THIS ONE "AS WELL AS ANY"

SPEAKING OF PICTURES MRS. ROOSEVELT'S HANDS MAKE INTERESTING STUDIES

The capable hands of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt have done almost everything from writing *My Day* to knitting baby clothes in the White House. They have shaken the hands of queens and coal miners and sharecroppers, and they have raised five husky children. But it remained for famed Photographer Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa to discover how photogenic they are.

While visiting Washington recently to take a new portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt (above) for the Canadian weekly *Saturday Night*, Karsh became fascinated by her active and expressive hands, made the special camera studies which appear on the opposite page.

Karsh noted that Mrs. Roosevelt's hands are well cared for but not pampered. Rarely still they are espe-

cially eloquent when their owner is talking. Like a proud housewife unconsciously gesturing while she explains how she mixes and flavors the soup, American First Lady has a habit of twisting, turning, wringing and shaking her hands to illustrate her words. Readers may be surprised to see how many rings Mrs. Roosevelt wears—four on her left hand, two on her right



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

OTHER KARSH PORTRAITS



Mme. Chiang K'ai-shek, China's First Lady, has a cool glow—glamour comes from both East and West. She was educated in the U. S., is now here for her health.



Lady Halifax, wife of British ambassador to U. S., is very vivacious for an Englishwoman. She once climbed on an embassy divan to give a toast to the United Nations.

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The prayers of three wartime Christmases are near to fulfillment today, in the victories of our fighting men.

A hearty welcome home to those on Christmas furlough, but let's not rest for a moment until total victory is won.

Continue to buy bonds, donate blood, practice conservation. Conservation's first rule is *Buy wisely*.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

The pictures of Sadie Thompson on pages 43-48 comprise the eleventh theater story photographed by Eileen Darby (left) to appear in LIFE this year. Once a champion swimmer, Miss Darby started taking pictures six years ago. Although still in her 20s, she is a successful specialist in the job of recording a play with a camera. She is highly respected by theater people for her speed, her patience and her ability to capture the spirit of a performance.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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What's wrong with these pictures?

Look closely. See if you can spot the mistakes the artist has made before you check with the answers below.



Here's what's wrong:

- 1** If the tanker is bound for Australia, or any other point in the Pacific, she would be loaded to the gunwales—probably with high octane gasoline—and would float *deep* in the water. Only an empty tanker would ride as high as the one in the picture.
- 2** Look closely at the lettering on the back of the truck. It reads "low octane gasoline." All Army and Navy airplanes must have *high* octane gasoline. Practically all this high octane fuel is stepped up with a generous portion of Ethyl fluid—and that's why Ethyl gasoline

- has been absent recently from many civilian gasoline stations.
- 3** That's the wrong kind of "horsepower" for World War II. Today nearly all artillery is moved with gasoline power. Gasoline requirements of this war are said to be eighty times those of World War I.
- 4** The Ethyl trade mark on the pump is upside down...and remember the Ethyl emblem is something to keep your eye on. After the war, as before, it will be your guide to top-quality gasoline and to the very best performance from any car you may buy.

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CHATIER LES TRAITRES

MAURICE THOREZ DONT REVENIR

AT THE FIRST PARIS COMMUNIST MEETING SINCE 1940, THE BANNERS DEMAND PUNISHMENT OF TRAITORS AND RETURN TO PARIS OF MAURICE THOREZ. HE RETURNED NOV. 23

COMMUNISTS RIDE EUROPE'S WAVE

When the edges of Europe were liberated by the western Allies, the Nazi silence of the grave abruptly ended. A caterwauling disorder replaced the silence from the English Channel to the Aegean Sea. Liberated Europe was suddenly a babel of confused unrest pierce by one loud voice, the Communist Party.

The situations in Belgium, France, Italy and Greece had parallels. The governments were conservative, supported or sponsored by Great Britain. All four nations have Allied military operations in course in or beyond them. All are Allied supply lines. But all the governments need local support and until recently all were getting it from the Communists.

Throughout liberated Europe Communist prestige has been high. By their effective work in the underground the Communists had made up for their pre-

1941, antiwar record. They had the best organization and discipline of any political group. They professed to be Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, Greeks first and Communists only second. They favored bringing "collaborators" to justice and to death. They wanted the resistance groups, in which they had great influence, to retain their arms. At this stage of the war, they wanted stable governments so that all energies could be directed to fighting Germany. They preferred stability to socialism. Last week French Communist Leader Maurice Thorez reached France directly from Moscow. His first speech was all about winning the war and not at all about promoting socialism.

Whether or not they were planned or controlled by Moscow, the uprisings in all countries seemed spontaneous. The Communists did not put forward

a common economic charter for the liberated countries. The universal slogan was "democracy," which was hailed everywhere but nowhere defined.

The unrest put England and, to a lesser extent, the U. S. on a spot. In Parliament Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden had to answer charges that in Italy and Belgium the British were going against the will of the people to support "unpopular" conservative governments. Eden cited legal and military grounds, pointed out that Britain had long supported the leftist Tito in Yugoslavia. Actually, no one could definitely prove whether any government was popular or not. Nobody had asked the people to vote on anything. The most effective form of politics, favored by the Communists and their allies, was the big public demonstration. Some are shown on these pages.



BILINGUAL PLACARDS IN BRUSSELS ON NOV. 19 DO NOT MENTION THE IMMEDIATE ISSUE: SURRENDER OF WEAPONS!

THE BELGIANS

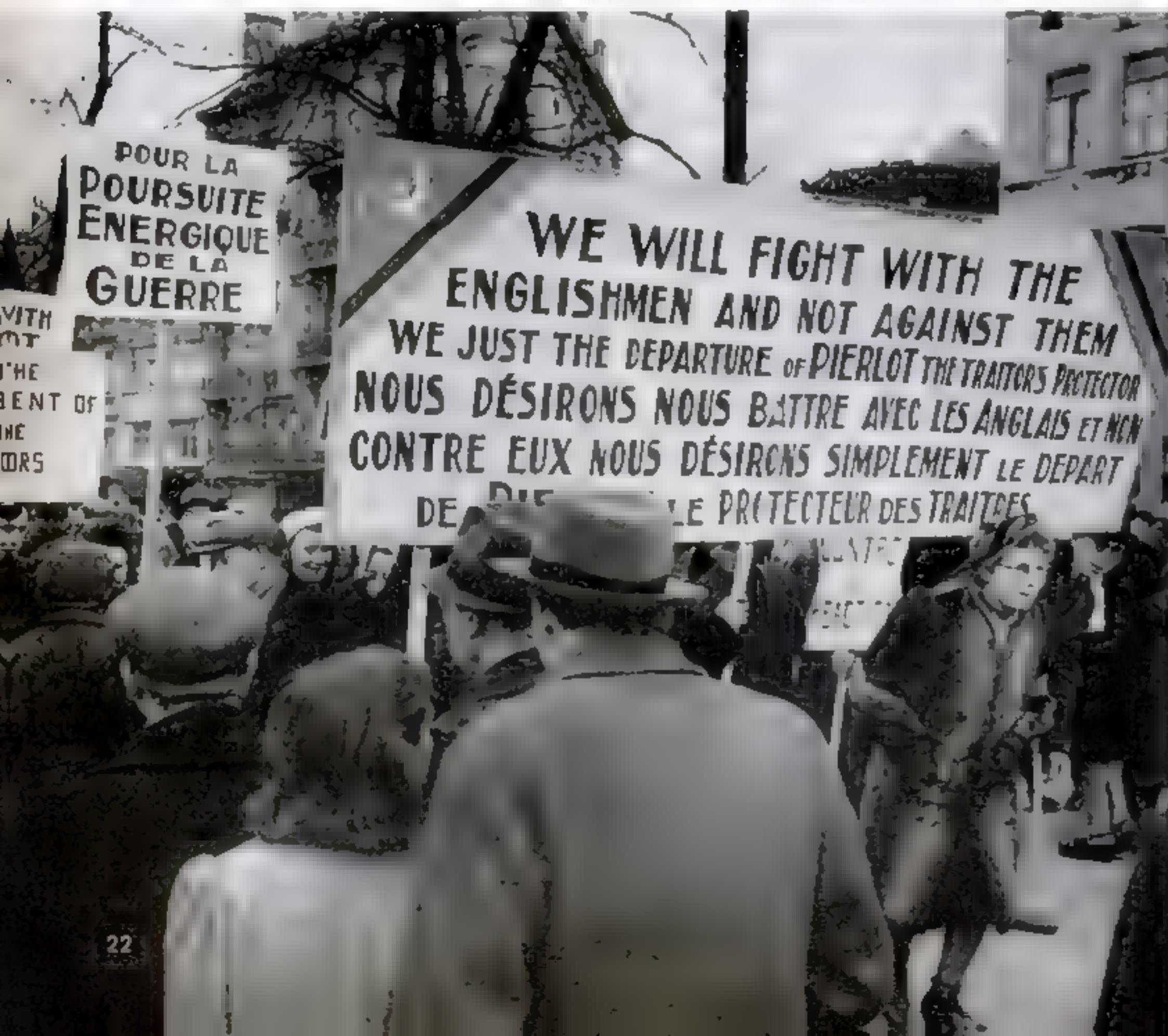
Hubert Pierlot was still Premier at week's end, but the Communists and the resistance forces had almost shaken him loose. Like de Gaulle in France, Premier Pierlot had demanded that the resistance forces give up their arms. He was supported in this by British General Erskine, head of the Allied military mission in Belgium. Thereupon two Communist ministers resigned.

The crux of the quarrel was the leftist demand that

somebody punish the propertied classes whose stake in the community always makes them more inclined than unpropertied people to collaboration with conquerors. Furthermore, the workers in the Belgian coal mines wanted a share of the bonus money the mineowners had been paid by the Germans.

In the upshot the resistance men gave up their arms, 27,000 rifles, or burned them, then had a bloody fight with the police and called a strike. The strike fizzled. In Belgium Socialists opposed Communists. Pierlot got a thundering vote of confidence.

BELGIAN PLACARDS IN THE NOV. 19 MARCH OF 15,000 PLACATE BRITISH, ARE VIRTUALLY STERN WITH "TRAITORS"



ANTI-FRANCO SPANISH COMMUNISTS AND PRIESTS

THE SPANIARDS

Some of the most heroic Communists in Europe are

Spaniards but today they are everywhere except in Spain. Above, the Communist leader of Catalonia speaks in Toulouse. Frazer, now exiled the "capital of the Spanish Republic." The occasion is a meeting of the Spanish National Union, which includes everybody from Communists to Catholic priests who oppose Franco. Some of these groups

IN TOULOUSE'S CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, SPANISH





HONOR ALLIES AND NOW UNITE AGAINST FASCISM

fought the Republicans during the civil war, but now anything looks better to them than Franco.

In the picture above, man in uniform is Colonel Paz, commander of the *guerrilleros* who fought beside the French Maquis. During the conference news came that seven had been awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm. The Union says its supreme headquarters is in Madrid, under Franco's nose. A rival organization is the Mexican exiles' Spanish Council of Liberation, made up of some of the best known names of old Republican Spain.

REPUBLICANS DRAPE ROSTRUM WITH ALLIES' FLAGS



AT COMMUNIST RALLY IN ATHENS NOV. 19 THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY, SANTOS, SPEAKS TO 50,000

THE GREEKS

"Sphere of influence" are the Greeks. There the Communists work through the EAM—National Liberation Front, whose ELAS armed forces are far more formidable than the Greek army. The hard core of EAM is communist, though many members think they are cheering for "laocracy" (popular government) when they cheer for communism. They have

more completely in the hands of the Communists than any other people in the British

been accused of a number of massacres which included Liberals, monarchists and renegade Communists as well as fascists. They not only police, sometimes levy taxes, seize property. In Salona the blue and white banners of Greece are almost outnumbered by the red hammer and sickle.

Premier Papandreu and British General Sebagh ordered "private armies" to surrender their arms on Dec. 10. Thereupon, the Communists quit cabinet. Meanwhile British were trying to arrange for a football match between EAM and its chief rival EDUS.

ATHENIAN COMMUNISTS AND EAM MEN IN CONSTITUTION SQUARE CARRY K.K.E. (COMMUNIST PARTY) BANNERS



European Communists (continued)



COMMUNIST LEADER PALMIRO TOGLIATTI (THIRD FROM RIGHT) LISTENS TO SOCIALIST LEADER NENNI DEMAND PURGE

THE ITALIANS

The elements of unrest in Italy showed where the hearts lay Nov. 12 by coming out in force to hear the Communist and Socialist leaders, firmly united for once, on Rome's Palatine Hill. Groups among them were violently in favor of killing Italian Fascists. The Socialist Nenni was opposed to Premier Bonomi, champion of the monarchy and the Allies. The Communist Palmiro Togliatti, a member of

the government, was more tactful. On Nov. 25 Bonomi was forced to resign. And it appeared that the Italian Communists now stand for stability, accompanied by verbal sniping at any rightist or centrist government.

Togliatti quit Italy in 1926 and went to Moscow under the alias Ercole, which means bowlegged, a sign of strength in Italian. On his return to Italy last March, he showed such popular strength that he was immediately given a place in the cabinet. For some reasons why Italy is fertile for communism, turn to page 21.

COMMUNIST TOGLIATTI DECLares THERE MUST NEVER AGAIN BE BARRIER BETWEEN ITALY AND SOVIET PROLETARIAT



Communist-Socialist rally on Nov. 12 to celebrate anniversary of Communist revolution was staged in Rome's magnificent Dorsoduro stadium on Palatine Hill, where Rome began.





Cairo, August 18. At left is imperial box. Some 30,000 well-dressed middle-class leftists listened soberly for an hour and a half to denunciations of Fascists, monarchists,

The signs below show the faces of Stalin, Lenin and Gramsci, foreground, an Italian Communist who was killed by the Fascists, and give vivas for the Red Army, Stalingrad, the

Workers' International, the Italian Communist Party, the Italian army, Palmiro Togliatti, partisans and "Democratic Government." The hero of the meeting was obviously Togliatti.



MR. HULL

HIS CAREER WAS IN A GREAT AMERICAN TRADITION, BUT A GREATER ONE IS NEEDED NOW

America has a new Secretary of State. Mr. Stettinius will streamline and expand the rusty machinery of the State Department. He brings youth, optimism and personal warmth to the No. 1 cabinet position. But whether he brings new aims for American diplomacy we shall not know for quite a while.

The chief figure in the shift is not Mr. Stettinius but Mr. Hull, who has resigned. This extraordinary man has been Secretary of State for nearly 12 years, half again as long as any other Secretary in our history. He is one of the most paradoxical figures in the world today. Politically he has been a tower of strength in the Roosevelt administration. Conservative Republicans and Democrats alike instinctively trust him. Governor Dewey was happy to endorse his policies on several occasions. His personal prestige is enormous. He is often spoken of as one of our great Secretaries of State. And yet the prestige of his department, both at home and abroad, is at one of the lowest ebbs in our history.

Some Great Secretaries

What makes a great Secretary of State? We have had a number of them. John Quincy Adams was one: he maneuvered Spain out of Florida and masterminded the Monroe Doctrine. Bold, skilful and intensely nationalistic, he aimed "to make an American cause, and adhere inflexibly to that." Daniel Webster was another: at a time when we almost went to war with Britain he sat down with Lord Ashburton and negotiated out a dozen thorny problems. Secretary Hamilton Fish was equally adroit, averting war with both Britain and Spain.

Other secretaries have been great because of their daring, imagination or guts. William Seward, who bought Alaska when nobody was looking, was one of the first Americans to recognize that the Pacific Ocean would "become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter," and to stake our claim there. James Blaine, though nervous and bombastic, also had a vision of America's future: he prepared the way for our acquisitions of Hawaii and the Panama Canal long before they came to pass. And John Hay, who bet early on our community of interest with England, made American policy felt in Asia long before we were a real Asiatic power.

In recent years great secretaries are a little harder to recognize. The old-timers had a fairly obvious job, even though not an easy one: to keep America expanding in territory and influence with the least risk of war. All that looks pretty dated now. We are no longer just the youngest of the great powers; we are, as Winston Churchill tells us, the greatest power in the world. We are indifferent to new territory; when Roosevelt in the

Atlantic Charter said we "seek no aggrandizement," there was scarcely a jingo voice to protest. We have had to develop moral substitutes for simple aggrandizement, to decide how to use our might instead of how to increase it. That is much harder.

Peace and Law

For decades two moral aims of our diplomacy have been pacific settlement of disputes and international law. Thus we have been pioneers in disarmament as well as arbitration. And nobody but an American would have gone to the trouble Secretary Kellogg did to "outlaw war." It is against this modern background of moral idealism that Cordell Hull's policies must be understood. He is in the direct line of descent from Root, who helped found the World Court; Bryan, who spun a web of arbitration treaties; and Stimson, whose nonrecognition doctrine was an original contribution to international law.

To this tradition Cordell Hull has adhered like a leech. His belief in international law and order explains his whole character and program: why he likes to be called "Judge," why his speeches are so austere, and why he could invite the Japanese to "confer and collaborate without ceasing." Of a piece with his faith in law is his faith in trade. He blamed most of the world's ills on the Smoot-Hawley tariff and for ten years sought to undo the evil by his Trade Agreements program.

Yet everything Hull stands for was made a mockery by the events of his 12 years. International law went up in smoke. Long before the war it was obvious that his multilateral trade theories were in a losing battle, that a new mercantilism was the order of the day. A few weeks before Munich, Hull summed up his foreign policy in eight lofty paragraphs: economic reconstruction, international law, observance of treaties, nonuse of force, noninterference in other people's affairs, reduction of armaments, etc. But nobody cared. The world wanted to know not what the Secretary thought, but what America was going to do.

As to that, Hull was just as unsure as most of the American people. His worst habit was to blame the people for not realizing the danger they were in, but at the same time doing little or nothing to pierce their apathy. Not feeling in tune with its popular sources, he never had a positive program for the use of American might.

Thus the *realpolitik* of our diplomacy had to be handled by others, mostly by Sumner Welles and the President. Mr. Hull was repeatedly by-passed on important foreign-policy decisions, and the morale and prestige of his department steadily declined. He did have two big moments of diplomatic triumph. The first was the day after we invaded Africa,

thus cashing in on his much criticized Vichy policy which was abruptly revealed as just a shrewd trick. As Hull gloated at his critics, for a moment U. S. diplomacy looked like a Tennessee mountaineer, thumb in vest, scoring a bull's-eye in the spittoon.

His other big moment was in Moscow, where he got Russian and British signatures on a declaration which he had practically written in advance. It promised an international organization "based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving states"—a Hull specialty. Back in Washington, Hull told Congress that the Moscow Declaration means "there will no longer be need for spheres of influence, for alliances, for balance of power, or any other of the special arrangements . . . of the unhappy past."

But who believes that? Not the heads of the governments of Russia, Britain, France, or even the U. S. Things aren't working out that way. The old chasm between words and events, which characterized so much of the Hull era, still yawns.

A Statue of Old Virtues

The tangible achievements of his career, such as the Trade Agreements and the beginnings made at Dumbarton Oaks, are all in the great American tradition of cautious idealism. But meanwhile the world of power politics mocks his idealism, while other and perhaps farther-seeing idealists attack his caution. Senator La Follette, a foe of Dumbarton Oaks, complains that "The voice of this giant [America] is only a tiny squeak in the councils of the victorious powers." If history denies Mr. Hull a place among the great Secretaries, it will be because he did not speak louder, because he did not dare to use his power enough.

The people gave their instinctive trust to Mr. Hull. He was to them like a statue of old American virtues, a classical 19th Century liberal in a confused world. He did not change with the times. History sometimes justifies that kind of stubbornness. Perhaps, when the kaleidoscope of power politics is shaken again, his figure will loom larger, reminding us that 19th Century principles are not all obsolete and that the law grows slowly but surely through honest, simple judges like him.

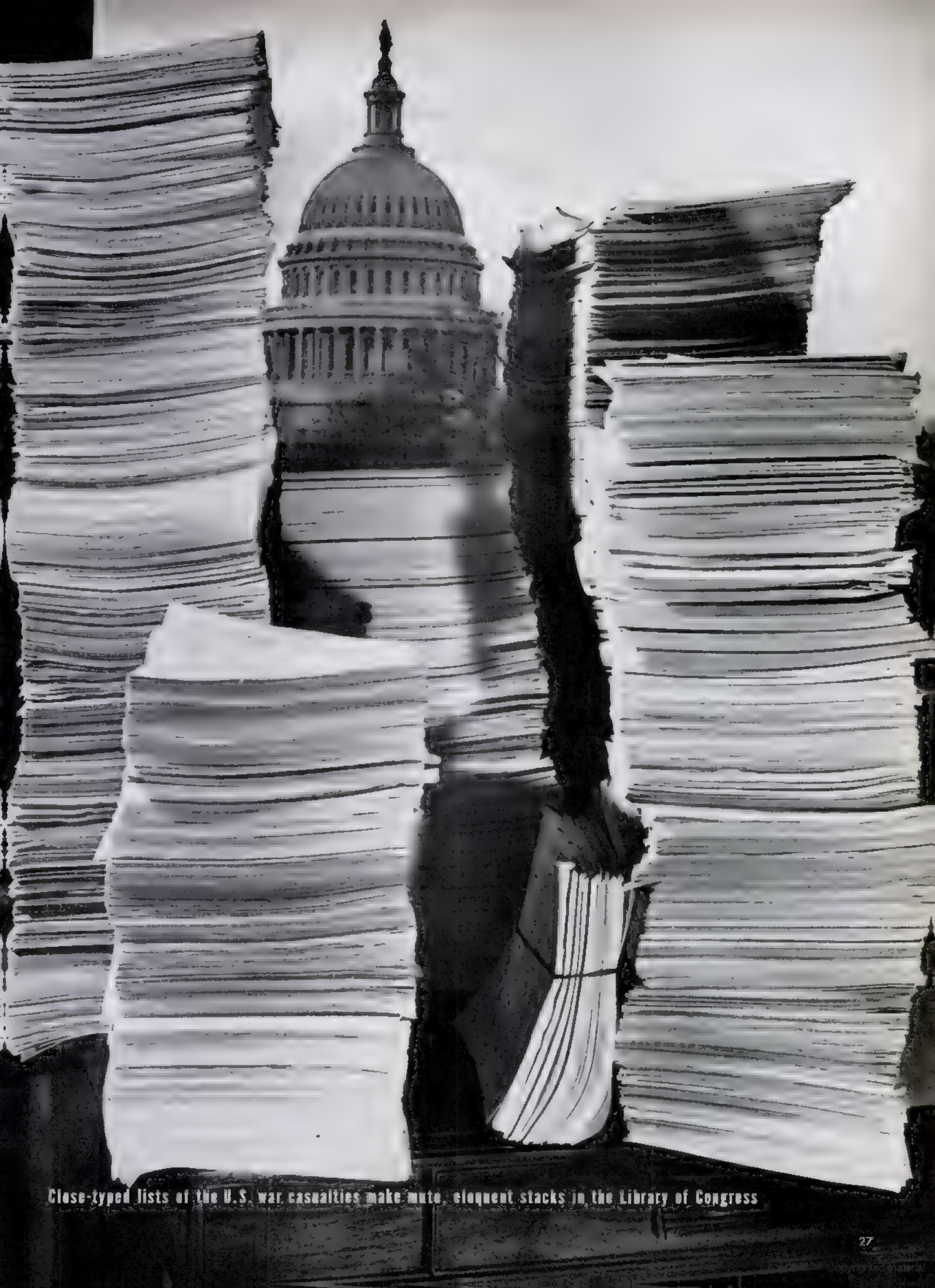
In studying the Hull era, however, Americans may realize that a pious veneration of principles is not enough in any century. A truly great diplomacy must be more than correct: the Pharisees were correct. Thus the rehabilitation of our State Department will require more than an efficiency operation. It will take the rediscovery of a still older tradition than Hull's, the tradition of daring and imagination, to make our principles effective in the modern world. America's boldest decisions are still ahead.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

On the opposite page, piled in the Library of Congress in Washington, are the typewritten sheets, 12 names to the page, that have announced U. S.

war casualties to date. Navy releases, including Marines and Coast Guard, are in the tall pile at left. Merchant Marine releases are in the package in the

center. The rest are from the Army, with only the beginning of the new European offensive reported. Total: 544,056 dead, wounded, missing, prisoners.



Close-typed lists of the U.S. war casualties make mute, eloquent stacks in the Library of Congress



U. S. wounded are carried back through the rain on the First Army front. The man on the stretcher was hurt when two P.S.

tanks were knocked out by land mines behind rise in the background. The Germans fired on medical corpsmen as they went

to aid of the wounded, killing one and wounding two. Splintered houses are part of Stolberg, first town east of Aachen.



A battery of Sherman tanks parked in a field lays down a barrage against German positions facing the First Army. When

the First's offensive began in the area just east of Aachen, every available gun, including those on tanks and tank de-

stroyers, joined in the massive shelling. The stacks of empty shell cartons beside tanks show intensity of bombardment

THE ALLIES GRIND AHEAD IN THE WEST

At the end of the third week the strain of the great gray battle of Germany's Western Front was beginning to tell on both sides. Hospital trains of ash-faced wounded were pouring steadily into Paris and presumably into German cities. But the monstrous struggle for a decision in the West continued despite the casualties, despite the cold and rain and mud.

In most places along the 450-mile front the fighting was the same as it had been since the first day, but in some it had changed. In the south the first headlong

dash of the U. S. Seventh and French First Armies was over. The troops fought slowly to clear the Germans from the Vosges pocket. The U. S. Third, also a ground-gainer from the start of the Big Push, had swung a strong arm northeast of Metz to the Saar Basin and was now battering against dense German defenses. In the seething 25 miles facing Cologne and the Ruhr the U. S. First and Ninth Armies and the British Second still worked ahead yard by yard.

The battle on this front had become a corrosive test

of strength, reminiscent of the dogged fighting in Flanders and the Meuse-Argonne during the last war. On the thickly populated plain which leads to the Rhine the Germans fought ferociously for every house and trench. The three Allied armies ground forward by the weight of men and arms in what the as-yet unreleased casualty lists will probably prove the most costly fighting since Verdun in 1916. At the end of last week their deepest gain, which was made on the First Army front, was seven of the 25 miles to the Rhine.

Officers direct fire of tanks by telephone from their tank command post. This kind of long-range, coordinated fire is rarely used by tanks, which more often shoot at targets they can actually see.

Shells are carried by a man who sinks in the mud almost to his knees. Tanks now have gun barrels down and are retreating for advance against positions they have shelled





IN THE ATTIC OF A HOUSE IN GERMANY U.S. OFFICERS SET UP FORWARD OBSERVATION POST TO WATCH THEIR ADVANCING TANKS AND INFANTRY AT WORK AGAINST THE GERMANS

U.S. TROOPS PUSH SLOWLY THROUGH HILLS AND TOWNS IN DRIVE EAST OF AACHEN

Although the grinding battle of the Cologne plain is being decided by main strength of huge armies, it is still being fought by men in little groups. Some of the men *above* see a little more of the battle than others but few of them think about anything beyond the enemy in the next house or over the next hill.

The men on these two pages had just captured Gressenich, which for a time was the deepest Allied advance into Germany. The fight was sharp and the town was

so badly battered that one correspondent was moved to say, "What happened to Gressenich should only happen to a German city."

After the taking of Gressenich the main problem was a ridge beyond the town. Known to Americans as Hill 232 *see opposite page*, the ridge dominated an important section of the Cologne plain to the east of Aachen. U.S. troops shortly captured Hill 232, but beyond it there were more hills and towns and more Germans.



Looking over no-man's land, U.S. officers watch infantry and tanks push against positions on the distant ridge which Americans call Hill 212. An important objective because it overlooked German-held towns to the east, Hill 212 was taken and held against counterattacks.

Tall chimneys of Eschweiler appear on the horizon through the smoke of Allied shelling and bombing. In the shallow valley in the foreground is captured Gressenich. Later taken by storm, Eschweiler at the end of last week was the biggest German town captured during winter drive.



THE STAKES OF THE MIGHTY WINTER BATTLE

Allies gambled against hazardous fighting conditions to ward off stalemate and the threat of secret weapons

by CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

At the invitation of the U. S. Army Air Forces, Charles J. V. Murphy, an editor of "Fortune" magazine, recently flew direct from New York to France. Here, in a specially written article for LIFE, he surveys the hopes and apprehensions of thoughtful American commanders in the midst of the great offensive. He found some of the commanders deeply concerned over the problem of finishing off a war which they felt the American public—and many highly placed Allied political leaders—had mistakenly written off as already won.

In the battle now raging from the North Sea to the Vosges the Allied purpose is clear. It is to try to destroy the remnant German armies massed before the Ruhr, the Saar and the Moselle and end the war. If the plan fails—and the odds against it remain high—the winter cold and mud will gradually congeal the exhausted forces and impose a stalemate that is almost certain to last into the spring.

The bulk of the German armies are deployed west of the Rhine, in front of the industrial and coal-producing regions of the Ruhr and the Saar, which together form the industrial heart of Germany. To be sure, the whole Allied line is in motion, from Arnhem to Basel. But the German army must save the Ruhr and the Saar Basin or soon starve for lack of supplies.

It is a bad time for fighting. The nights are freezing cold, the rain seldom lets up, the battlefields are oceans of mud. Such conditions hurt us and favor the German because they dilute our finest battle asset—mobility on the ground and through the air. However, the choice before General Eisenhower was either to accept these depressing conditions and try once more for a knockout, or leave the wily German free to scheme and improvise until spring once more produces hard ground for Anglo-American armor and clear skies for the bombers. The general elected to fight now.

It has gradually become clear that we just missed finishing off the German armies in the west this summer. Some generals think that if it had been possible to deliver another 8,000 to 10,000 tons of gasoline and ammunition—the approximate cargo weight of one Liberty ship—to General Patton's Third Army early in September when a few of his unsupported patrols ranged far beyond Metz, the German war would now be over. But the tail of Patton's column was 350 miles or so back in Cherbourg; his supplies of gasoline and ammunition were practically gone.

Thus a wonderful chance slipped from our fingertips. The long pause between early September and the start of the present offensive gave the Germans time to reorganize their battered formations, raise reinforcements from the civilian populations and strengthen the Siegfried Line. By Draconian measures Hitler has managed to gather roughly a million men for his Westwall. Even so he is badly outnumbered. Eisenhower has upward of 2,500,000 in France and along the

German frontier. And Allied preponderance in firepower and mobility, as well as fresh, able-bodied troops, is so great as to render comparison irrelevant—provided, of course, our armies continue to receive enough ammunition to make our superiority in firepower effective. By all normal measurements the Wehrmacht is bankrupt. It is

and communications; it would be a deadly menace to our bombers.

The Germans have done a peculiar and somewhat disturbing thing. The number of divisions now lined up on the Rhine is equal to the most pessimistic Allied forecasts and this maximum gain in fighting manpower could only have come

at the expense of German factories. In light of prevailing German matériel shortages the action suggests a short-term policy of a kind to which the German General Staff is not ordinarily given. And the only likely excuse for its taking such a risk is the belief of many Germans that a means of salvation will be found in their locker of secret weapons.

"Suppose," cautioned one air analyst, "just suppose the Germans could come up with a weapon that could give them absolute control of the ground and air to a depth of 100 miles along their whole frontier. Where would we be?" He mentioned a number of possibilities from an atomic explosive which would turn every blade of grass, every splinter radioactive for miles around to a radio wave which would suffocate the ignition of aircraft engines as they entered the charged zone. Now, he is a sensible man who expects none of these things to come to pass; but there is no knowing what the Germans are brewing in their witches' cauldrons behind the Rhine. With their V-1 buzz bomb the Germans forced the partial evacuation of London this summer. If they had had this device ready in the summer of 1943, rather than 1944, it is a pos-

sibility that the Normandy landing might never have taken place. Now the V-2 rocket, which travels faster than sound and against which there is no air defense presents a new hazard. In its present form, with a one-ton warhead, V-2 is a failure. But the Germans appear to have mastered the technical problem of the propellant; given time, they should not find it too difficult to increase the size of the warhead and step up the salvos.

V-2 is an evil and dangerous weapon. It is cheap to build, requires no elaborate launching sites. One need not be especially imaginative to visualize its potentialities. The war has gone on quite long enough when a deluded people obsessed with the idea of ruling the world is able to fit such a weapon into its hand. The thing must be struck from the German grip before they perceive all of its future possibilities as a weapon of revenge.

The stakes of the winter battle are large and the losses are bound to be heart-rending. As the casualty lists come in, let responsible citizens remember that in another war Lincoln and Grant were driven to an almost similar decision: to commit everything the nation had to the ending of the struggle and the preservation of the Union. Translated into world terms, the great battle on the Cologne plain perhaps may be as fateful as the Battle of the Wilderness which, whatever the cost, shattered the last effective concentration of Southern manpower. Once again it is the hammer and anvil.



Dog-tired infantryman rests briefly in a sudden and shallow foxhole near Stolberg. Even when sheltered by hills, men dig in for protection against shell and mortar fire.

short of oil and of men. It is held together by fear.

In view of these factors it was decided to attempt the kill, despite all the disadvantages of winter fighting. It is generally agreed that the German army will never again be able to take the offensive; its fate is sealed. But certain possibilities are open to the Germans to which the Allied High Command is not oblivious.

Goebbels makes no bones of the fact that Allied airpower is the worst immediate menace. For the last nine months the Germans have strained every nerve to raise a new fighter force. The Luftwaffe, for all practical purposes, was wiped out during the great February battles (LIFE, Oct. 16). Since then, however, the enemy has made an astounding recovery. Prior to the February attacks he assembled his fighters in half a dozen huge industrial complexes which made ideal targets for American precision bombers. Now he has dispersed the assembly processes into 100 or more establishments, many underground. German single-engine production is at its wartime peak. If the present rate of increase can be sustained our airmen may be faced in the spring by a front-line force of 2,500 fighters. Of these a large proportion would be the new jet-propelled Me. 262s, which are faster and in many respects superior to our best fighters. Such a force would restore to the Germans their lost power of aerial reconnaissance; it would enable them to attack our ports



OVERTURNED GERMAN TANK is inspected by U. S. soldiers who find that everyone in the crew is dead. Lumbering forward in

a counterattack against the First Army, the tank toppled into crater when an Allied plane dropped a heavy bomb squarely

in front of it. German counterattacks usually came in groups of five to 20 Panther or Tiger tanks supported by infantry.

Allies Grind Ahead in the West (continued)



A DEAD GERMAN LIES BY A ROAD OF LIQUID MUD ON THE U. S. NINTH ARMY FRONT



A LIVE AMERICAN SHOVELS BY ROAD TO KEEP WATERLOGGED DRAINAGE DITCH OPEN



Bottomless mud mires even the unconquerable jeep, abandoned by road after an attempt to pull it out of the morass. Oceans of mud were created all along the Western Front by snow

and rain and the churning machines of war. These photographs were taken on the seven-mile Ninth Army front northeast of Aachen, one of the greatest military concentrations of history.

For Mother...

THE GIFT OF TIME!



THAT'S WHAT CAMPBELL'S SOUPS
MEAN... AND THEY'RE SPECIALLY
WELCOME DURING THE HOLIDAY
SEASON

What with rushing here, rushing there... shopping, wrapping and mailing... and the general holiday busy-ness—how's a mother to see that her family get good meals just as usual?

Well, you know she does it—and you know she calls on her old standbys, Campbell's Soups, even more often than usual. They help her make meals that are both quick to fix and good to eat!

QUICK!

BUT SLOW-SIMMERED FROM BEEF

As a forerunner to the turkey on the Big Day or for any entertaining, there's no happier beginning to a meal than Campbell's Consomme. It has a delicacy and a zip that lend zest to the occasion. It starts pleasing the appetite the moment it appears.

Campbell's CONSOMME

FAST!

**BUT CAREFULLY PREPARED FROM
THE WORLD'S FINEST TOMATOES**

For a hurried lunch or supper, you'd better plan something you know the whole family will like. That's Campbell's Tomato Soup. When it's served, words are few but everybody pitches right in—the sign of a successful meal. And it's especially nourishing with milk added instead of water as a delicious cream of tomato.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Look for the Red-and-White Label

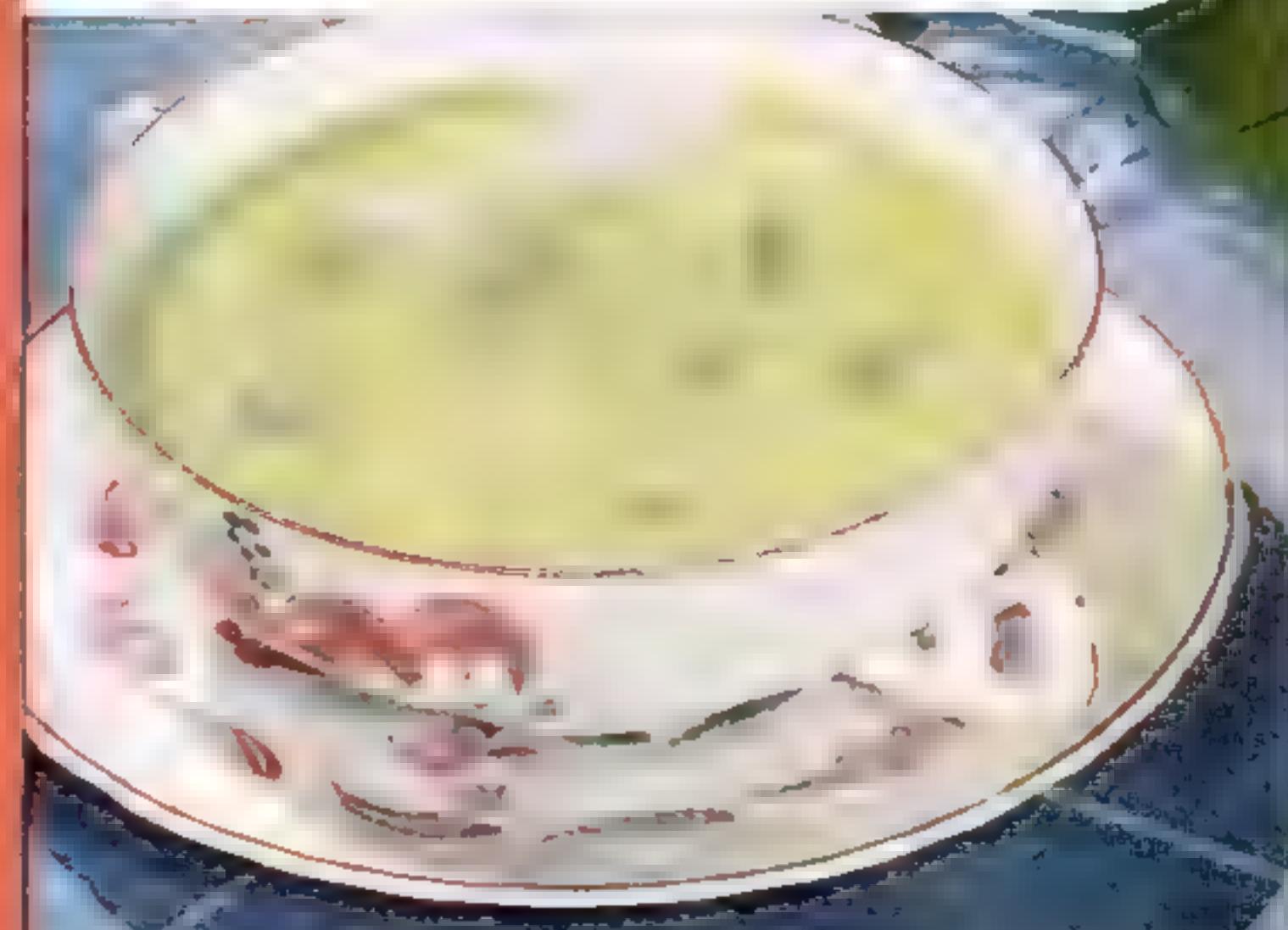
TOMATO
SOUP

WEEFY!

**AND THE ASPARAGUS
IS SPRINGTIME'S VERY BEST**

When minutes are short and appetites keen, that's the time for a surprise. Serve Campbell's Asparagus Soup and watch the pleased faces of the people enjoying it. Besides the good taste of springtime asparagus that brims in every spoonful, there are plenty of asparagus tips. A gracious start for a holiday dinner, too.

Campbell's ASPARAGUS SOUP





Once again it's time to make a bowl of Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the most soul-satisfying "Bowl of Merry Christmas" you ever tasted - a Four Roses Egg-Nog:

Six eggs . . . $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses Whiskey . . . grated nutmeg

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten

very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

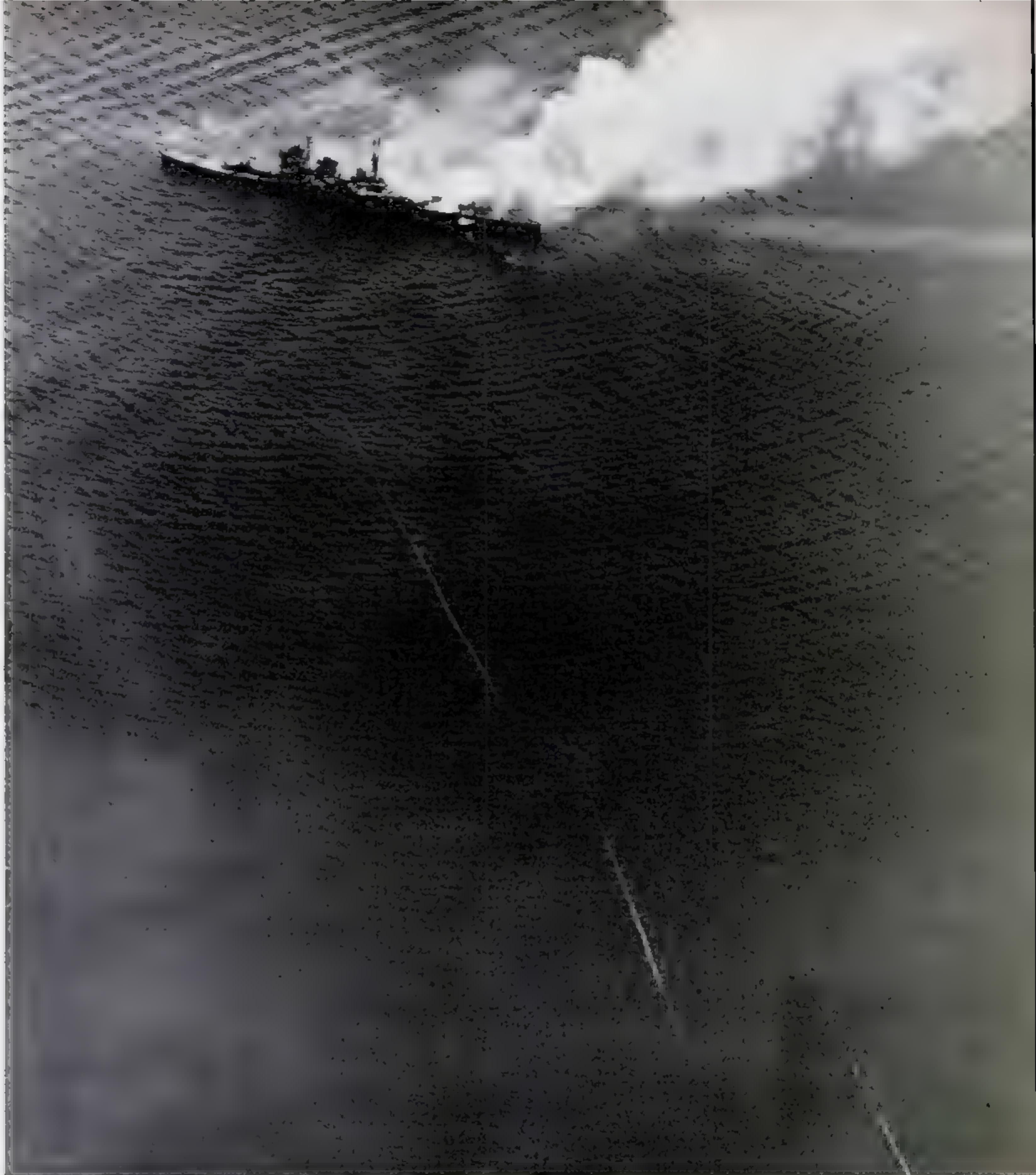
The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Egg-Nog ever ladled into a cup . . . a fitting tribute to your skill as a mixer and to the matchless flavor of that magnificent whiskey—Four Roses!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY
—the same today as before the war





THREE PERFECTLY DIRECTED U. S. TORPEDOES STREAK ACROSS MANILA BAY TOWARD A JAP "NATI"-CLASS CRUISER THAT IS ALREADY BURNING OMINOUSLY FROM BOMB HITS

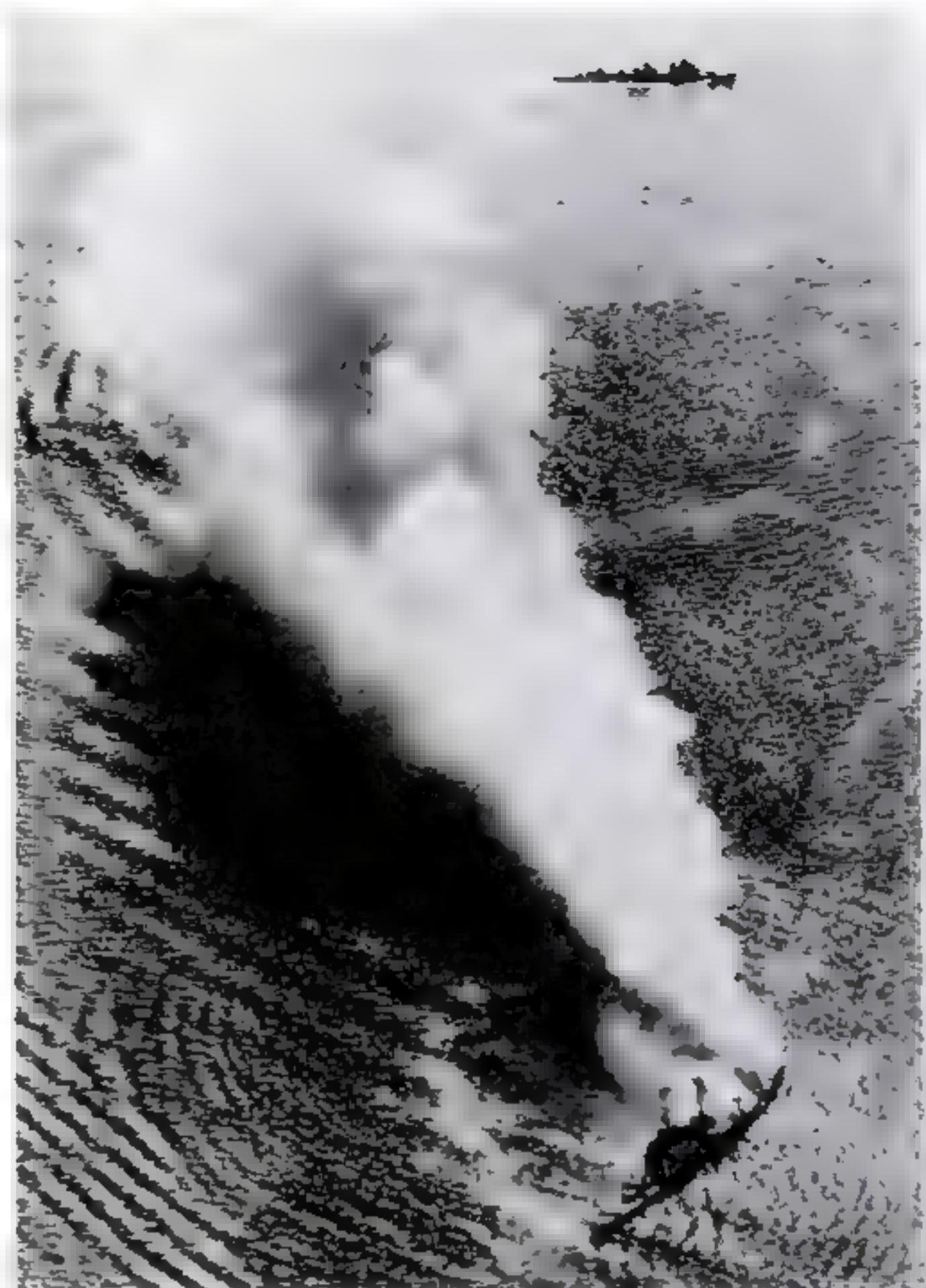
CRUISER'S DEATH

Already-littered bottom of Manila harbor receives another Jap ship

Manila Bay is the best big harbor left in the entire Philippine war theater. To Japanese strategists that fact is hard and comfortless. Much of the shipping that supplies their island outposts and carries oil to Luzon's important air bases must dock there often. Japanese warships operating around the Philippines must put in there to obtain fuel or quick repairs. Consequently Manila Bay is the vulnerable throat of the Jap supply funnel for the embattled area.

To American strategists that has been a heart-warming fact. As the Leyte campaign wore on toward a slow, racking victory, U. S. Navy airpower smashed Manila shipping mercilessly. It reduced the bay and the flying fields that flank it to a chaos of splintered docks, burning and sunken ships, cratered airstrips. One of the recent victims was the 10,000-ton, 8-in-gunned cruiser (above) caught first by the bombs of an Essex-class carrier's planes, then by their torpedoes.

Cruiser's Death (continued)



Dead in the water, the bombed cruiser pours a tower of smoke into the calm air just before U.S. torpedo planes come in for the kill. Jap destroyer stands helplessly by.

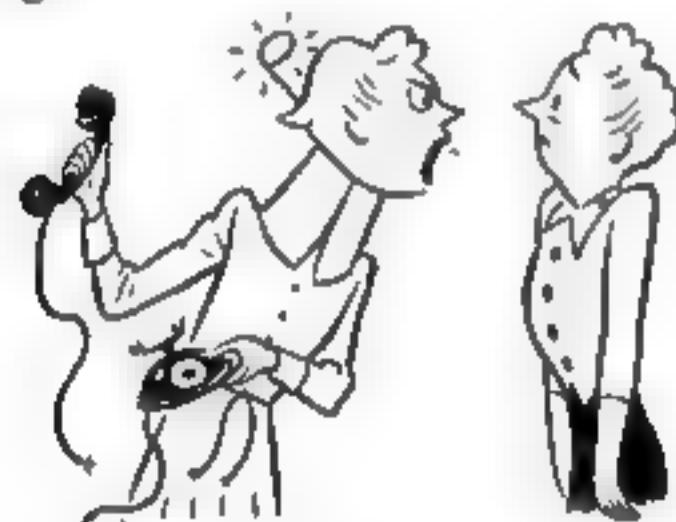


No survivors appear in the water after the first torpedo has sheared off the doomed warship's bow, and two more now demolish its stern. Fliers left the ship foundering.



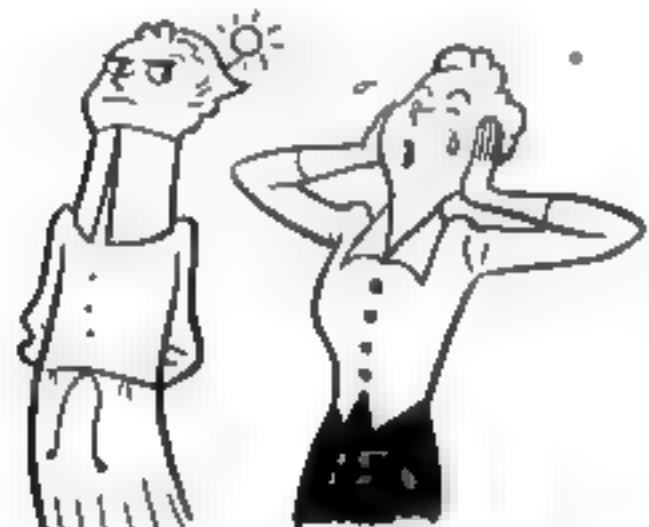
"OUCH... MY CONNECTION!"

War Conscience: Madam, I'll break more than your connection if you don't stop wasting that doctor's time with needless phone calls. Because I'm your Wartime Conscience, and boy, do you need watching!



Woman: Why... why... you... you...

War Conscience: Stop spluttering. Don't you realize with so many doctors in the



service, your doctor's got twice as much work to do here on the home front? So you shouldn't be wasting his time with imaginary ailments... or broken appointments or lateness, either!



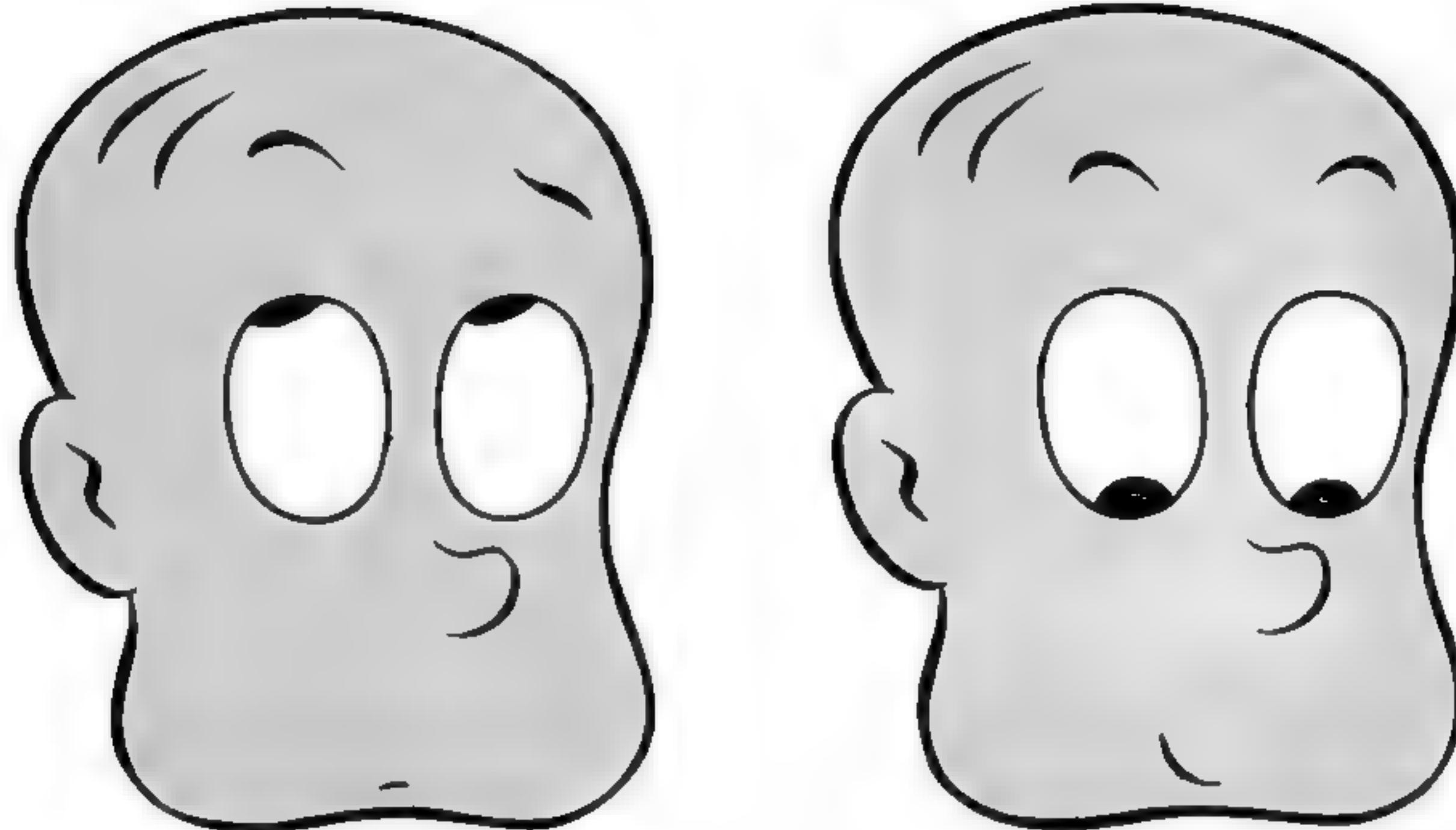
Woman: Sanka? What's so different about Sanka Coffee?

War Conscience: Simple, my little hot-head. Sanka is *real* coffee, *de-licious* coffee. Yet it's 97% caffeine-free. Which means... you can drink Sanka Coffee and snooze like a bear cub. Try it, Babe. And from now on don't be cluttering up that good doctor's valuable time with your nonsense!

SANKA COFFEE
97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP
A product of General Foods

TUNE IN THE
New Kate Smith Hour
NOW ON SUNDAY EVENING
CBS Network, 7 p.m. EST
Check your local paper for
time and stations.

The high cost of living



The low price of electricity

LOOK at the cost of living — up 25.4% since 1939.* Or would you rather not?

Then look at the cost of electricity — down 3.2% during the same period!* Feel better?

Of course, the reduction is a nationwide average, and partly due to increased usage, which earns lower rates. But it continues a long-time trend.

*Both figures from U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics

In fact, the average American family gets about twice as much electricity for its money today as it did 15 years ago!

(So why isn't your bill cut in half? Because you have more electric servants now. Kilowatt-hours are much cheaper — but you're using a lot more of 'em!)

Will you pardon us a moment while we point with pride to our wartime

record? *Production up — price down — no rationing — no shortages.*

Thanks to far-sighted business management, every war plant making weapons has had plenty of electric power. *And so will every peacetime factory making jobs!*

* Hear NELSON EDDY every Wednesday evening in the brilliant new musical show, "The Electric Hour," with Robert Armstrong's Orchestra, 10:30 PM, EWT, CBS network.

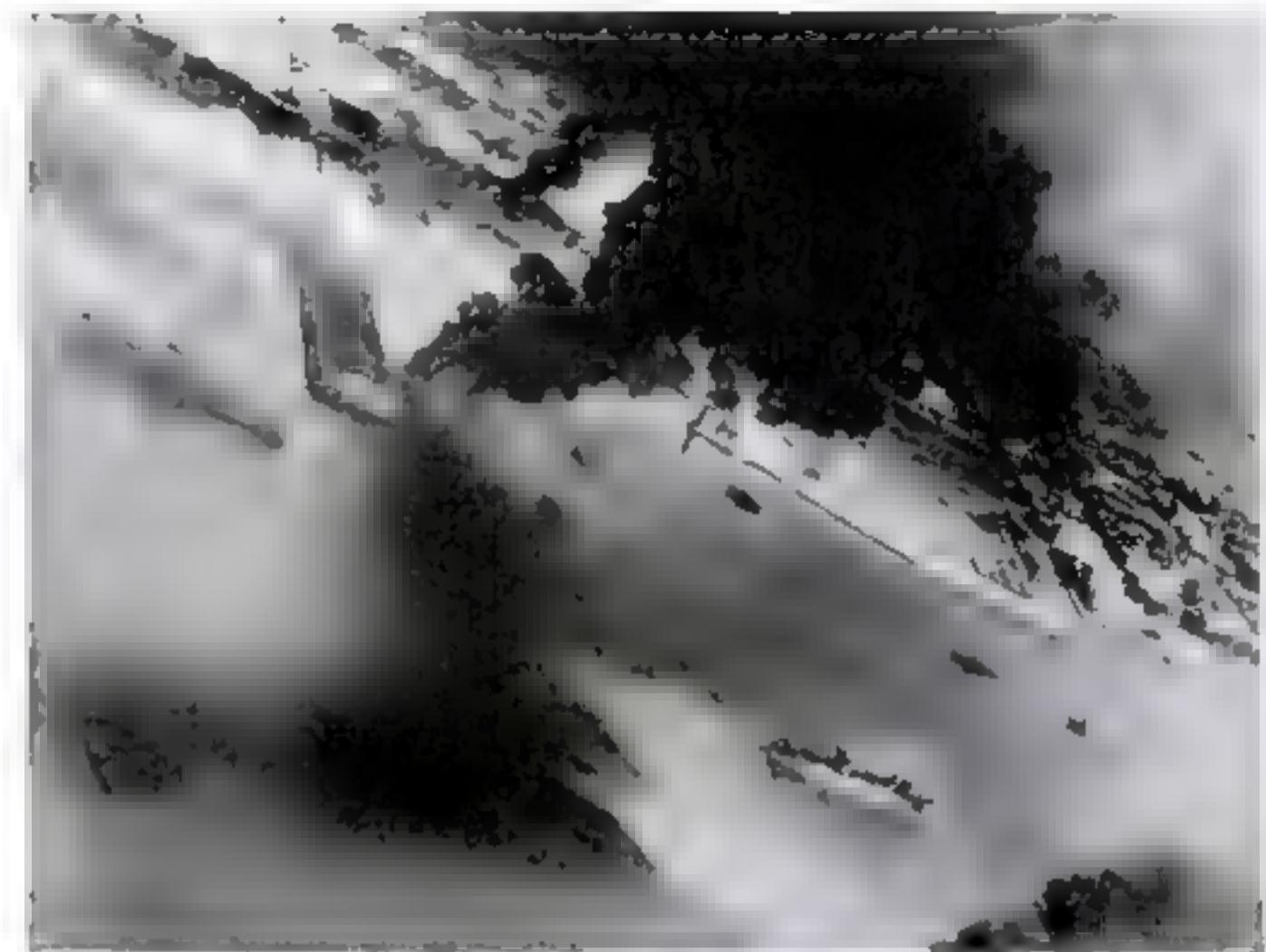
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Cruiser's Death (continued)



Sunken ships, burning supply dumps and wrecked shore facilities disfigure Manila's once-handsome bay during two-day pounding given it by U. S. carrier-based planes.



Cargo vessels that are desperately needed by Japan's dwindling merchant fleet lie on the harbor bottom (foreground), burning (left) or menaced by more bombs (center).



Smoke plumes rising from docks and ships attest accuracy of U. S. fliers' bombing. Few of the vessels berthed there during the blazing attack escaped without damage.



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- AND RADIO EQUIPMENT TO MAKE US A TEAM"

"Any radio man will tell you... the world's finest bombers would be almost useless without the wonderful radio and inter-communication equipment our American factories are turn-

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Great symbols of peacetime progress will be the fine postwar RCA radios, and the outstanding radio-phonographs produced by the combination of RCA radio knowledge and the

world-renowned Victor Victrola. Both will feature the natural tone and interference-free reception of RCA Super FM Watch, too, for RCA television receivers at popular prices.



As long as there is need, RCA will remain sub-dent on war production, to equip our forces with radios, radar, submarine detectors and other electronic equipment in quantity for planes... tanks... ships... life-boats.

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"It really
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says

JOAN CRAWFORD



Lovely Joan spreads Christmas cheer,
Enough to last the whole New Year!
And for a toast to old St. Nick -
Note: Royal Crown Cola is her pick!



When Joan took the famed taste-test
Royal Crown Cola tasted best!
P. S. All you lads and lasses:
Five cents gives you two full glasses!

"WHEN YOU SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS,"



says Joan, "make it mean
more this year than ever
before. Say it with more U. S.
War Bonds for your friends,
your family, and yourself!"

Joan Crawford

ROYAL CROWN
COLA

12 oz. 16 oz. 20 oz.





AT TRADER JOE'S SADIE THOMPSON SINGS "IF YOU CAN'T GET THE LOVE YOU WANT" TO THREE U. S. MARINES. SECOND FROM RIGHT IS O'HARA, WITH WHOM SHE FALLS IN LOVE

"SADIE THOMPSON"

June Havoc is the star of the first musical version of "Rain"

Twenty-three years ago W. Somerset Maugham published a short story called *Miss Thompson* and provided the stage and screen with one of their most durable plots. In 1922 it first appeared on Broadway as a play called *Rain*. As Sadie Thompson the late Jeanne Eagels gave one of the theater's few really unforgettable performances. Gloria Swanson appeared in a silent movie version of it in 1928 and four years later Joan Crawford made a "talkie" of it. In 1935 *Rain* returned to Broadway, this time with

combustible Tallulah Bankhead. On Nov. 15 the first musical version of the Maugham story, *Sadie Thompson*, opened on Broadway. The newest of the Sadies is June Havoc, Gypsy Rose Lee's breezy blonde kid-sister.

A brassy Sadie, Miss Havoc is handicapped by the show's unhappy fusion of music and story. Its undistinguished score slows the plot without adding anything to it. But Maugham's indestructible story keeps *Sadie Thompson* playing to large audiences.

"Sadie Thompson" (continued)



In Pago Pago, Sadie Thompson has been stranded after fleeing a Honolulu prostitution charge. Her behavior offends the Rev. Alfred Davidson (Lansing Hatfield) who is knocked down by Sadie's friend, O'Hara, and consoled by his wife (Zolya Talma).



Sadie quarrels with Davidson, objecting strenuously to his attempts to reform the Pago Pago natives. He secures an order which will deport her to San Francisco to serve prison term. At this point Sadie tells off the missionary profanely and bitterly.



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For hours at home . . . either working or relaxing, here are gay little cottons . . . easy to wear and care for. In colorful prints and stripes that fit right into your day. Priced to tempt your budget. In sizes 12 to 44 at your favorite store.



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"Knowing the worst to begin with isn't the worst way to begin," O'Hara (James Newell) tells Sadie when she protests that she is not good enough to marry him. He informs her that he has arranged passage for both of them on a boat that sails at midnight.



Davidson calls Sadie an immoral woman and tells her the only way she can atone for her sins is by returning to San Francisco and serving her prison sentence. She pleads that she is in love with O'Hara, begs the missionary to give her a chance to reform.



Delicious Coffee...Every Time

Never has a coffeemaker aroused so much lasting enthusiasm among those who own it as Sunbeam Coffeemaster. Since war-work replaced it at Sunbeam in 1941, we have heard from literally thousands of people who have seen it in friends' homes, admired its striking beauty, enjoyed its marvelous coffee, and want one like it.

Coffeemaster coffee is **ALWAYS** perfect—because everything is **automatic**. Simply set it and forget it. It is your assurance of the *same* delicious coffee every time you make it because the water is *always* at the correct high heat, and the brewing time is *always* uniform—secrets of delicious coffee-making. You can't miss—it's automatic.

The purpose of this advertisement is to tell all our friends that Coffeemaster will be back as soon as conditions permit. Buy a War Bond today, for your Sunbeam Coffeemaster later.

No Watching...No Guesswork!



A ALL YOU DO IS
PUT IN THE WATER

B SET IT! FORGET IT! Read the paper, dress the
children. In a few minutes, click! It shuts itself off
when coffee is done. Re-sets itself to keep coffee hot.

C LOVELIEST OF
SERVING—AND NO
GLASS BOWLS TO BREAK.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 3600 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53; Chicago 50, Ill.
Canada Factory: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto 9. Over Half a Century Making Quality Products

BY THE MAKERS OF *Sunbeam MIXMASTER*



Iron necessary for good red blood—plays vital role in body's energy processes

VITAMINS for full benefits minerals are needed, too

WELL-KNOWN is the United States Department of Agriculture's discovery that millions of persons—rich, poor and in-between—were not getting enough vitamins and minerals in their diet.

Americans who think of dietary supplementations in terms of just one or two vitamins should remember: Lack of one vitamin usually means lack of several.

Secondly, certain vitamins play their full role only in the presence of certain minerals and vice versa. Thus, multi-vitamin formulas that also include commonly lacking minerals are today's preferred method of diet supplementation.

Unlike so many vitamin products, Vimms give you minerals as well as vitamins. For Vimms contain not only Vitamins A and D, not only the important B Complex Vitamins and costly Vitamin C, but all the vitamins Doctors and Government experts agree are essential in the diet—along with commonly lacking minerals, Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.



Buoyant health goes hand in hand with sound bones, teeth and body tissue. To this end, vitamins and minerals must work together. A leading medical publication states that the presence of Vitamin C and D is necessary to the body's proper use of Calcium. Phosphorus is also needed for full Calcium assimilation. Vimms contain all these vitamins and minerals.



No one tablet or capsule per day can contain all the vitamins and all the minerals in the Vimms formula and still be easily swallowed. That's why Vimms come in 8 tablets per day.



Three Vimms taken every day will raise the average diet up to or above the Recommended Daily Allowances for vitamins and minerals as adopted by the National Research Council.

VIMMS ALL THE VITAMINS known to be needed in the diet
ALL THE MINERALS commonly lacking, including Iron

"Sadie Thompson" (continued)



After refusing the proposal to get away from Pago Pago on boat with O'Hara, Sadie enacts her past and future life in dream sequence. Here she is hotspot singer. O'Hara enters, asks what a nice girl is doing in a dive. She says she has to earn a living.



In the dream Sadie leaves the hotspot, becomes a prostitute. This sequence includes much singing. Here she reprises *If You Can't Get The Love You Want*, one of five songs she sings. Sadie's show was staged by Rouben Matoulian, who did *Oklahoma!*



Sadie is tossed around by dancers in red-light-district sequence. This is followed by scene in which she dreams she is serving her prison term. Davidson has caused her to think about the error of her ways and led her to think of repentance and reform.



For starlit moments...
you want your hands to be pretty
as a love tune... soft, bequining.

So guard their beauty with
Trushay... the "beforehand" lotion.
Smooth it on every day... before
household tasks.

This rich velvety lotion helps
prevent roughness and dryness
... guards busy, beautiful hands,
even in hot, soapy water.

Try Trushay today.
See how it helps your hands
stay lovable.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

"Sadie Thompson" (continued)



Davidson rescues Sadie when she yells for him as O'Hara tries to carry her to boat. Missionary tells O'Hara that Sadie can save her soul only by going to prison. O'Hara insists that God "is a good guy," not the vengeful deity whom Davidson preaches.



Davidson confesses that he loves Sadie, tells her she need not go to San Francisco. He quotes from *The Song of Solomon*. She is now convinced that he is a great man. But the Rev. Davidson, powerless in the face of temptation, follows her to her room.



The next morning Sadie emerges from her room. After Davidson's conduct she is certain that all men are rats. When she learns that Davidson has committed suicide, she says she is sorry for him and for everybody else, then goes away with O'Hara.



*Does your wife know
you're a Sagittarius?*



SHE'S a lucky woman.

For if you were born under the sign of Sagittarius* then, according to the horoscope, you are benevolent, have executive powers, make snap decisions, are blessed with a quick mind and a strong taste for good clothes.

That being the case, it takes you practically no time at all to visit your favorite haberdasher and say, "An Arrow Shirt, please!" For well do you appre-

ciate the qualities of Arrow -- the form-fitting Mitoga cut, the perfect-settting Arrow Collar, the anchored buttons, the Sanforized label (shrinkage less than 1%). And since you are benevolent, you probably will tell your friends how swell Arrows really are! \$2.24 up. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Don't blame your Arrow dealer if he's out of your favorite Arrow. Considering war restrictions, he's doing a swell job! Try him again. Arrows are worth waiting for!

*Sagittarius period—Nov. 23 to Dec. 22. (A dandy time to Buy War Bonds. Buy an **EXTRA** one today!)

Arrow Shirts



Head of the House

Well! Look at Jimmy . . . pitching right in on a man-sized job! Susy's waiting for something to *happen* . . . but Mom's sure her young man will make the grade.

And he *will*, too. He's got what it takes . . . confidence and courage. Dad will be proud, when he knows.

And he'll be proud of *Mother*, for tending her little flock so wisely, watching their health, giving them the right foods . . . Irradiated Carnation Milk especially, with its extra vitamin D, to help build strong bones and sound teeth.

Right now, though, it may not be so easy to supply *all* the family with their usual quota of this safe, nourishing, digestible milk, for cooking and everything. For our government needs *more Carnation Milk than ever before* . . . for our armed forces and for Lend-Lease.

So, if there's a temporary shortage of Carnation Milk at your grocer's, we know you'll understand. And we'll do our best to hasten the day when you can once more meet all your household's needs with the good milk with the red and white Carnation label.

IRRADIATED
Carnation
"FROM CONTENTED"

TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR."



Milk
COWS

MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK



Wear it proudly, son . . . you're heir to a fleet

In America's powerful new Merchant Navy lies a proud heritage for our youth. Under the terrible urgency of war, we've built more than a fleet of ships. We have created a peacetime career full of promise for young men of courage, ambition and skill.

When peace comes, America will possess the world's finest fleet of merchant ships. But only through continuous training of the highest type of young men—such as the thousands now manning our wartime fleet—can we keep our Merchant Marine efficient.

To train young men for officership in our new merchant fleet, the Government has established the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy—the first in United States history—at King's Point, N. Y. Its equipment and training facilities are the finest in the world. It is today, and will continue to be postwar, the "Annapolis" of the Merchant Marine.

Here, and at smaller schools throughout the country, young Americans learn the fundamentals

essential to a successful career at sea—navigation, engineering, ship operation and maintenance. Upon graduation, they are commissioned as Ensigns in the U. S. Maritime Service and the U. S. Naval Reserve. Before them lies a well-paid career as true "men of the world".

For, in years to come, they will carry the products of America's farms, mines and factories to faraway lands—returning with cargoes of strategic materials we need at home. They will serve America as unofficial ambassadors of good will to our international neighbors.

Today, as the strongest maritime power in the world, we can pass on to young America a great seafaring tradition—a tradition born in the days of the famed Yankee "Clippers".

This time, let's not dissipate the heritage of maritime power which we have built up at such enormous cost—for it belongs to America's youth.

Let's make sure that we keep our Merchant Marine—keep it strong and active.

J-90548

Westinghouse is proud to be a partner in building America's new Merchant Marine. Westinghouse turbine drives power the new Victory ships. You'll find Westinghouse electrical and steam equipment on every type of ship on war duty.

Yes, as leading suppliers to the Marine Industry, we are directly interested in its future. But beyond this, we consider it the responsibility of every manufacturer, of every citizen, to see that America builds and keeps the finest, swiftest and most efficient Merchant Marine in the world.



SEND FOR FREE COPY OF THIS FULL-COLOR EDUCATIONAL MAP

It charts the world-wide trade routes which our Merchant Marine must serve, locates natural resources by countries, includes interesting facts about our foreign trade. Write to Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Dept. 1-NB, P. O. Box 868, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.



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This time—let's keep our Merchant Marine



WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF ITALY, BEREFT BY THE NAZIS OF THEIR HOMES, LOOK TO THE U.S. FOR REHABILITATION AND RESOLUTION OF THEIR NATION'S UNCERTAIN DESTINIES

A STORY OF A FAILURE

The muddle in Italy bodes ill for U. S. in Europe

by JOHN OSBORNE

My friend Giuseppe, a mild little man who is always hungry, began my introduction to the unknown Italy.

Giuseppe showed me through the Gestapo prison in Rome. There, in an old school building on the Via Tasso, many hundreds of Italians had been confined and tortured. Giuseppe knew the place well. He led me straight to a room on the fourth floor. This room, Giuseppe said, had been his home for 40 days.

It had been a bathroom. All the fixtures had been removed, the window had been bricked up and the room was utterly bare when the Germans threw Giuseppe into it. Now, remembering the room and himself in the room, Giuseppe was a man in a dream. Smiling a little, he stepped to the door lintel, twisted the light switch in the wall and removed it. He reached into the hole and pulled out a rusty iron spike, bent at the sharp end. He turned, walked across the narrow room to the opposite wall and began to hack at the brown cement between the tiling. Something came away and fell into his hand. He gave the fragment to me and I saw that it was a piece of brown bread, very dry and very hard. Giuseppe hacked and hacked and many more pieces of bread fell out of the wall. During the long days and nights in the room Giuseppe had chipped out the cement and filled the crevices with the bread. The Germans, seeing the unbroken wall, had never noticed the little heap of rubble in one corner. And they probably had not heard the sound of Giuseppe's hacking. In the corridors, at that time, the screams usually drowned out any other sounds.

Sometimes they were Giuseppe's screams. Every day the Germans came to Giuseppe's room. Sometimes they beat him there. Sometimes they took

John Osborne, a senior editor of *Time* magazine, went to Italy last August as a correspondent for *Time* and *LIFE*. During the next three months he talked to Italians and Americans and Britons, to high officials and plain citizens, in an endeavor to define the curve of events in Italy and the influence exerted by the Allies on Italy's political destiny. He wrote this article on his return to the U. S. last month. Some of his conclusions were underlined last week by the fall of Premier Ivanoe Bonomi's government.



Prince Umberto salutes Italian troops as they march past him in recent review in Rome. Count Carlo Sforza stands at far left. Next to him is Premier Ivanoe Bonomi whose cabinet fell Nov. 26.

Why many of loveliest actresses use this exciting **LIP-ALLURE**



Give Your Lips This Tantalizing Luscious Beauty!

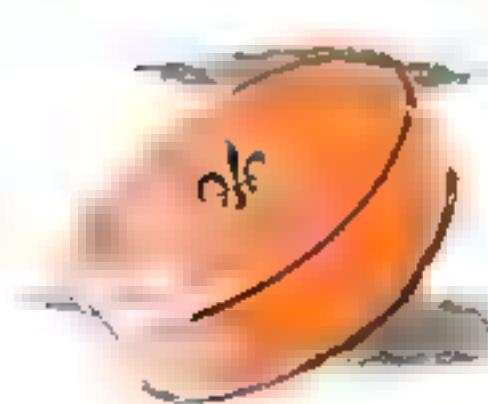
You, too, can imbue your lips with Louis Philippe ANGELUS Lipstick—the same bewitching lip-allure used for years by many of the loveliest screen actresses and social celebrities.

The remarkably beautifying qualities of ANGELUS are due to its special creamy base. It is evenly balanced "just right" in texture. Just hard enough to enable you to outline your lips in any shape you desire—just soft enough so that it spreads on divinely smooth and "stays put" for hours without caking or drying.

ANGELUS is famous for its gorgeous clear shades that lend fascinating lip-allure! Economy size only 49¢, de luxe size 79¢, plus tax. At all cosmetic counters.

"Glamour-Veil" Your Skin With Triple-Refined ANGELUS Face Poudre

ANGELUS Face Poudre is triple-refined to insure enchantingly smooth texture—it clings for hours without caking. Economy size only 49¢ (plus tax). Also handsome de luxe size. Seven glorious shades.



THE HOUSE OF

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE Poudre—CREMES—MAKE-UP

A STORY OF A FAILURE (continued)

him to the big room on the second floor which they had fitted up for their more formal tortures. Always they beat him on the same place. Giuseppe had been shot through the chest when he was captured and the Germans beat him with fists and whips on and around the livid wound. He was a leader of one of the Socialist Party's underground units in Rome and he could have told the Germans much that they wanted to know. He told them nothing. He was still enduring his special agony when the American Army approached Rome, bringing release to him and—as he then thought—fulfilment of all that he had suffered for.

Giuseppe and a few other Italians in the Via Tasso owed their escape to a German mistake. When the Germans realized that they were going to lose Rome, they herded the Gestapo prisoners into vans, hauled them to the now famous Ardeatine Caves on the old Appian Way and machine-gunned them. One driver took a wrong turn, found himself on a highway near some advancing Americans and abandoned his van. Giuseppe was in that van. More dead than alive, barely able to walk, he left the van and made his way back to Rome. Now, in fits of extreme depression, he sometimes says that his friends who rest in the Ardeatine Caves are the lucky ones.

The Ardeatine Caves

Every American in Italy should see those caves and the coffins which line the dun-gray passages. The Italian government has made the place a national monument. Temporary lights strung along the ceilings shed an ugly glare on the rows of wooden coffins. There are some 340 coffins. On most of them there are flowers and pictures of the men and women who died in the caves. Most of the faces are young. Flowers die quickly in the dank air of the caves, and the acrid odor of the withering wreaths is stronger than the odor of death. In good time, when materials can be had, the wooden coffins will be replaced with metal caskets. But they will never be buried. They will be kept on view to remind all who visit the caves that there were Italians in Rome, hundreds of them, who died for their country and for the Allies.

At first, when the piles of bodies, unburied or half buried, made the caves a stinking horror, many American and British soldiers visited the place. Now none go there. Outside by the gate where a bored *carabiniere* stands on guard, an "Out of Bounds" sign warns them off. Our men, fighting their slow way up Italy, never meet Giuseppe and his kind and never know that such Italians exist. Our men see only the dirty, hungry, beseeching face of an Italy which they shrink from and detest.

And Giuseppe? His tragedy is the tragedy of Italy. As a Socialist he never accepted Fascism. But he never did much about it until Mussolini fell, Badoglio signed the armistice with the Allies and the Germans took over Rome. Then, in common with thousands of other Romans, he went underground. He risked his life. He and his comrades sheltered hundreds of escaped British and American prisoners of war (upward of 10,000 were hiding in Rome and in the Vatican City at the end). The Germans seized and shot or exiled more than 1,000 of Rome's finest young men, the leaders of the underground brigades. But the brigades survived. Mostly they were Socialist and Communist. But they expressed a deep longing among all Italians to prove to themselves, to the Germans and to the world that they could be brave, that they could do something and do it well when they believed in it. For Giuseppe, and for thousands like him that was a time of revival, a good time despite all that the Fascist police and the Gestapo could do. It was a time when the best men of Italy found a new faith in themselves, in Italy—and in America. To those Italians north of the Allied lines, all up Italy, the Americans seemed to come not as enemies but as friends. Perhaps the Italians were naive, perhaps they too easily forgot that Italy was a defeated enemy. Or perhaps they simply believed the American propaganda which told them, day in and day out, that the Americans did come as friends of the Italian people.

It all amounted to nothing. Somehow, on June 4, the day of liberation, Rome's underground brigades had very little to do. The Germans departed so swiftly and efficiently that it hardly seemed worth-while to chase or harass them. Partisans did round up some of the blackest Fascists and a few stray Germans. But the Allies brought in their own police and Italian *carabiniere*. The vast wave of joy had hardly begun to recede in the streets before Giuseppe and his friends discovered that they were less than anonymous. Without distinction of party, of previous service, of goodwill toward the Allies, they were "Eyetics." They were useless. They were suspect. They were nuisances.

The fatal fact was not that the Allies humiliated Italians. The fatal fact was that the Allies were not intelligent in their handling of the underground. They were not intelligent in most of their dealings with Italians. Whatever else they may be, Italians are intelligent. They are too intelligent for their own good: they see themselves and their faults with devastating clarity and they tend to expect less of themselves than of others. This being so, they expect a high degree of intelligence from their friends. Simply because they value the friendship of America above that of all other countries, Great Britain and Russia included, the Italians expect—or expected—a particularly high degree of intelligence from Americans.

In this expectation the Italians have been disappointed. Americans, and American democracy as it has been displayed by them in Italy, have not come up to the billing.

Now, reluctantly but unmistakably, the Italian people are turning away from us. They are turning to Russia. They are turning to Russia's instrument in Italy, the Communist Party (and to the Italian Socialist Party, which is allied with the Communists). For us the significance of this turn is not simply that Italy is "going Communist," or that Italy is rejecting the *forms* of democracy as we know it. After two decades of Fascism and the ravages of a losing war, Italy at best could hardly have adopted and sustained an all-out democracy on our exact model. The meaning for us is that the Italians are losing their confidence in us and in the democratic spirit which we represent. In this, our first test in Europe, we are failing to make sense to Europeans who must be for us or against us in the postwar world.

The importance of this failure has very little to do with Italy or with Italians as such. America's real interest is not in Italy for Italy's sake; it is in Europe for America's sake. Italy is a part of Europe, the 46,000,000 Italians are 46,000,000 Europeans. America's failure began with the failure to recognize and accept that fact and with it the nature of our interest in Italy.

Our interest was to make and keep a friend for the U. S. and for democracy in Western Europe, and we had a chance to do so—a chance good enough to be worth taking and working at. We still have the chance and it is still worth working at. But it is dwindling every day.

We had the chance because the great majority of Italians wanted to be our friends and to deserve our friendship. With a longing which people who have always had freedom can never quite understand, they wanted freedom. They wanted to make Italy an accepted, working member of a Western community of nations.

We still have the chance because the majority of Italians still want these things. The chance is dwindling because more and more Italians now doubt that we want them to have these things. We have forced them to doubt it.

How could they help doubting it?

Italy is a political theater

After the armistice of Sept. 8, 1943, after the months of probably unavoidable adjustment and experiment with Marshal Badoglio and finally our acceptance of Premier Ivanoe Bonomi's government last June, our interest was clear. It was to tell the Italian people, by unequivocal word and act, the elemental truth: that under the armistice terms no Italian government could exist unless we allowed it to exist; that we therefore took responsibility for the Bonomi government and meant to see that it worked; that Bonomi, once accepted as premier, was our man.

Our whole experience up to that time cried aloud that our initial conception of Italy as a military theater and nothing else was not good enough. The rise of the six parties which formed the Bonomi government, the writhings of the country, the manifold troubles of our administrators, all testified that Italy was also a political theater which required some intelligent political decisions.

We made no such decisions. We gave Bonomi a kind of weary, disinterested support which was worse than none. We refused to grasp his immense importance to us. That importance had nothing to do with his own capacities, which are respectable but limited. His importance lay in what he represented, his only reason for being at the government's head. He represented the latent but tangible democratic spirit which was then abroad in Italy. He embodied the longing of Italians to have what they thought we had, to be what they thought we were. It was self-evident that they could not have and be all this. But they wanted to try, and out of the trial in this transition from defeat to final peace might have come something acceptable and friendly to us.

We did not deliberately reject Bonomi and the opportunity he offered us. We merely drifted and let him drift. As though caught

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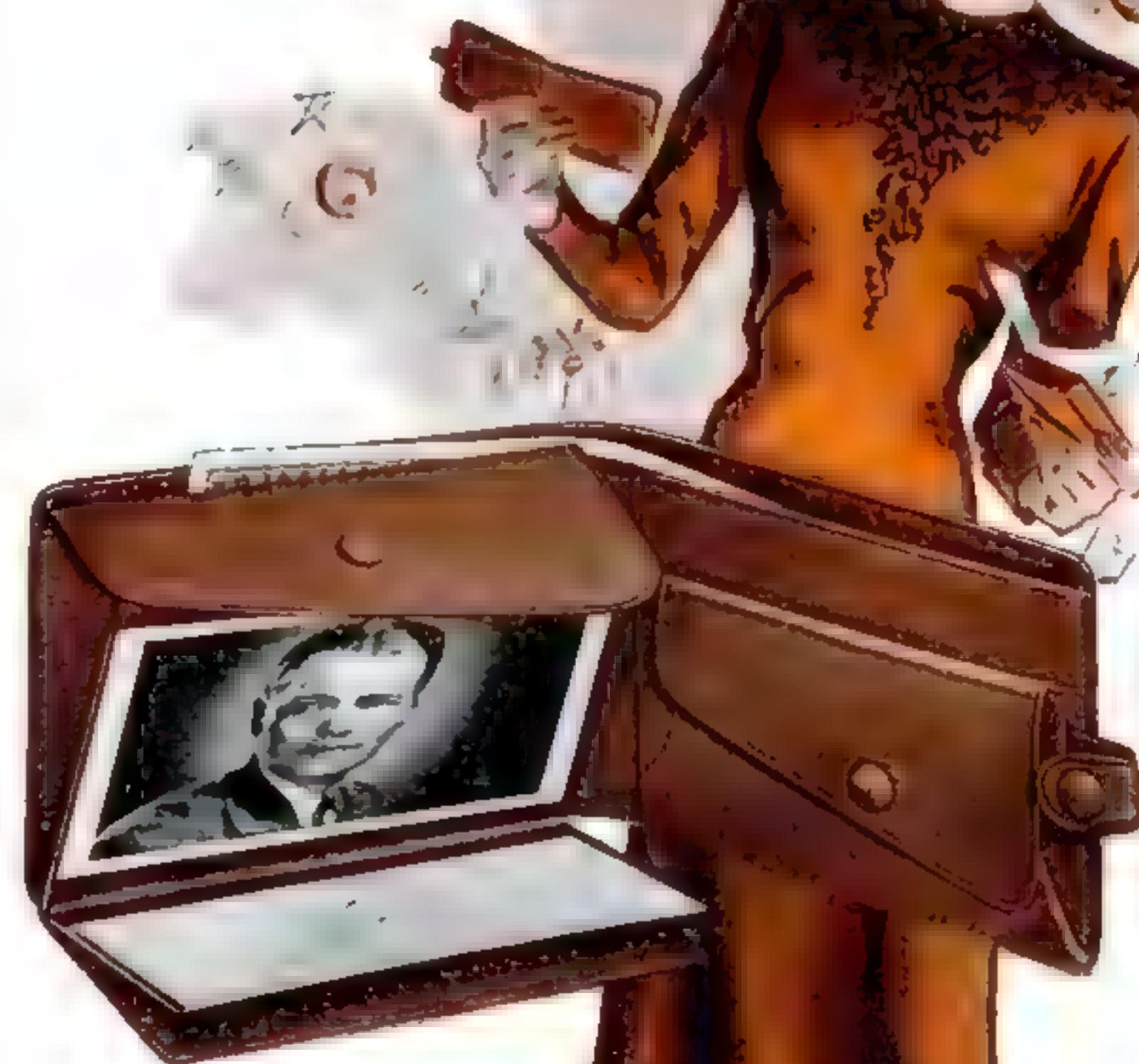
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This Christmas, play Santa with Princess Gardner REGISTRAR! The billfold warmly received—and fondly used—by smart women of every age! This slim, convenient carryall has windows for favorite snapshots and credentials. Coin and key pocket... roomy bill compartment... secret pocket for confidentials. Shown: Pin Morocco Sheepskin. Empire Red, Regal Green, Sovereign Blue, Monarch Brown, Burgundy, Red & Black. \$2.50. Others to \$7.50. Plus tax.



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A STORY OF A FAILURE (continued)

in some Wagnerian cycle of futility, we piled one mistake upon another.

In September, after their last Quebec conference, Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill said in a joint statement that the U. S. and Great Britain proposed to treat Italy not as a defeated enemy but as a nation earning its way back to respectability. None welcomed this "Hyde Park declaration" more than the Allies' principal representatives in Rome: Alexander Kirk, lately given the title of U. S. ambassador; Sir Noel Charles, Britain's high commissioner who still cannot call himself ambassador; and Commodore Ellery Stone, USNR, acting chief of the Allied commission which is responsible for applying Allied policy in Italy. They welcomed the declaration because at first glance it seemed to state a tangible, understandable policy. The Italians outdid themselves in gratitude. Then came the reaction. The declaration turned out to be a masterpiece of overstatement and double-talk. If it meant anything, it meant that in many important respects the only previous guide to Allied policy—the harsh armistice terms—had been set aside. But did it mean that? Normally the commission should have received a directive translating the declaration's generalities into specifics. No directive arrived. In early November nobody in Rome knew exactly what, if anything, the declaration did mean. Later, piecemeal gestures seemed to lighten some of the armistice restrictions. The Italian government was allowed to send diplomatic representatives abroad and to receive them in Rome. Steps were taken to lessen the inflationary effects of the Allies' occupation currency. But we had missed a chance to give the Italians and our own officials in Italy a clear statement of Allied purposes.

We set up a great propaganda machine, the Psychological Warfare Branch. Sensibly enough, we supervised the vagrant Italian press. We saturated the country, liberated and unliberated, with the usual teams of printed matter. But to this day we have not given literate Italians the only American reading matter they really want. They want to read our current magazines and books, in English and in translation. They want to make up for the claustrophobic years when they were cut off from our thought and writing. They want our medical and technological works. They want to read *A Bell for Adams* and *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. Their publishers have tried, in every way they could think of, to get in touch with American publishers. There was no question of shipping space, of diverting military transport to Italian needs. All the publishers asked was a copy of a book, permission to translate and republish and some assurance that they would not get into copyright trouble after the war. Until lately, Italians were denied commercial communication abroad. Technically these restrictions have been lifted, but it is still all but impossible for Italians to do business with America by cable or letter. Their only channel is the PWB. And the PWB has declined to help.

Russian best sellers

The Russians do it differently. Any Italian publisher of good repute can go to the Russian Embassy in Rome and get instant permission to translate and publish any approved Soviet work. Italy is short of paper and in some cases Italian publishers have even got paper from the Russians. The Russians do not ask pay; they sometimes subsidize republication and they always tell the publishers not to bother about authors and copyrights. The consequence, of course, is that Italy is flooded with recent translations of Russian novels, pamphlets, short stories, topical reviews. The Italians buy them and read them and make their American friends miserable with requests for American magazines and books.

Recently a Canadian correspondent, a South African army artist and a British conducting officer parachuted behind the German lines in north Italy. The group spent seven weeks with the Italian partisans—about half the time with a Communist brigade, the other half with a Rightist brigade. Eventually the trio returned with vivid stories of partisan bravery and effectiveness. The Allied propaganda officials who had permitted this expedition were quite willing to have the story told, with suitable deletions, in the foreign press and on the foreign radio. These officials also went to great trouble to put the story in Italian pamphlets and drop the pamphlets in northern Italy where the story is already well known. But they discouraged its publication in liberated Italy where the people have an inkling of the heroic truth and desperately want to know more. The Allied reasoning was curious: if the liberated Italians heard too much about the exploits of their partisans in the north, their insistent request for permission to do more for the Allies would get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

ELGINS..BORN OF A FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

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Naturally, Elgin . . . with its craftsmen long experienced in the making of precision timepieces . . . with a factory that's the largest fine watch factory in the world . . . was early called upon for service in America's war effort.

Elgin skills and equipment could produce many types of timing devices and precision instruments needed by our fighting forces on land, on sea and in the air.

Wholeheartedly doing *that* essential work, Elgin has been unable to replenish its jewelers'

friends' stocks of these fine American-made watches for men and women.

You'll see plenty of foreign-made watches trying to take the place of the Elgins whose reputation you know and respect. But hold fast to your desire for a truly superb watch. There are still *some* Elgins available and you may be able to find one.

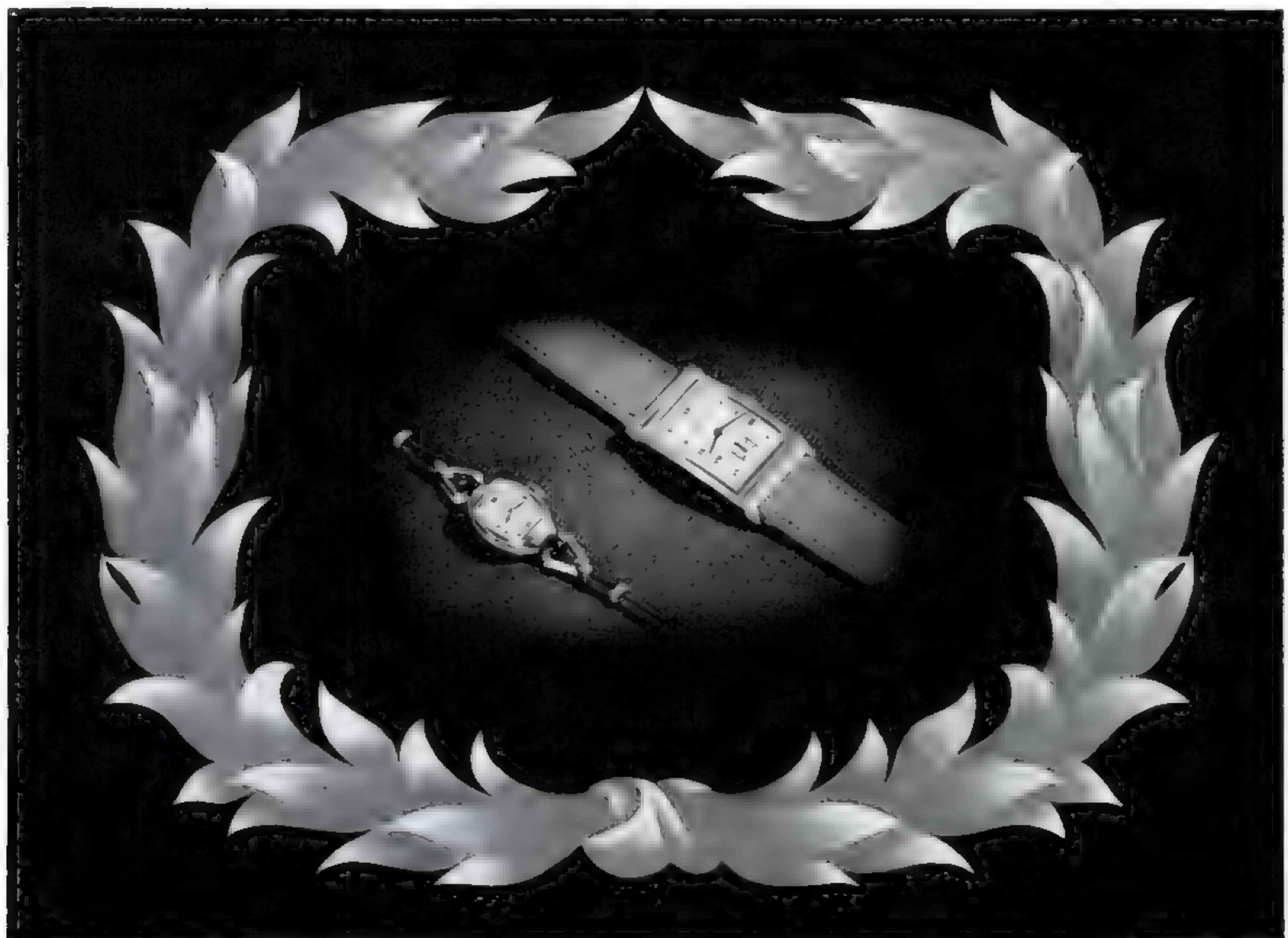
If you can't, remember this: When victory is won, Elgin craftsmen will again devote their skills to the creation of watches distinctively

styled and certain to advance the Elgin tradition for precision accuracy. You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin. Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois.

New radio show—"Keep Up With the World With Elgin"—Sunday nights, 10:30 EWT—the Blue Network

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A STORY OF A FAILURE (continued)

out of bounds. Now General Alexander has told the partisans that they must cease fighting, dig in for the winter and prepare to live on their own resources. Because of the stalemate on the Fifth and Eighth Army fronts, these instructions are probably necessary. But they doom thousands of partisans and partisan sympathizers to starvation, capture and execution. The failure of our autumn offensive and the prospect of another winter of war constitute a major disaster for Italy: the Germans will have all the time they need to complete the looting and destruction of Italy's principal (and last) industrial resources. Our handling of the Italian partisans, who had come into the open at Allied orders, compounds the disaster. It may well be enough to defeat and turn away our last friends in Italy.

Of course we did not go into Italy alone and the responsibility for Allied performance and policy in Italy is not ours alone. We went in with the British, whose Eighth Army was first in Italy. But there is no alibi for Americans in that fact.

With the cynicism of old acquaintance, the Italians assumed that the British were after something. Just what, the Italians did not know at first, but they supposed that it would come down to the old question of Britain's position in the Mediterranean. As matters turned out, this assumption flattered British intelligence. When they first arrived in Italy they were looking for very little except a quick end of the war and the privilege of giving the Italians a bloody good lesson. Burning with justified memories of Malta, North Africa and the stab in the back, they were slow to reflect that Italy is, after all, a place in the Mediterranean and that Britain needs all the friendship she can find in and around that sea. Winston Churchill had this geopolitical fact well in mind when he visited Italy this fall. He had been told that there was little or no use in trying to do anything with or for those rotters, the Italians. On the streets of Rome and in the provinces those rotters received him warmly and more than once during his tour he turned to his companions and exclaimed, "Why, these people don't dislike us!" Soon after Churchill returned to London a drastic change in British policy became apparent. Now, in their odd way, the British are trying to make a friend of Italy. They are late and they know it.

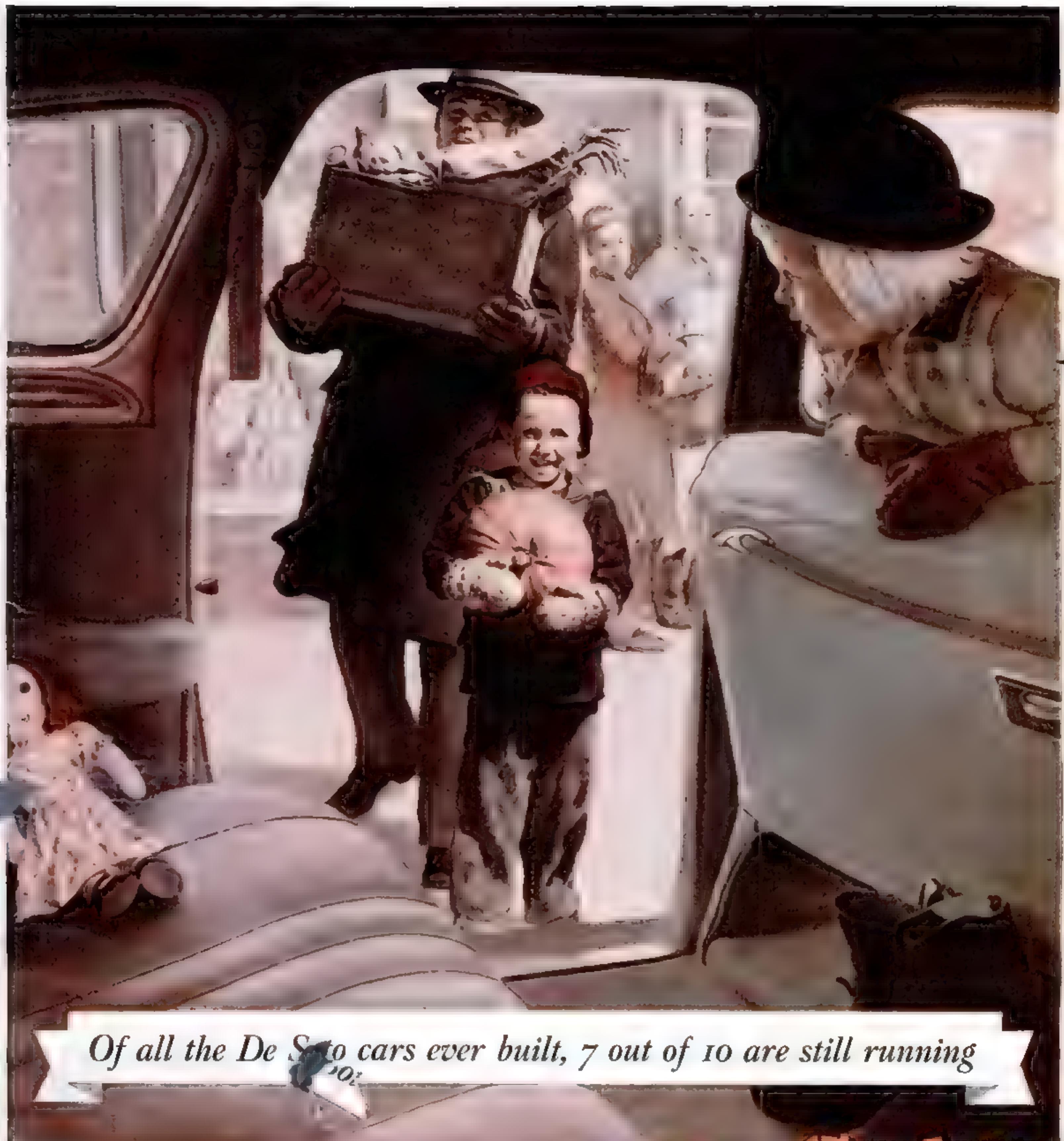
When we entered Italy we had neither the handicap nor the drive of obvious self-interest. Perhaps we and the Italians alike would have fared better if we had been able to define our interest in the relatively simple terms of empire and of power politics. As it was, in this encounter with our first defeated foe and with the first country of Europe reopened to democratic arms and democratic thought, our reception repelled us. We had forgotten a very important thing about ourselves and our country: America is still an idea.

The Italians had not forgotten. They overwhelmed us with their reminders. Tragically for them and for us, their language all too often was the language of beggars and of none too attractive beggars at that. They expected Americans to bring food for empty bellies, machinery for wrecked factories, trains and trucks to quicken their dead economy, medicines for their sick. It was understandably hard for us to hear in this ugly cacophony the sound of a belief in Americans and in the American idea.

But the sound was there. The belief was there. It still is.



Winston Churchill conferred with Badoglio and Bonomi during visit to Rome last August. Warmly received by Italian people, he ameliorated British policy toward Italy.



Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

16 YEARS AGO the first De Soto cars rolled off the line. De Soto grew up in a tough decade, with a tough creed. "Make a better car or get out of business." Engineers gave De Soto a long list of brilliant "firsts," among them floating power, fluid drive, superfinished parts, safety-steel bodies. And De Sotos sold fast. When war came,

we had a bigger job. Bomber sections, airplane wings, guns. Other war materials pour out of De Soto factories. Meanwhile, we're glad we built De Sotos to endure—and thousands (who know that 7 out of 10 are still running) will be glad to decide on De Soto.

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Tune in on Major Bowes, every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

De Soto
Designed to Endure



The Bond...

When the last bomb run is ended, and the whole thing can be told, this story of a bond that only death itself could break will stand as a symbol of all that is fine in Americans.

It's the story of ten men in a crippled bomber, and an

unknown fighter pilot who never bothered to identify himself. It's a story of brotherhood—among men who knew each other neither by name nor face... It's a tribute to every man who flies—to every man who would lay down his life for a friend.

They had been hit with everything in the book—"big shells, little shells, old shoes and mess kits." They were alone, out of formation and nearly out of control, and enemy fighters were slashing at them like wolves at the kill—when suddenly he appeared.

They say that he came knifing in out of nowhere. They caught a glimpse of him as he shot past. Then they heard his easy drawl in their headphones. "Pack up your troubles, boys," he said. "Uncle's going to take care of you now." And with that he went to work.

They say that he tore right through planes and pieces of planes, and swept the sky clean like a new broom. When they last saw him, he had accounted for four and was still in the middle of things.

"Because that's the way those fighter escort boys are built," said the bomber pilot. "They'll lose their planes, or their lives, to take care of us when we're in trouble. There are no braver men in the world."

Today, stories such as this have a very special meaning for several thousand men and women of

Curtiss-Wright. For Curtiss Electric propellers are a vital part of nearly every type of American plane preferred today for the grueling job of pursuit and fighter escort work.

As part of the best trained team of workers in the world—the 5,000,000 who build, fly and service America's air power—these propeller builders share the hope which that power holds as a force for good, for lasting peace, and for a great postwar age of the air, with jobs for all our fighting men.

Look to the Sky, America!



Equipped with 4-blade hollow steel Curtiss Electric Propellers, Republic P-47 Thunderbolts are fighting, strafing and dive-bombing on every United Nations front. Present version mounts eight 30-cal. machine guns—fires 688 pounds of lead per minute!



Now... for the KNOCKOUT! More B-29 Superforts at \$600,000 each, more P-47 Thunderbolts at \$50,000... more tanks, guns, aircraft carriers, supply ships, evacuation ships, hospital ships... more and more money! And that means more and more War Bond purchases by you. Your bonds will help speed the end of the fight, save American lives, secure the future of your country... Back the Sixth War Loan for the final smash!

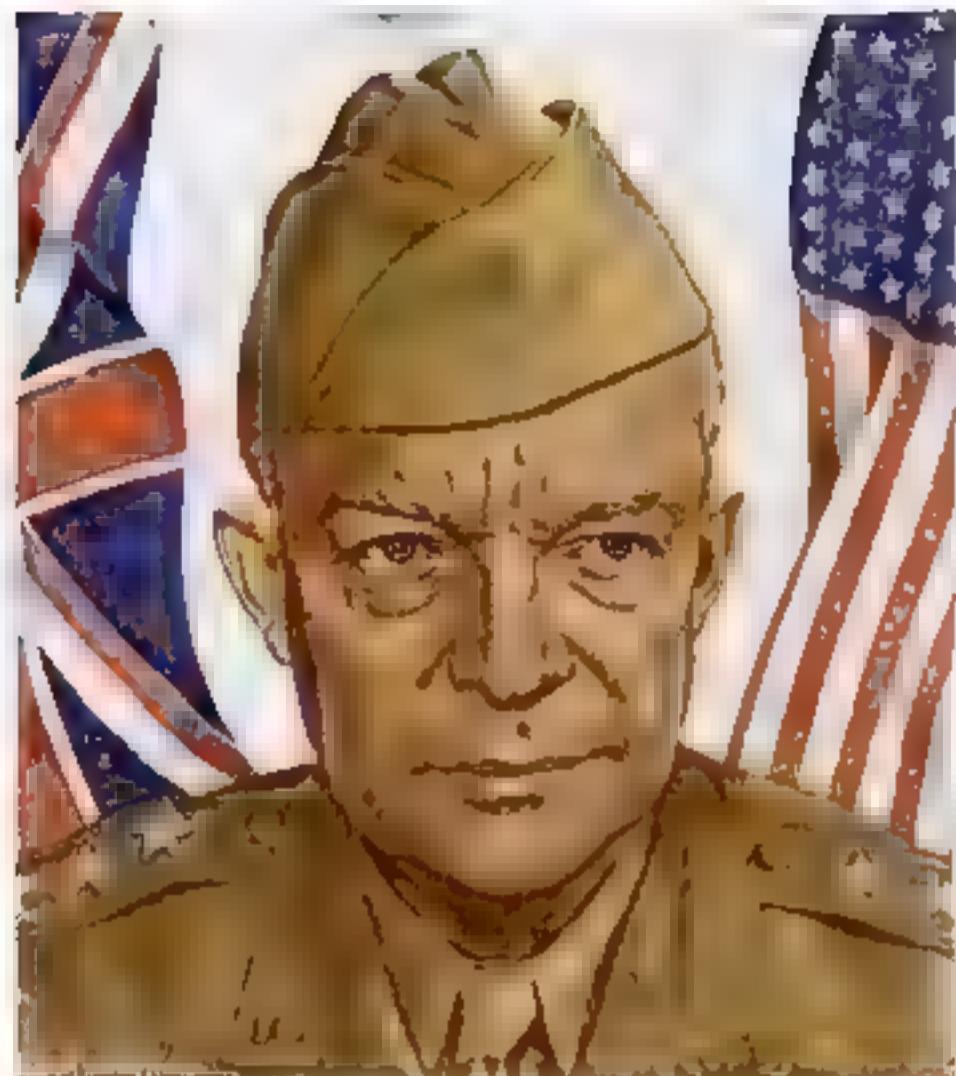
BUY MORE WAR BONDS TODAY!

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EISENHOWER ON NOV. 16, 1942 AFTER NORTH AFRICA



EISENHOWER ON SEPT. 13, 1943 HAD INVADED ITALY



EISENHOWER ON JUNE 19, 1944 HAD INVADED FRANCE

THE COVERS OF TIME

LEADERS' FACES CHART WAR PROGRESS

For a portrait gallery of the men who have waged the war in Europe, there is no more complete and faithful record than the covers of LIFE's sister magazine, *Time*. Each man shown here has played a notable part on the great stage of events. Each was the man of a week or a year—and of the war. And for each cover picture *Time* did such comprehensive research that the wife of one subject said, "I have never seen a picture of him half as good."

The technique of *Time's* covers has been credited by the *American Artist Magazine* as having "created a sensation . . . and set a style." That style is at once recognizably realistic and three-dimensional and, on occasion, satirical and sometimes even faintly a caricature. The current significance of the subject is usually indicated by a schematic background.

Thirty of these men—Americans, Britons, Russians and Germans—are reproduced on these pages, revealing something of the hierarchy of this war and also something of the fighting peoples. Incidentally, the progress of America's relation to the war can also be deciphered here. The way in which Americans looked at Stalin, reflected in the three covers below, changed drastically between 1940 and 1944. In the first, looking as if he had swallowed some international canary, as in the last, looming heroically above the moving snows of the useful Russian winter, he was *Time's* "Man of the Year."

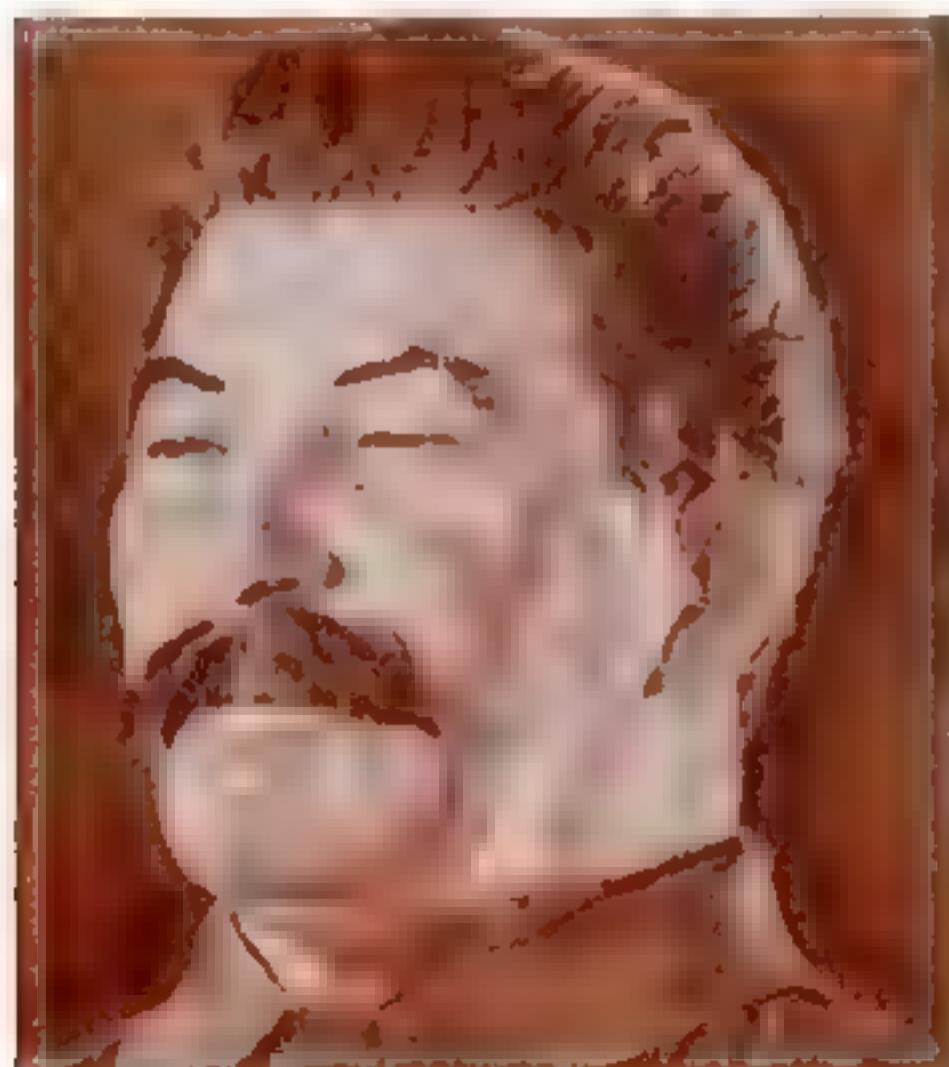
These transitions are not *Time's* deliberate invention. They are, rather, the transitions of America's point of view and of a history that in wartime unfolds with dizzying rapidity. Eisenhower and Stalin and the others do not themselves change notably in four years, but their historical significance to the U. S. most certainly has an immense arc of variation. The world moves and carries up or down the power and prestige of individual men. It will be instructive to try to

imagine in what connection *Time* might run the faces of these men 10 years from now and in what context the reader will then think of them. Many will not have survived. Two have already died: Russia's Patriarch Sergei and Germany's Marshal Rommel.

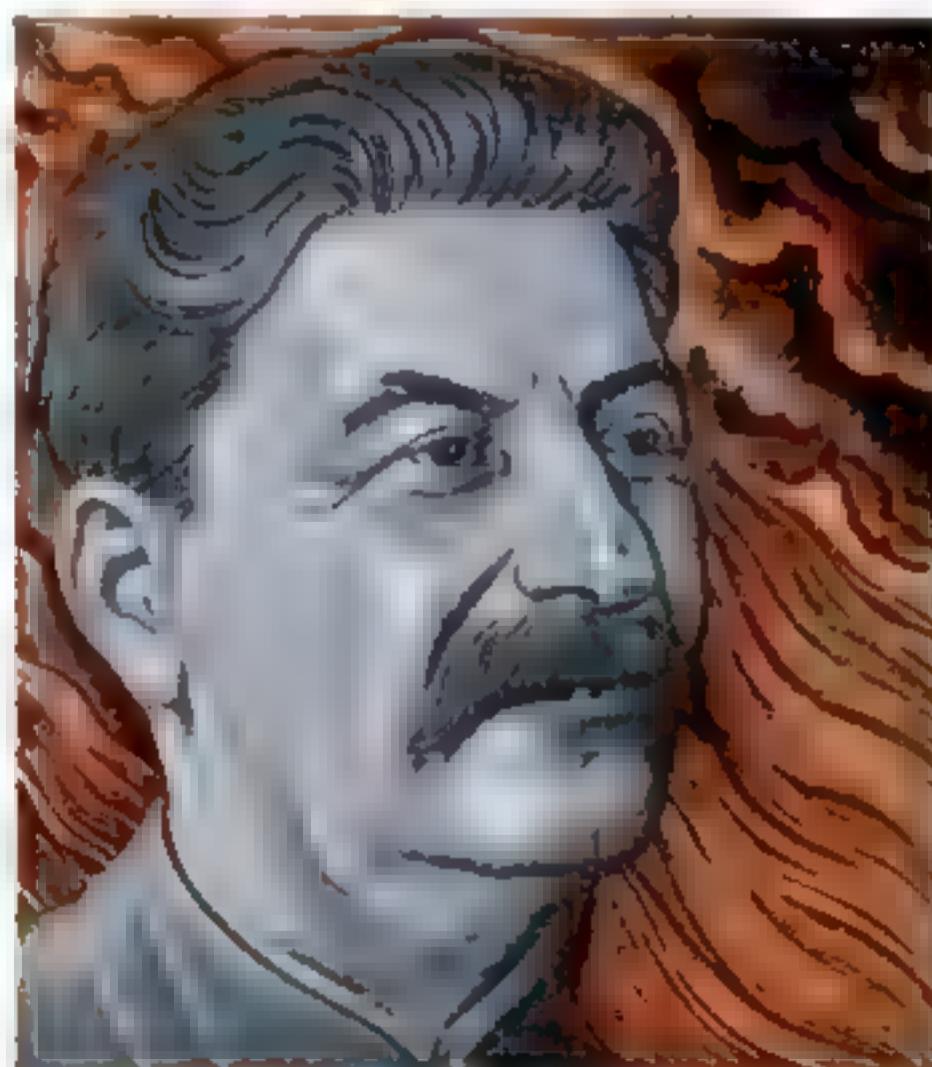
The three artists who painted the great majority of these covers are initialed ABC: Boris Artzybasheff, Ernest Hamlin Baker and Boris Chaliapin, son of the singer. Two are Russian. The first is the most imaginative and often provides his own background ideas. The second, who pioneered *Time's* new style of cover portraiture, is a specialist in character study and design. The third, primarily a portraitist, is the fastest workman of the three, once did a cover in 16 hours flat. Usually the background theme is given the artist by the editors of *Time* after general discussion and careful research. He is also given all available photographs of the man and research on his character and career. As men become more famous, more data and more pictures of them become available.

Time has thus far used 102 covers by Baker, 89 by Artzybasheff, 87 by Chaliapin. Most of the unsigned covers here reproduced are by Artzybasheff, except for Chaliapin's Smuts of South Africa and Baruch of America. Many of these were done as spot news assignments. The others were done three, six or nine months before the march of events made their appearance on *Time's* cover inevitable. At least twice as many covers were drawn as have been used, such as Baker's Rommel. The "live bank" of covers waiting to be used at present includes the Emir of Transjordan, Benes, Chernyakhovsky, Chiang K'ai-shek, Eden, Göring, Haakon VII, Hitler, Ibn Saud, Mackenzie King, Mitscher, Nimitz, Roosevelt, the Shah of Iran, Stettinius, Robert Taft, Wallace, Wavell and another Stalin.

This month a collection of *Time's* past covers is going on exhibition at West Point.



STALIN WAS NAZI GERMANY'S ALLY ON JAN. 1, 1940



STALIN WAS RUSSIA'S DEFENDER ON OCT. 21, 1941



STALIN WAS AT LAST AMERICA'S ALLY JAN. 4, 1943

THE COVERS OF TIME (continued)



CHIEF OF STAFF GEORGE C. MARSHALL was *Time's* cover on July 29, 1940, on Oct. 19, 1942 (above) and on Jan. 8, 1944 as 1943's Man of the Year for his job in arming the American Republic. The dates heralded three steps in modern U. S. military progress: the first the eve of U. S. mobilization; the second the eve of the invasion of North Africa; the third the homestretch into invasion of Europe. They mark the growth of the U. S. Army from 174,000 in 1939 to 8,800,000 men this year. And thus very American officer did the job.



LIEUT. GENERAL GEORGE PATTON set the unprecedented record of being *Time's* cover twice in four months, April 12 (above) and July 26, 1943. The reason was the U. S. hunger for a conquering American general. Whatever his faults, Patton became that. He almost made it at Kasserine Pass and Field Pass, and certainly was the conqueror in Sicily. Later he was to fall from grace and into obscurity. But his real professional ability was untarnished. Suddenly he came out fighting in the Battle of France to win a brand-new military reputation.



LIEUT. GENERAL SPAATZ, commander of the U. S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe, had finished one job June 12, 1944, when he appeared on *Time's* cover. He had won superiority of Europe's air. On D-day he had begun another job, of helping to secure the beachheads. Then he returned to the strategic bombing of Germany. This Pennsylvania Dutchman, a hard-bluffing poker player and father of adored daughters, has Army's only female aide. She outraged all the aides in the Army by saying, "It's really woman's work, isn't it?"



LIEUT. GENERAL MARK CLARK, "the front-line general," had broken out of the Salerno beachhead when he came to *Time's* cover Oct. 4, 1943. Up ahead was the goal: the great port of Naples. On his right were Montgomery and the British Eighth Army. Months later Clark was to capture Rome. At Salerno, Clark and the American Army had demonstrated that, even when they were not lucky or brilliant, they were tough and damned hard to budge. Very quiet, Clark has a favorite oath, "Yesub" which means yellow-bellied a. b.



ADMIRAL ERNEST KING, Commander in Chief of the U.S. Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations, was the *Time* cover for June 2, 1941 and again for Dec. 7, 1942, the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor. A cold, severe, demanding and forbidding officer, he had been called to the top command when the going got tough. Despite defeats, his Navy had won victories at Midway, Coral Sea and the Solomons during that year. On that first anniversary King said, "Our days of victory are in the making," meaning the huge, unequalled Navy of 1944.



LIEUT. GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY was getting ready for D-day when *Time* ran his picture May 1, 1944. The battle of long, crucial training had been finished. The great bleeding was about to begin. Bradley's job was to be the American field commander in France. The "doughboys' general" is primarily an infantryman, stubborn, loving weapons, informal and clearheaded. A Missouri schoolteacher's son, he entered West Point in the class of 1915, which has produced other generals of this war: Eisenhower, McNarney, Stratemeyer.



BERNARD BARUCH had become consultant to Office of War Mobilization Chief James F. Byrnes when, on June 28, 1943, *Time* looked again at the brilliant, 73-year-old elder statesman who had been generalissimo of World War I Industries Board and adviser to five presidents. American production was then sometimes thought to be in chaos, though War Production Board Chairman Nelson was doing far better than was thought. Though Baruch produced no one-man miracle, the U.S. continued its many-manned miracle of production.



SECRETARY OF WAR STIMSON, now 77, is older than Baruch or Cordell Hull, who was Stimson's successor as Secretary of State. He was *Time*'s cover Aug. 25, 1941, not long before Pearl Harbor, when the American chiant, after a year of Selective Service, was "OHIO" ("Over the hill in October," meaning AWOL in October). Stimson had been leader in calling for draft. The Army numbered only 1,500,000 and Stimson already felt the breath of war on his neck. Since then Stimson, for all his years, has proved a vigorous Secretary of War.

THE COVERS OF TIME (continued)



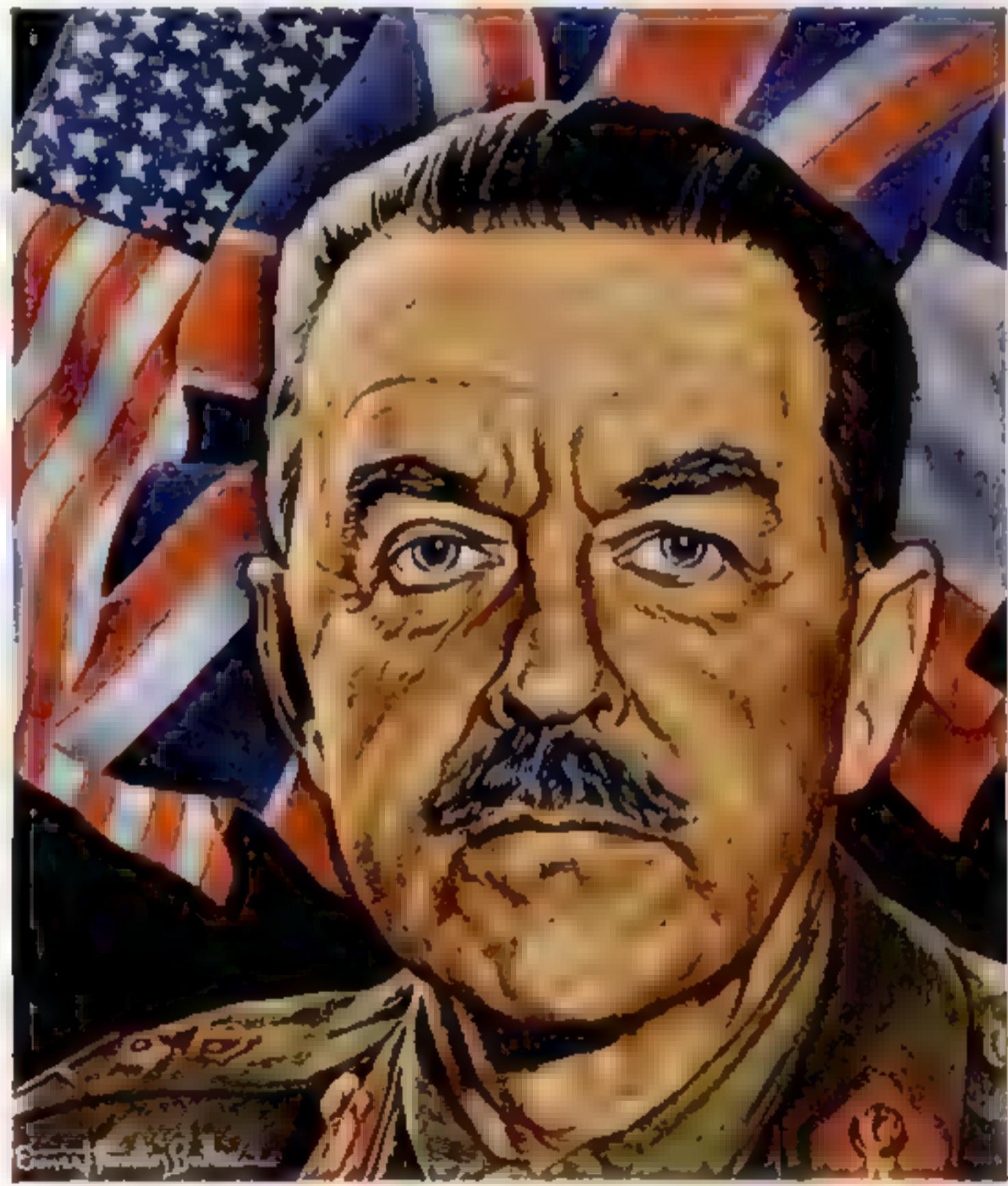
GEORGE VI, King-Emperor of one quarter of the population of the world, was last on *Time's* cover on March 6, 1944. Behind him are the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick that form the underlying flag design of the British nations. Since the Emergency Defense Acts provide that no war regulation becomes effective until it has been read to him, the King has had to sit to 12,000 of them, long, short, complex and simple, though he has no power to disapprove. This part of job has been dull but indispensable.



PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL was *Time's* Man of the Year on Jan. 6, 1941, when the Battle of Britain had been definitely won and the massive forces of the European Axis had but one enemy—arms—the British. In that extremity, Churchill had had the courage to say: "You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word. It is victory." It is easy for the democracies to show courage now, but Churchill was virtually the only great and undiscouraged free voice speaking out in 1940. That was his finest hour.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY was a *Time* cover on July 10, 1944, month after D-day. Like MacArthur, he has been a hero of the fighting on the war's periphery. Monty had won at El Alamein, Mareth, Catania. For final battles he was made commander of the Twenty-first Army Group holding the left flank at Caen in Normandy and forcing the lower Rhine to outflank Siegfried Line. Here he wears tank and field marshal insignia. The crusader symbolizes his battle cry: "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered."



GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER appeared on *Time* June 5, 1944, as Allied Fifth Army closed in on Rome, on the eve of France's D-day. Alexander's war career began with the blameless disasters of Dunkirk and Burma, continued with the victories of El Alamein (as Montgomery's superior), Tunisia and Sicily (as Eisenhower's deputy), and the hard-fought Italian campaign. A brother of the Earl of Caledon, an Isterian like Montgomery, he was a champion mile runner as a youth, went over the top 30 times in World War I.



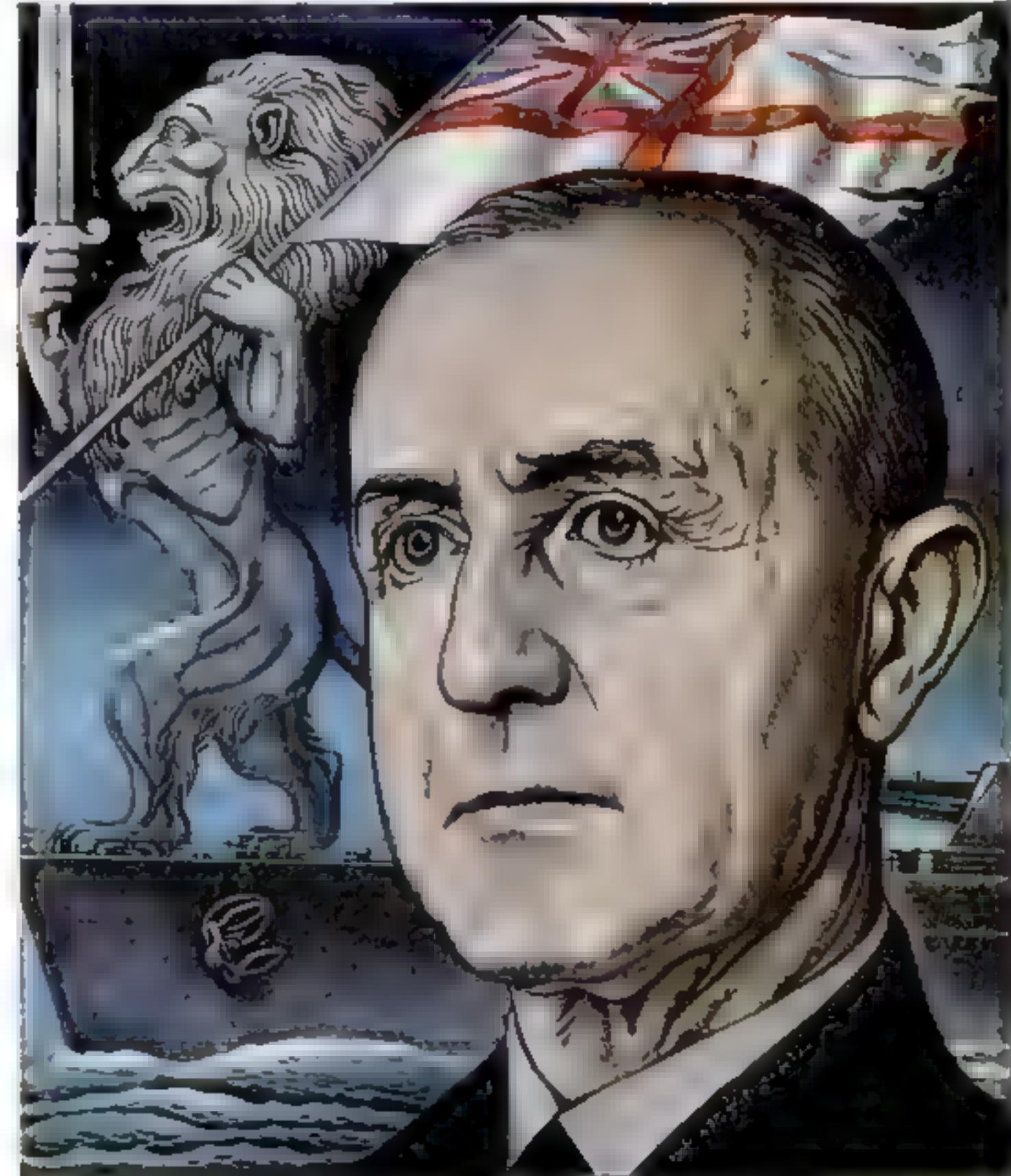
AUSTRALIA'S PRIME MINISTER CURTIN on April 24, 1944 was presented by *Time* as he approached the U. S. on his way to the London conference of Commonwealth premiers. The conference did nothing either to tighten or loosen the bonds of the British Commonwealth. In his country Curtin has led one of the most efficient war efforts on the Allied side. He is a fierce Labor supporter with a sense of proportion, a plain and utterly honest man. He has bothered the great powers by claiming Australia's right to share in all Pacific decisions.



AIR CHIEF MARSHAL TEDDER, now Eisenhower's deputy, was only RAF air chief for the Middle East when *Time* ran his picture on Nov. 9, 1942. The moment was historic. The battle of El Alamein had been won and the tide was setting against the all-powerful Germans. Tedder had given the Allies air superiority for the first time. But the advantage in planes, guns, tanks and everything had been provided by British and U. S. ships, plowing at that time the long way around Africa. The final victory was implicit in this victory.



SOUTH AFRICA'S PRIME MINISTER JAN SMUTS appeared on *Time* a month later, May 22, 1944, when premiers' conference was on in London. Much more than Churchill or Roosevelt, Smuts was key figure in World War I. This time, almost single-handed, he put South Africa into the war. An architect of the League of Nations, he is champion of a new and better one, opposes Big Power domination of the world. Before his half-Afrikaner, half-English country's flag, he stands with his pale blue eyes scanning the horizons of peace.

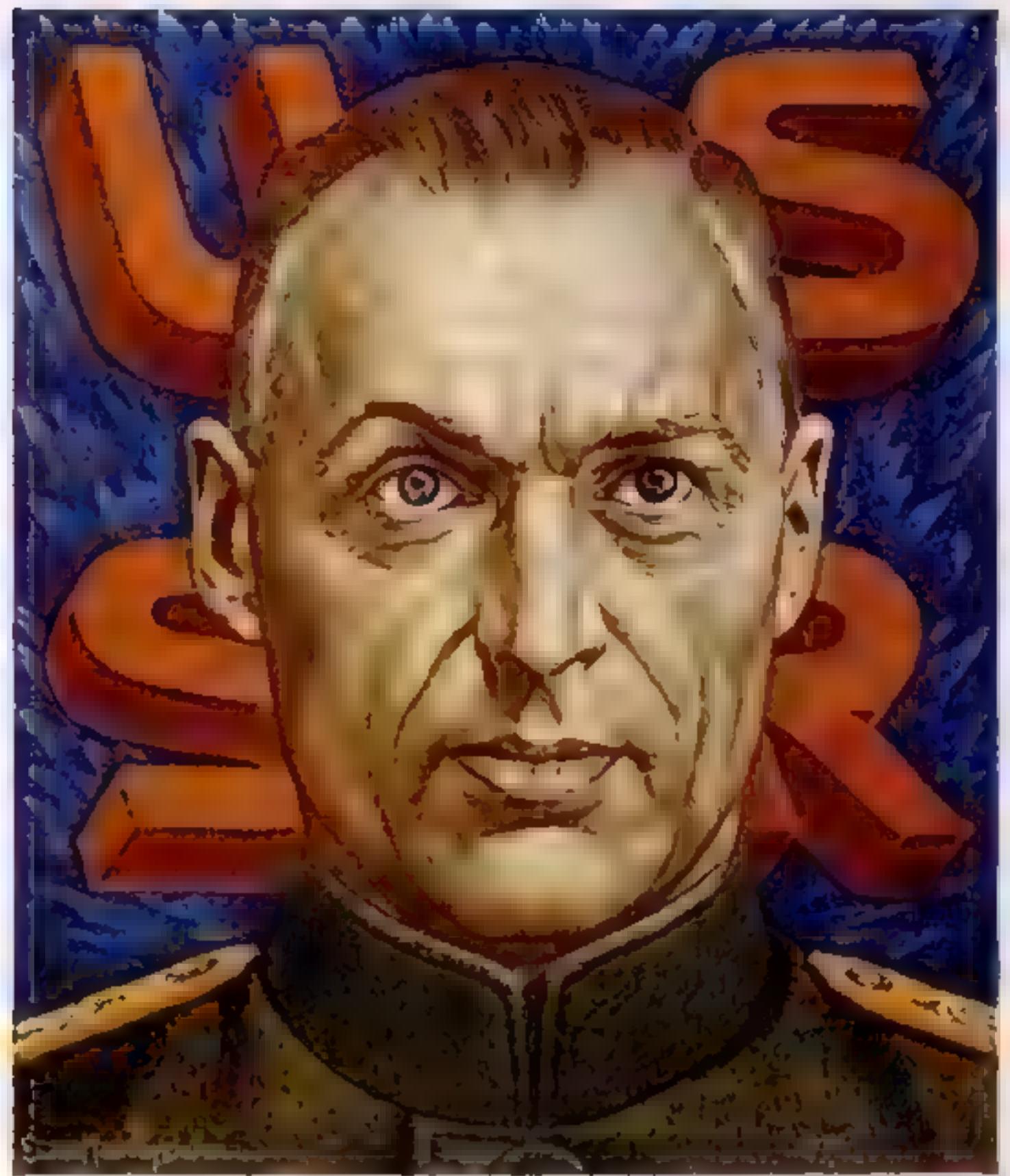


ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET CUNNINGHAM was the champion of British seapower on May 24, 1943. The Mediterranean, sometimes known as "Cunningham's Pond" because he had commanded there since 1939, had at last been half-opened by ousting of Germans from North Africa. Black days when there was not an undamaged British cruiser or battleship in whole area were past. Cunningham remained as Allied Naval Commander in Chief in Mediterranean until October 1943 when he was called back to London as First Sea Lord.

THE COVERS OF TIME (continued)



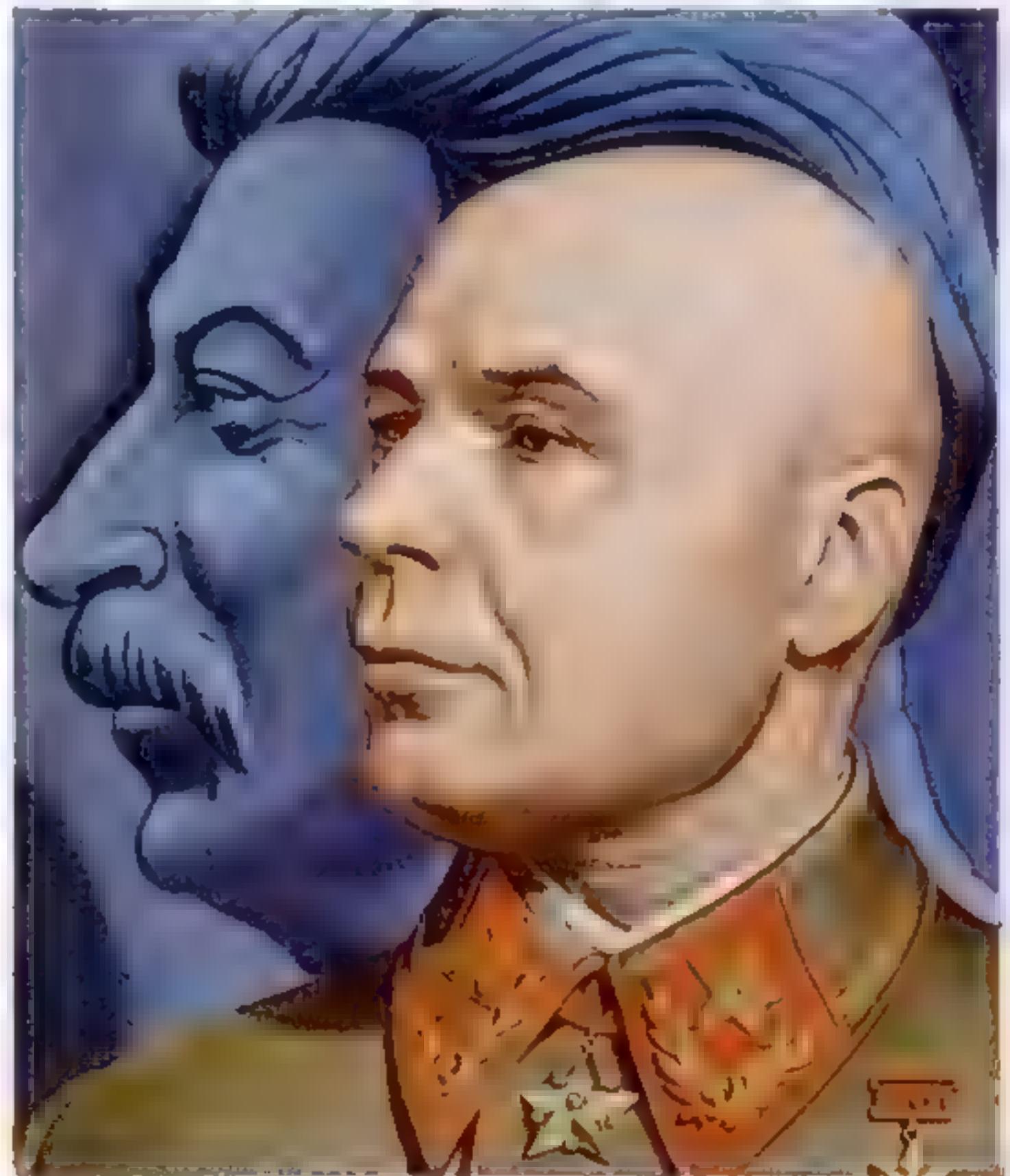
MARSHAL GRIGORY ZHUKOV was the U. S. S. R.'s army chief of operations (and only a general, not yet a marshal) at Stalin's side on Dec. 14, 1942 when *Time* reviewed his part in the first great winter offensive of the Red Army. The Nazis were then retreating north and north of the Volga, but they were already losing the war. Zhukov, 49, shuttles between the front and Supreme Headquarters. In 1941 he struck into Poland and then was switched to the battle of Rumania and the Carpathians. He is at present the No. 1 Red general officer.



MARSHAL KONSTANTIN ROKOSOVSKY, one of Russia's top field commanders, helped spark the great offensive reported by *Time* Aug. 23, 1943. The Red Army was really rolling and Rokossovsky, 6'1", 6 ft. 6 in. tall, front of Soviet forces at Warsaw was running with it. He had signed the demand for surrender given German Field Marshal von Paulus at Stalingrad. He had fought in decisive 1941 battles of Smolensk and Moscow. He has since captured Kursk, Kiev, and has been a commander of the campaign against Warsaw.



PATRIARCH SERGEI, religious leader of some 100,000,000 Orthodox Catholics not only in the U. S. S. R. but in Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece and Yugoslavia, was enjoying his happiest Christmas when he appeared on *Time's* cover on Dec. 27, 1943. The Soviet government that year had restored his church officially, recognized him as elected Patriarch. Patriarch Sergei had spent three terms in political prison. But Stalin reversed himself when he discovered Russians could be loyal both to God and to Stalin. Last May Sergei died, happy.



MARSHAL SEMION TIMOSHENKO headlined *Time's* reporting of Adolf Hitler's invasion of Soviet Russia in the issue of June 30, 1941. It is now recognized that he, like Zhukov, is an "ace operator" who goes into the field to represent Stalin's Supreme Command. He is a member of the high command advisory committee. In the early days of the war's opening, he first defended Moscow and then fought valiantly to recapture the scattered Stalingrad front. In September 1944 he destroyed 15 German divisions between Kishinev and Jassy.



MARSHAL ALEXANDER VASSILEVSKY, Chief of the Russian General Staff and as such the working architect of the Red Army's plans, appeared on *Time*'s cover July 5, 1943, when "second front" was a contentious phrase. Vassilevsky, who has come up fast, is also on the Supreme Command and director of army commissioners. Primarily a staff officer, he rushes into the field on big occasions to coordinate the execution of the strategy he has handed down and may command an army group. He got his start as a commander under Zhukov.



MAXIM Litvinoff was Russian Ambassador to the U. S. on May 11, 1942, when *Time* reported his role in getting U. S. Lend-Lease for Soviet Russia. Everyone knew that the Germans' second attempt at a death-blow was about to fall. Artist Boris Artzybasheff gruesomely rendered the three Axis partners (including the Mussolini worm) matched against the Eagle and the Sickle. The Allied lineup was now complete, but so far it had suffered only defeats. Litvinoff is now important as Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs in Moscow.

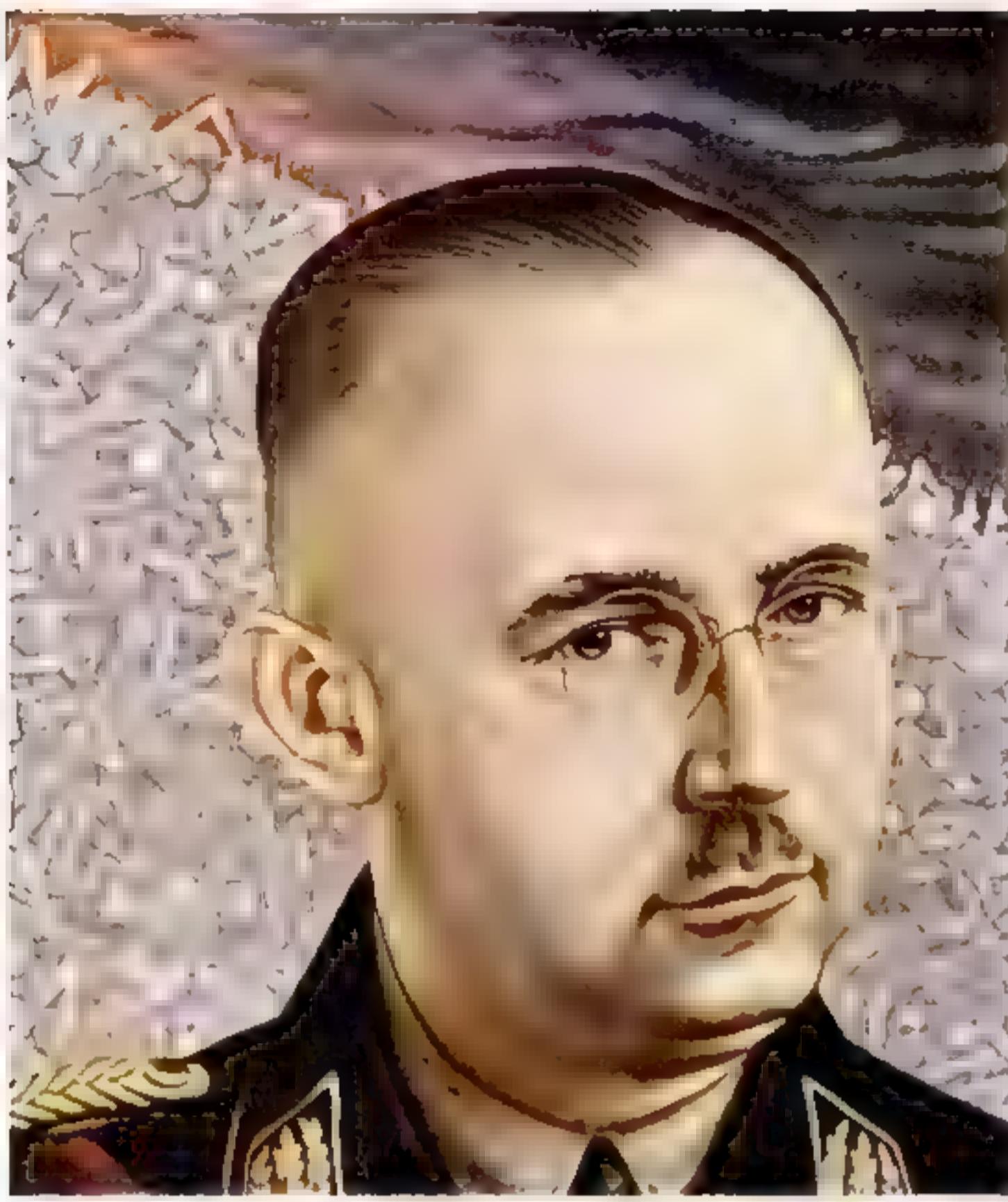


COMPOSER DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH had the first American performance of his Seventh Symphony, a musical interpretation of Russia at war, in 1942. *Time* portrayed him wearing his fire-warden helmet on July 20, 1942. Stalin had walked out on a Shostakovich opera in 1935 and Shostakovich nearly went to jail. He publicly agreed, however, that the Communist Party knew more about music than he. He stayed in Leningrad during the siege, combined his job as fire warden with composition. Today he is the pride and joy of Russia.



MARSHAL NIKOLAI VORONOV, top Red artilleryman, was presented March 20, 1944, during the Ukraine offensive this year. It was Marshal Voronov who had built up Russian artillery against all theories of plane, tank, mortar. He was supported by Stalin, who likes big guns, too. Another of Russia's huge (6 ft. 5 in., 225 lb.) generals, he demands quantity rather than quality in guns. His new favorite is the Katyusha rocket gun. He was made Vice Commissar of Defense in 1943 and is a member of the six-man Supreme Command.

THE COVERS OF TIME (continued)



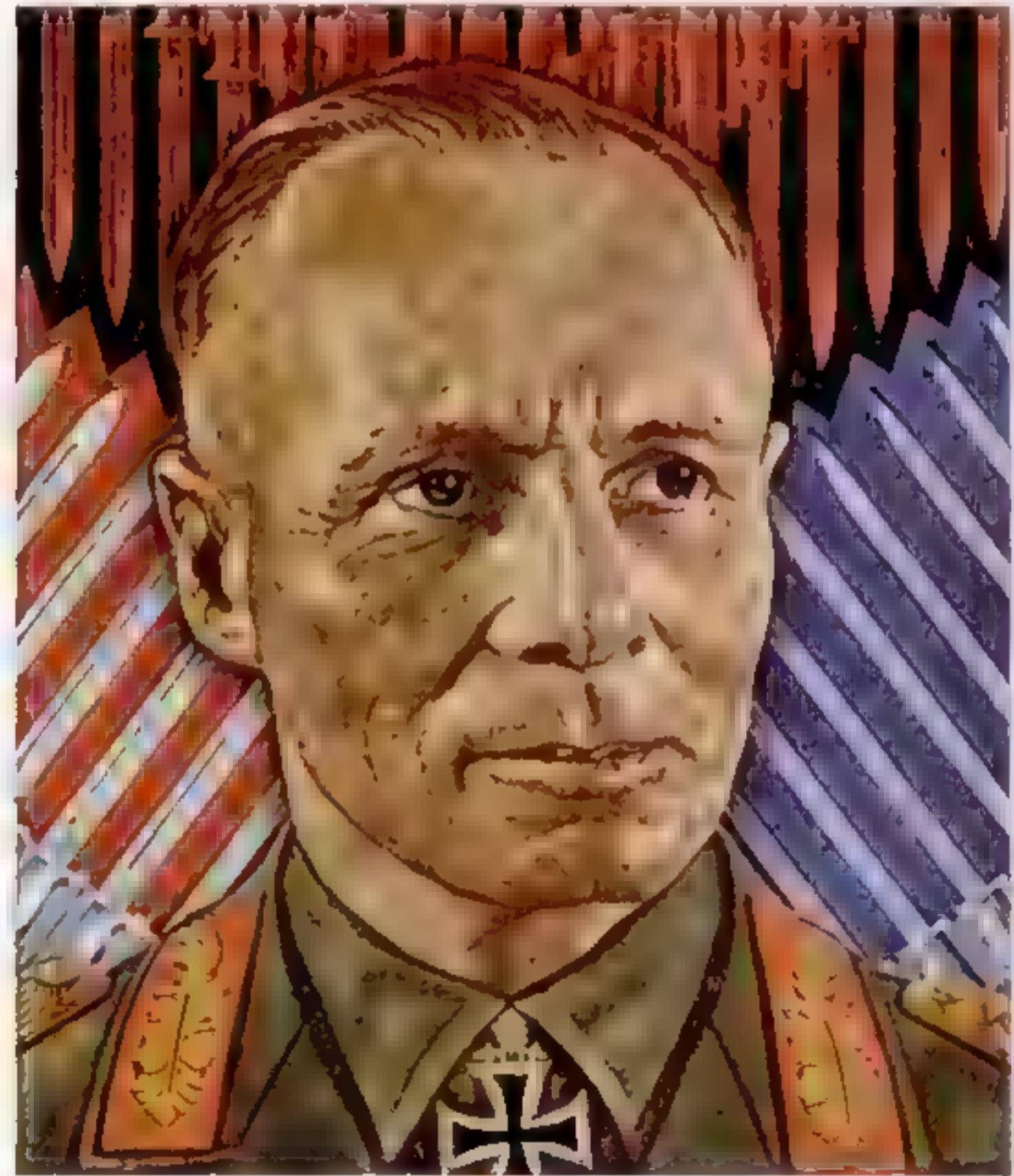
HEINRICH HIMMLER, overshadowed by the corpses of Europe, reached *Time's* cover Oct. 11, 1943. The 43-year-old son of a Catholic schoolteacher, who told him as a child that he was a potential criminal, Himmler had become supreme boss of the German home front, commander of 600,000 SS men. Since even Hitler raised him to second in command of the Reich, commander of the German army and air force inside Germany, giving him power to execute almost anybody he fancies. Hitler, in short, was preparing for the last blood bath.



GRAND ADMIRAL KARL DOENITZ had been newly appointed commander in chief of the German navy when he appeared on *Time's* cover May 6, 1943. As chief admiral, he was to deliver the final assault on Allied shipping. The wolf packs of U-boats, totaling perhaps 300, were loose on the high seas. Doenitz, the man who had organized the secret rebuilding of U-boats in 1943, kept in constant touch with the pack, waging a total battle of the Atlantic. In the end Doenitz lost and Fortress Europe lay open to invasion.



FIELD MARSHAL KARL VON RUNDSTEDT reached *Time's* cover Aug. 21, 1941, long after his tremendous victories over Poland, France and the Ukraine, a month and a half after he had been dismissed from the western front and one month after the attempt on Hitler's life. Incalculably the key man among the Junker generals, he was reported commanding the style on the Siegfried Line. His conduct had remained inscrutable and in *peccatum de* during the plot and purge of the Junkers. But he might well be at the head of the final plot.



FIELD MARSHAL ERWIN ROMMEL did not, finally, succeed in getting on *Time's* cover, but the picture above was always ready. His obituary appeared Oct. 28, 1944. Not a product of the Prussian and General Staff Corps like he had been Germany's No. 1 war hero, yet he had failed to take Egypt or repeat the Normandy invasion. On July 17, he was strafed by an Allied fighter plane and wounded. On Oct. 15 Hitler announced he was dead. On Oct. 18 Marshal von Rundstedt recited the epitaph for his late colleague at Wurzburg.

*Fine to give
Fine to get*



*Season's
Greetings
FROM
PHILIP
MORRIS*

IF YOU CAN'T GET PHILIP MORRIS, REMEMBER, OUR FIGHTING FORCES COME FIRST



Pretty Judy Garland has her handsomest screen role since *The Wizard of Oz*. As Esther Smith she sings seven melodious

tunes, makes love to the handsome basketball player next door, and is sad when her father decides to leave St. Louis.



Her romance with John Truett (Tom Drake), the boy next door, has its happy climax when they go to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and marvel at its ornate, man-made wonders.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Meet Me in St. Louis

it looks lovingly back to life in the days of 1904 St. Louis fair

All during the summer and the bleak winter of 1903 the mundane city of St. Louis, Mo. acted like a pretty girl preparing for a party. It was gay and distract ed while fixing itself up for the whole world to see. The occasion was a huge World's Fair commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase, which filled every citizen of St. Louis with a sense of progress and love for his city.

From this colorful setting Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has drawn the material for its heart-warming musical *Meet Me in St. Louis*. Based on Sally Benson's autobiographical *New Yorker* stories, the film moves in on the Smith family of St. Louis and, with cherishing detail, examines its way of life during the year before the fair opened. The only real complication in this easy-going story occurs when the family learns it must move away because Mr. Smith gets a new position. They realize how much they love St. Louis, and the happy ending comes when Mr. Smith decides not to move after all.

This simple story gives Judy Garland an opportunity to sing the current hit, *The Trolley Song*, and two numbers resurrected from the past, *Meet Me in St. Louis* and *Under the Bamboo Tree*. To Margaret O'Brien it gives a chance to enact with naturalness and enchantment the experiences of childhood in a friendly city.

The only disappointing thing about *Meet Me in St. Louis* is that it does not show enough of the St. Louis exposition, which is remembered as one of America's most bizarre and colorful world's fairs. Dedicated to the wonders of the new electric age, the St. Louis exposition gave the public a thorough look at practical automobiles, a printing telegraph, the air-brake trolley and a colony of Negritos that had recently come into our custody when the U. S. took over the Philippines.



Splendor of the exposition provides a fitting and colorful ending for *Meet Me in St. Louis*. This scene reproduces the Cascades overlooking the Grand Basin as shown on opposite page.



The Louisiana Purchase Exposition, staged at a cost of nearly \$10,000,000, opened April 30, 1904, a year late because of con-

struction delays. This 1904 photograph shows domed Festival Hall, a general meeting place for all public functions at the

fair. The fair's 1,570 gaudy, neoclassic buildings and statues were erected on 1,240-acre site around huge man-made lake.



The Cascades overlooked the Grand Basin, the Louisiana Purchase Monument (center) and the Palace of Education and Social Economy (at the right). The fair site is now Forest Park.



Ornate statuary studded the fairground, was destroyed when it ended. This is Restaurant Pavilion. Woman in foreground carries then-fashionable black umbrella for sun, not rain.

TWO EXCELLENT GIFT IDEAS

FOR **HIM!**

1. U. S. WAR BONDS
2. AMITY "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD



MULTIPLE PASS CASES
for identification cards, etc.
Instantly removable, making it unnecessary to hand over entire billfold when presenting identification.

Stitched to hold its shape, for lasting beauty.

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DIRECTOR
8-FEATURE
BILLFOLD

Famous for its 8 original features (secret currency pocket, duplicate key pockets, for example), the Amity "Director" Billfold is sold from coast to coast in a sure-to-please choice of fine leathers, from \$3.50 up, plus tax.

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS COMPANY
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

"Meet Me in St. Louis" (continued)

ITS SETS ARE COLORFUL AND REAL

Vincente Minnelli, who directed *Meet Me in St. Louis*, used to be a stage designer and one of the brightest things about his film is its settings. The Smith house is a replica of early 1900 architecture, is perhaps the most affectionate and nostalgic background yet photographed in Technicolor.



THIS IS BLEAK WINTER SCENE OF THE SMITH HOME AT 5335 HENNSINGTON AVE



SMITH KITCHEN IS TYPICAL, SPOTLESS WORKROOM. NOTE TEST BLACKBOARD



GRANDPA'S BEDROOM IS CLUTTERED WITH TROPHIES FROM THE CIVIL WAR



SMITH BATHROOM HAS A SIMPLE, STURDY, SATURDAY-NIGHT LOOK ABOUT IT

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

The WEAR-EVER Aluminum



You're Waiting for . . .

will soon be homeward bound again



By the time this message reaches you, we hope production of Wear-Ever utensils will be only a few weeks away, to continue employment for those gradually being released from our war work.



Of course it will take us time to catch up on all of the Wear-Ever saucepans, teakettles, roasters, baking pans, percolators and other utensils you need. So we ask your consideration—because of our continuing, important war work. Genuine Wear-Ever quality will be worth waiting for . . . and we shall speed it on the way to you as soon as possible.

**Why Wear-Ever Aluminum is
WORTH WAITING FOR**

1. LASTING QUALITY. Millions of women know that the Wear-Ever trademark means quality that lasts from mother to daughter to granddaughter.

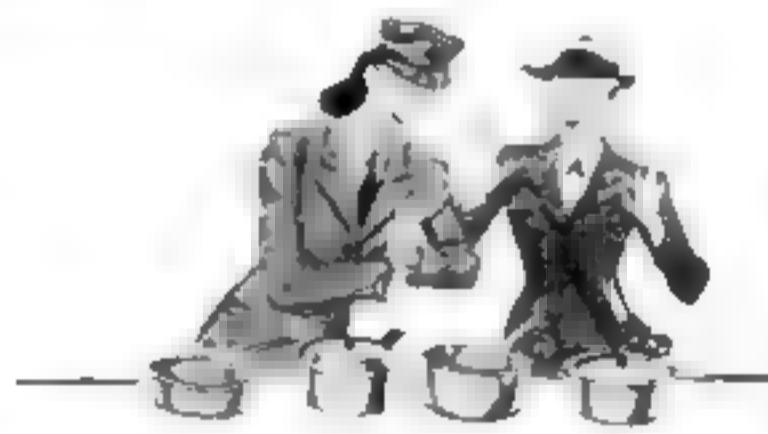


2. BETTER, EASIER COOKING. Heat spreads throughout an aluminum utensil approximately three times faster than through other commonly-used utensil metals. This rapid spreading of heat distributes it more evenly throughout the entire utensil, avoiding hot spots and scorching.

A pint of milk can be boiled down to one quarter pint, over low heat, without stirring, and it won't scorch. In baking and roasting this rapid spread of heat through aluminum means more beautiful, evener browning.



3. FUEL SAVING. The faster heating of aluminum, its lower radiation of heat and faster spreading of heat cut fuel bills.



4. ALUMINUM IS FRIENDLY TO FOOD. Aluminum protects natural colors, flavors and wholesomeness of foods. For example, aluminum is without effect on valuable Vitamin C.

Exciting! New!

**The Wear-Ever
PRESSURE COOKER**

Would you like more delicious meals, with less time in the kitchen? Would you like more time to spend with your children, more time for reading and recreation?

You can put potatoes or string beans in a Wear-Ever Pressure Cooker, with only a little water. The cooking temperature is reached *speedily* . . . then potatoes are *done in only eight minutes* . . . string beans *in only two and one half!*

Your family will exclaim over the appetizing, garden-fresh colors of vegetables, and they'll compliment you on the new deliciousness of flavor.

Economical cuts of meat are cooked to savory tenderness in a fraction of the time they used to take.

You'll be glad you waited for a genuine Wear-Ever aluminum pressure cooker.

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM UTENSILS

Made of the Metal that Cooks Best — Easy to Clean

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA



"Meet Me in St. Louis" (continued)

THEY STILL LIKED BUGGIES IN 1904

More than 100 passenger automobiles were displayed at St. Louis World's Fair, one of which was equipped with wash basin, icebox, closet. But many people who rode were queasy and uncertain. A good horse and buggy were considered the only dependable means of getting where you wanted to go.



REAL-LIFE SCENE OF 1904 ST. LOUIS SHOWS MANY FANCY BUGGIES, ONE AUTO



IN THE FILM JUDY GARLAND COMES HOME FROM TENNIS IN SIMPLE PONY CART



THE SMITH FAMILY DEPARTS FOR THE EXPOSITION IN THE FAMILY CARRIAGE

FAMED FOR *Accuracy*

DISTINGUISHED FOR *Beauty*

Since 1791 Girard-Perregaux has enjoyed a world-wide reputation for making fine watches... beautifully styled... traditionally accurate.

Today, when correct time is so vital, your choice of a Girard-Perregaux assures you of a timepiece with a distinguished heritage.

Girard-Perregaux watches are featured by selected jewelers... priced from Forty Dollars... To know more about fine watches write for Free booklet L-8 "The Flight of Time".

GIRARD-PERREGAUX
Fine Watches since 1791

GIRARD-PERREGAUX
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.
In Canada
Dominion Square Building, Montreal



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Miss Muffet knew her vitamins

REMEMBER? She was eating "curds and whey." That's cheese, of course.

Miss M. may have been timid about spiders, but she was a smart girl when it came to diet — for cheese is one of the world's very finest foods.

Like the milk from which it is made, cheese is especially rich in protein, calcium, phosphorus. In fact, on the average, a pound of cheese contains about as much of all these elements as *three quarts* of milk. Both cheese and milk are good sources of vitamins A and G.

Whether you eat cheese because it tastes good, or because you know it's nourishing, the chances are that in recent years you've eaten considerably *more*. America's per capita consumption of cheese has increased 50% during the last 25 years.

That has helped the health of the nation and broadened the dairy farmer's market. And a good part of these gains can be credited to the research of National Dairy's Kraft Division.

Here, new cheeses have been produced and old ones improved . . . the pasteurization of cheese perfected . . . the purity and flavor of cheese protected by better packaging . . . hundreds of new cheese dishes created. In every way, cheese has been made easier to buy, serve and eat.

Besides these developments in cheese, many improvements in other dairy products have come from the National Dairy Laboratories. Some have helped to meet pressing problems of military supply — and others are ready now for the peaceful post-war years.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES**

"Meet Me in St. Louis" (continued)

HERE ARE SOME OF ITS BEST SCENES

Almost every member of the cast of *Meet Me in St. Louis* gives a fresh, unstilted performance. Exceptionally capable is veteran Margaret O'Brien as "Tootie" Smith, who dances the cakewalk, buries her dead dolls out in the back yard and re-creates the real flavor of an old-time Halloween.



TO GET HER BOYFRIEND IN ROMANTIC MOOD ESTHER TURNS DOWN GASLIGHT



AT PARTY IN THEIR HOME TOOTIE AND ESTHER DO THE CAKEWALK TOGETHER



IN HER HALLOWEEN SETUP TOOTIE FRIGHTENS A GANG OF KIDS AND HERSELF

JACK and JILL WILL GET A THRILL

from these
USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

GENUINE ZIPPER

Note handy
everted
coin purse.

ENGER-KRESS
Jackfolds
FOR MEN

Jackfolds make a hit with every man. They are smart, trim, compact, with plenty of space for everything you want to carry. Sturdily built of fine leathers. \$2.50 to \$4.00. Other zipper models - \$6. Plus tax.

SECRET POCKET BILLFOLD

Cleverly hides your big money from greedy eyes. Crafted in top grade leathers. \$2.50 to \$6. Plus tax.

Convenient coin and
token purse on back.

Safety tab keeps
Jillfold closed
and compact

ENGER-KRESS

Jillfolds
FOR LADIES

Here are smart ladies' billfolds. Colorfully styled and tailored in fine leathers. Compartments for currency, coins and tokens,

cards, tickets. \$2.50 to \$3.50. Plus tax. Look for the famous E-K monogram — your assurance of quality.

IF IT'S



IT'S O.K.

ENGER-KRESS CO.

WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

fine personal leather goods



PHILADELPHIA Heritage of Glory

*"But we must not, in so great a contest,
expect to meet with nothing but sunshine. I have no doubt
we shall triumph over all our misfortune, and, in the end, be happy."*
... Gen. Washington to Lafayette, Valley Forge, December 31, 1777.

Thus Washington's philosophy reflected, in darkest Revolutionary days, hope for a better way of life. How accurately he forecast is proved by the legendary luxury of Colonial Philadelphia, a flair for gracious living which persists to this day. Enjoy this "heritage of hospitality" in Philadelphia Blend . . . whisky that does honor to this proud tradition. A whisky you might justly reserve for special occasions, yet you can enjoy Philadelphia regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

40-8 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND...FAMOUS SINCE 1894



Overheard in the best places

NEXT TIME you're out...listen for the liveliness of drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale. They're the preferred mixers in the finest bars, clubs and hotels...and they're so full of sparkle you can hear the zip and zest.

Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" means millions of tinier bubbles...insures the lasting life of a drink, even against drowning by melting ice.

Canada Dry Water made according to a scientific formula

points up the flavor of every drink. "The Champagne of Ginger Ales" adds the delicate flavor of pure Jamaica ginger to drinks.

Use them both as mixers in your own home. It's the sure way to make drinks that stay full of sparkling goodness to the last sip...drinks that taste better, and even sound better.

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest.

FOUR OTHER FINE MIXERS

- 1. Canada Dry's popular Tom Collins Mixer is available in limited quantities.
- 2. Use Hi-Spot for a sparkling lemon-flavored mixer with a fresh, light taste.
- 3. For a perfect Cuba Libre use Spur, the cola drink with Canada Dry quality.
- 4. For those zestful Gin and Tonics, Canada Dry Quinine Water will be back after the war.

CANADA *WORLD FAMOUS* **DRY**
Water and Ginger Ale



Bud Shields's truck is a Chevrolet cab with a 32-ft. semi-trailer. It belongs to his boss Hans Oppedal but is used exclusively by Bud.

He has been driving it ever since he smashed his own truck in an accident six months ago. He makes the

8-hour, 180-mile round trip from Webster City to Waterloo an average of five times a week, earns about \$50 a week.

TRUCK DRIVER

Bud Shields drives through the Iowa night to deliver farm goods to city

Bud rotates the tires on his truck periodically so that they will get equal wear. Biggest problem for truckers is the tire shortage.

Bud Shields drives a stock trailer from Webster City to Waterloo, Iowa. His boss, Hans Oppedal of Webster City, is one of the 3,243,268 owners whose trucks have been carrying a huge weight of U. S. war material, particularly farm produce. More than 97% of last year's record crop of agricultural products was carried, at one point in its journey, by trucks which hauled hogs, cattle, sheep, grain or vegetables on cross-state and cross-country trips. But ever since February of 1942, truck shortages have been getting

increasingly critical for owners like Hans Oppedal. Two weeks ago WIB authorized the production of 20,000 new light civilian trucks. Only 5,000 of these, however, can be manufactured before next April.

In the meantime truck drivers like Bud Shields are making the best of what they have, partly because trucking is a vital wartime job but even more because they get great satisfaction from it. "Truck driving's like railroading," explains one of Bud's friends. "Once you get doing it, you never seem to get out of it."

Wood shavings are spread on floor to keep trailer as clean as possible with the load of hogs that Bud will take to Waterloo.



Hogs are loaded at truck depot in Webster City. Bud starts off for Waterloo as the sun goes down.





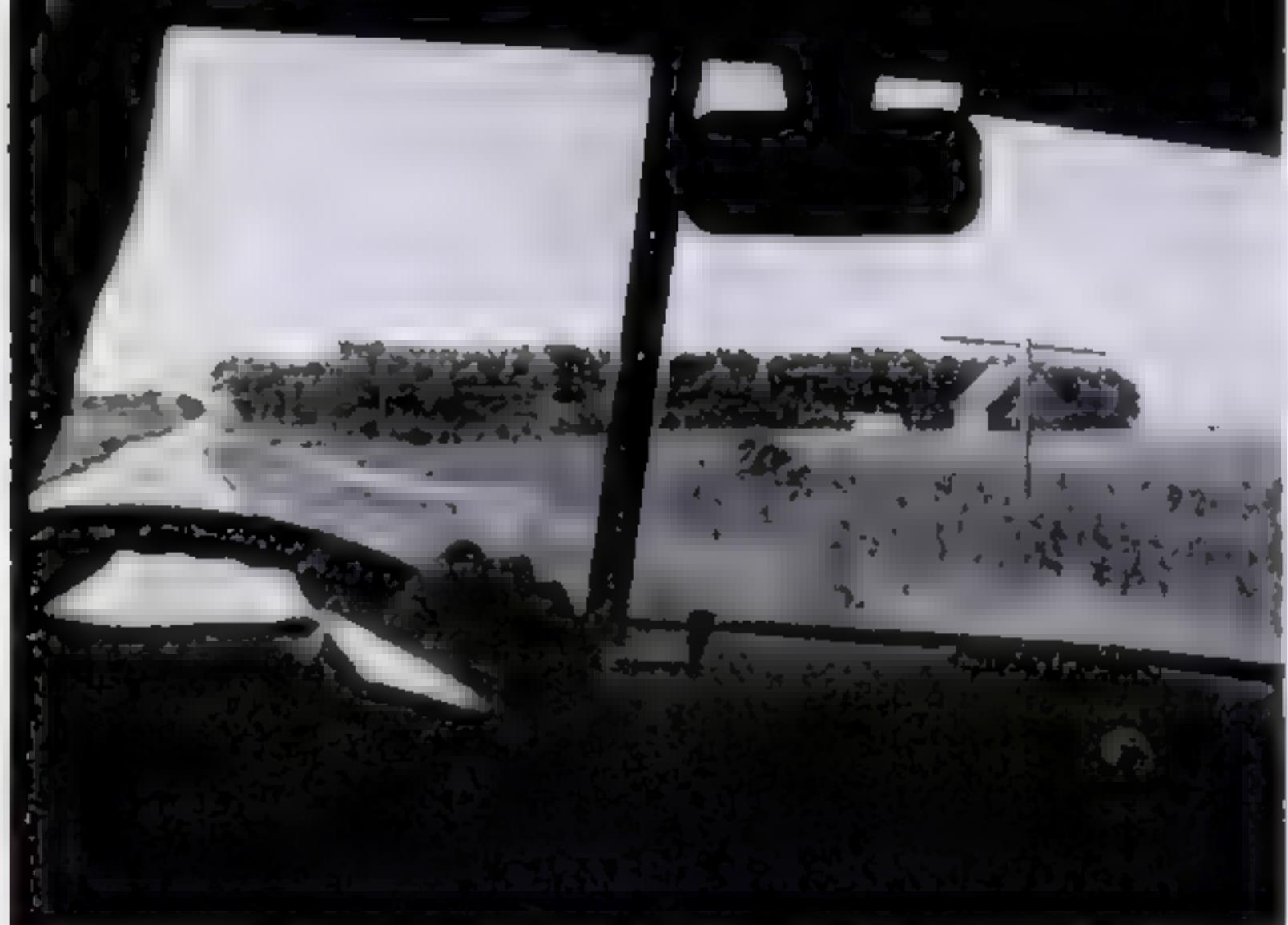
The first landmark of the trip is this white farmhouse on the right, a few miles out of Webster City. Bud's friend Walter Fleming lives here with his family of 19 children. Opposite this house one of Huns's drivers skidded on ice into the ditch last winter.



Railroad crossing this side of Aplington is scene of locally famous mishap. A few years ago trucker misjudged engine and got hit a "one-eyed" car across the tracks, got hit by the train and escaped unharmed but scattered dressed poultry for yards around.



End of the haul is the packing house in Waterloo. Bud swings his big trailer around and backs it into line to unload his cargo of hogs for the Rath Packing Company. It is now 8 p.m. and, with a stop-off for food, Bud has made the 83-mile trip in 4½ hours.



Grove of ash trees a little farther along Highway 20 is an important landmark for Bud. These trees are 23 years old, which is exactly his age. Bud lived on this farm when he was a child, and his father planted the trees the year Bud was born. Bud is now married, has a son and daughter.



From the farmhouses along the road the wives and children wave to the truck drivers, who wave back and sometimes blow their long horns. The strong feeling of friendliness between the drivers and the people who live along the road is evident.



After unloading, Bud drives across railroad tracks to hill, shown. Is the shavings and other debris over the embankment into a railroad car. Packing company's take it away and dispose of it for fertilizer. Bud then washes out trailer and, after a couple of hours, starts off for home.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



OPERATIONS WITHOUT PAIN

A deep, undisturbed sleep . . . a complete loss of consciousness . . . that is one type of modern anesthesia. Time stands still while miracles of surgery are performed.

In other cases, the patient may be fully conscious, but with no unpleasant sensation whatever. Pain is completely blocked by merciful drugs.

Special anesthetics are now available for every surgical need. Technique has become so skillful that most patients are scarcely aware of taking the anesthetic.

But research still goes on in hospitals, and in medical laboratories like those of Squibb, to find still better methods, still better anesthetics. Ever since the beginning of anesthesia in surgery, when Dr. E. R. Squibb developed the process for making pure, reliable ether, the House of Squibb has been active in this march of science.



She feels fine, but only a short time ago she was in the operating room. Her surgeon and the skilled anesthetist, a physician who specializes in this important work, chose exactly the right anesthetic for her particular case. One of the newer anesthetics for deep anesthesia is cyclopropane, a gas that is being widely used now in military as well as civilian hospitals. In its development, Squibb scientists have played an important part.



The Control Laboratory is a vital spot in the production of all anesthetics, because their proper action depends on accurate control of quality. In this Squibb Laboratory, control chemists maintain the purity and reliability of Squibb Ether, Cyclopropane, the local anesthetics Procaine and "Intracaine," and other drugs upon which surgeons rely. Every Squibb product carries a *Control Number* that indicates it has met the most rigid scientific tests.

This Giant Still and others at the Squibb Laboratories in New Brunswick, N. J., are the source of anesthetic ether used in 85% of American hospitals today—as well as the ether used by the medical departments of U.S. armed forces throughout the world. The process for making pure ether was invented by Dr. E. R. Squibb in 1853. Ever since its beginning, the House of Squibb has been dedicated to the relief of suffering, and to saving the lives of mankind.



SQUIBB
A name you can trust

Truck Driver (continued)



The trip back is best part of the night haul because it is late and the road is free. But Bud plays safe, lights his flares when (as above) he stops to look at his engine.



Woman in distress always causes drivers to stop and help. When Bud climbed from truck this time he was surprised to find woman was his sister-in-law.



Try America's
one wine to enjoy any time!

Let one sip of delicious Virginia Dare convince you it's the ONE WINE to enjoy any time. Yes, it's the favorite American Wine. Get a bottle of delicious Virginia Dare today. So good—so reasonable.

GARRETT & COMPANY, Inc., Brooklyn, New York



Nearest thing
in reproductions
to the real thing
in precious Orientals

Deltah Pearls

ORIENTAL REPLICAS

The FRESHER ... the BETTER!



You want fine tobacco, of course. But you want it fresh! A mist of Apple "Honey," the nectar of luscious apples, is sprayed on Old Gold's tobaccos to help hold in the natural freshness.

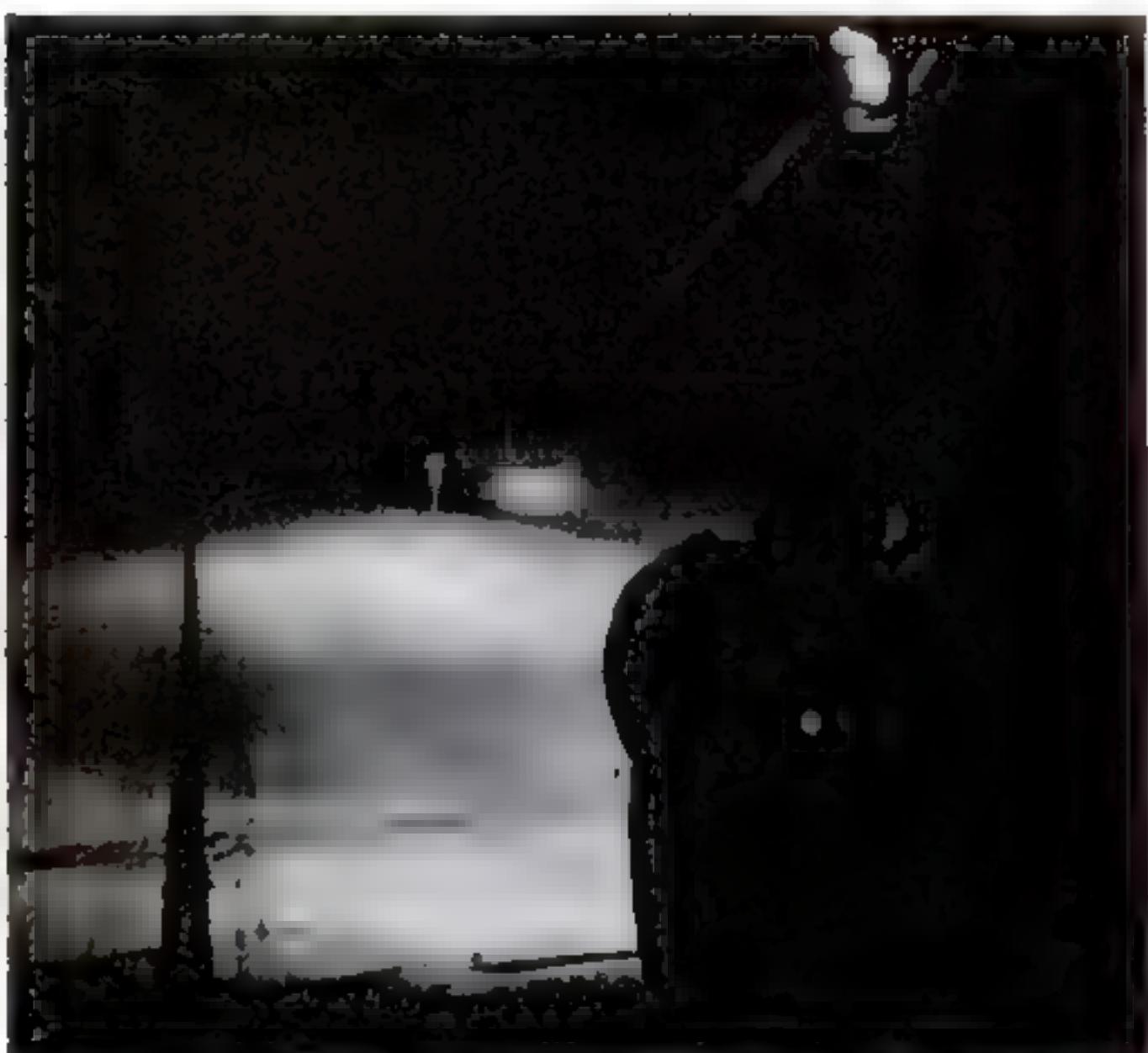
"Something new has been added" to these fine tobaccos. It's Latakia, a costly imported leaf that gives richer flavor. Try Old Golds and see why they have won a million new friends.

* Buy more War Bonds than you think you can afford! *

Listen for "THE COMEDY THEATRE" Sunday evenings NBC, and "WHICH IS WHICH?" Wednesday evenings CBS.

**APPLE
"HONEY"
HELPS
KEEP
OLD
GOLDS
FRESH!**

Truck Driver (continued)



Spotlight is essential equipment for the truck driver, is most helpful in spotting approaching curves. He also uses it to signal other drivers to pass or to stop and talk.



Halfway home Bud passes the house of his friend Ray Uhlenhopp, flashes his spotlight in window and blows his horn long and loud just in case Ray is trying to sleep.



Parking couples are the choicest targets of spotlight. This lovers' lane indicates that now Bud will be home in a few minutes. He usually is home and in bed before 3 a.m.

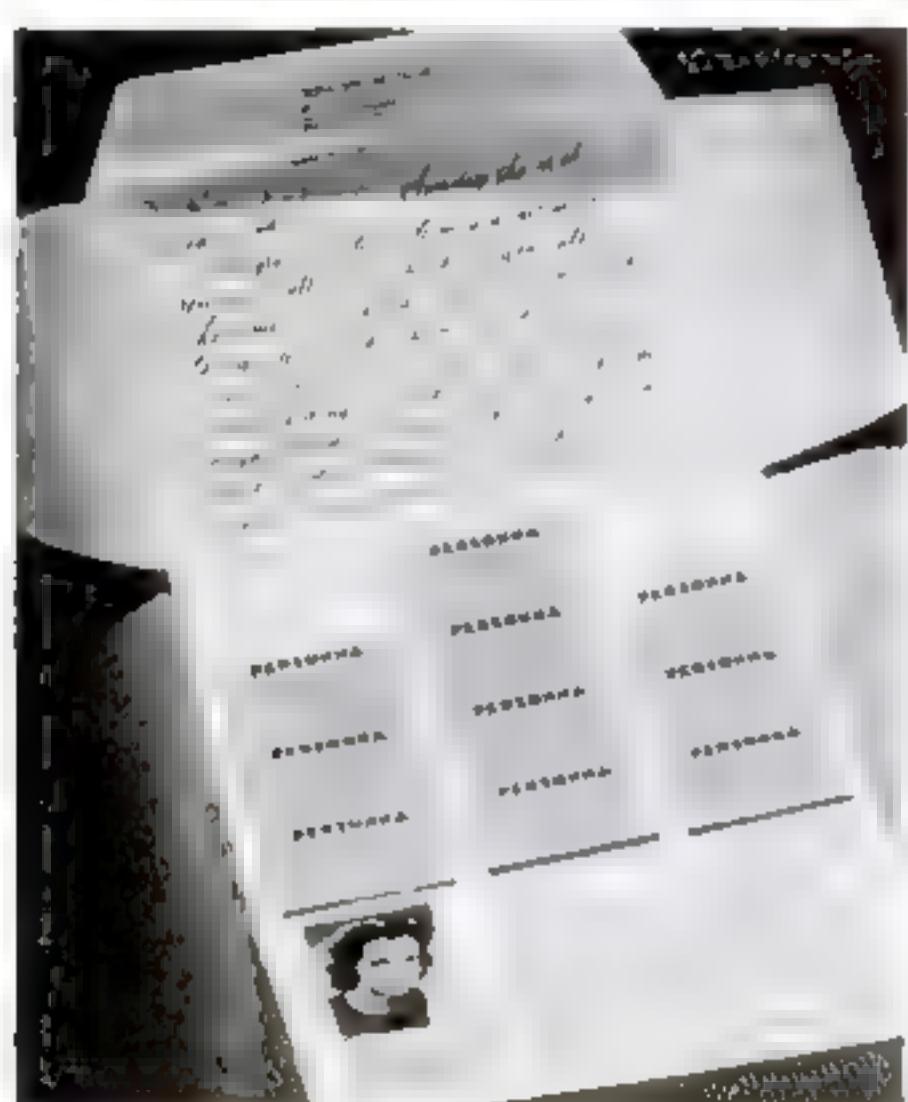


*50 Personna
Precision Blades \$5*

High on every man's Christmas "want" list are fine razor blades. He knows Personna is as much better than ordinary blades as Christmas is better than other days. So give him 50, in a de luxe gift box.

Personna Blade Letter \$1

Send this to your Soldier! This is the "letter perfect" gift. He gets Personna Blades—in a folder that looks like a V-letter, and which has plenty of space for you to write your personal letter to him. Space even for your snapshot. You seal it like a letter, 6¢ postage speeds it anywhere, any time. (No request needed.)



10 Personna Blades \$1

There are two ways of making blades—in fast mass-production or with slow craftsmanship. Personna are made twice as slowly as ordinary blades—and inspected 17 times. Personna are hollow ground and leather strapped. Then each blade is triple wrapped to protect the keen edge. Try them yourself!



If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to Personna, 595 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.



115

A Very Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year.

from

* **INTER WOVEN**

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

An Aircraft Carrier

GOES BY RAIL

before it goes to sea



Modern shipbuilding is mainly the assembly of countless parts brought to the shipyards by rail from distant points.

A "flat top" requires about 28,500 tons of steel, including turbines, boilers, plates, semi-fabricated structures, anchors, chains, pipe and innumerable other parts; also thousands of feet of lumber for shoring, scaffolding and deck work. About 202 miles of metal cable alone add up to 288,900 pounds. And into the ship's communication system go 975 telephones, enough for an average town of 5,000 people. It takes more than 1,000 freight cars to haul the material for an aircraft carrier.

Multiply that ship by thousands of others being built for naval and cargo service—and you can see what a tremendous job the railroads have to do to help build our war fleet.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Pennsylvania Railroad

Serving the Nation

★ 34,625 entered the Armed Forces

★ 408 have given their lives for their Country



GARFIELD PARK CONSERVATORY'S MUM SHOW IS THRONGED BY CHRYSANTHEMUM EXPERTS WITH EYE FOR SUBTLE COLOR AND BY PLAIN PEOPLE THRILLED BY BRIGHT GAUDERY

CHICAGO'S MUMS

200,000 Americans forget war in admiration of gay fall blooms

In ironic tribute to the universality of man's love of flowers, hundreds of thousands of Americans in many cities stood appreciatively this fall before conservatory and garden displays of chrysanthemums. Irony existed in the fact that far across the Pacific thousands of Japanese undoubtedly did too, for the chrysanthemum is their national flower, painstakingly cultivated and enshrouded in stiff Nippon tradition. Like so many of its cherished traditions, Japan borrowed the chrysanthemum from older China.

In Chicago, where the biggest U.S. chrysanthemum show was held, a wartime record crowd of some 200,000 people strolled Garfield Park Conservatory during the 23 day show admiring the blaze and glow of 10,000 blossom-dappled plants. For although about 2,500 varieties of almost every shade already exist, the chrysanthemum's possibilities today are being exploited by crossbreeding as are few other flowers. Chrysanthemum lovers excitedly feel anything can happen. For samples of what excites them, turn page.

FAMOUS
FOR ALMOST
A CENTURY

Art-carved Rings by Wood

Assure quality and value by choosing a lovely Art-Carved ring, created by a firm established for 94 years. Shown at finer jewelers.

WEDDING RINGS from \$10
DIAMOND RINGS from \$75
Tax Included

KEEP BUYING BONDS
AND KEEP THEM!



Chicago's Mums (continued)



Bronze Turner can grow much bigger than this example. A "sport" (variation) of the White Turner, the Bronze sometimes achieves a cabbagelike diameter of 10 inches.



Xian Prable, a red-bronze bloom, was developed by horticulturists in Chicago's Griffith Park. U. S. growers have greatly improved and varied chrysanthemum strains.



Petite Marcel's soft, pink featheriness suggests the chrysanthemum's Oriental origin. Chinese have cultivated chrysanthemums for more than 2,000 years, Japs for 1,000.

WHAT IS THIS EVIL THAT SHADOWS THEIR LIVES?



Why is he followed by the man in the peculiar shoes?



What lies behind her midnight trysts?



What are the secrets he whispers to the doctor?

**HEDY LAMARR
GEORGE BRENT • PAUL LUKAS
"Experiment Perilous"**

**ALBERT DEKKER
CARL ESMOND
OLIVE BLAKENEY
GEORGE N. NEISE
MARGARET WYCHERLY**



Produced by
ROBERT FELLOWS
Directed by
JACQUES TOURNEUR
Screen play by
WARREN DUFF
From the gripping pages of
Margaret Carpenter's
sensational best seller.

AND HE
OF THE
GREAT
R. K. O.
RADIO
V

To Families and Friends of Servicemen. This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

Chicago's Mums (continued)



"Mrs. L. J. Reuter," a white chrysanthemum, was developed at Garfield Park Conservatory. Chicago Park District grew all 750 varieties that were displayed at show.



"Sika No Tsuzumi" is a pink Japanese bloom introduced in the U. S. by Charles H. Totty, an American grower. Like all other flowers in show, it was hothouse-grown.



"Dr. J. M. Taglis" has wine-purple petals with silver undersides. Purple is the closest chrysanthemum growers have come to blue, the only color that still eludes them.



It's smart to say - I'll take
DUBONNET
Chill it...Pour it...Enjoy it

Delicious
straight



Delightful
in mixed drinks



Distinctive
in long drinks



SWEET
or DRY

Every day more Americans are discovering the delights of Dubonnet. Always serve it chilled, but any way you serve it you'll like it. Nothing you offer guests is smarter or in better taste than this world-famous drink.

Vermouth by Dubonnet (sweet or dry) is made with the same skill and care that have made Dubonnet itself so famous. If you like Martinis or Manhattans, you should know Vermouth by Dubonnet.

BUY WAR BONDS

© 1944

Dubonnet Aperitif Wine and Vermouth by Dubonnet, Products of U. S. A. Dubonnet Corp., New York



THE PRICELESS GIFT OF HEARING

MUSIC, the theatre, conversation and companionship—how many of life's pleasures depend on hearing! And how fortunate it is today—when war is adding so many to the ranks of the hard of hearing—that science has made available wonderfully helpful hearing aids!

When Alexander Graham Bell—himself a teacher of those with impaired hearing—discovered how to transmit and reproduce speech electrically, he not only gave the world the telephone but also showed the way to aid the hard of hearing. All of today's electrical hearing aids are based on telephonic principles.

Transmitting the spoken word clearly to the human ear, regardless of distance, is the purpose of Bell telephone equipment. For more than half a century its designers and makers—Bell Tele-

phone Laboratories and Western Electric—have carried on extensive studies of speech and hearing. They have acquired unparalleled knowledge of these subjects.

This knowledge has been applied for many years to Western Electric hearing aids. We are happy that our pioneering work in this field is helping the many hearing casualties of this war to enjoy that most priceless gift—*renewed hearing!*

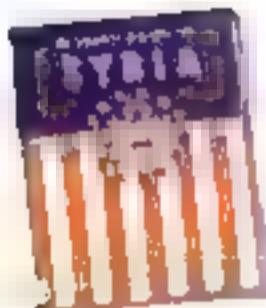
During the 6th War Loan Drive, buy more Bonds than ever!

75th ANNIVERSARY

Western Electric
IN PEACE... SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR... ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.



"My dollar says an Hour!"



The **private** picked thirty minutes—the sergeant forty-five.

Who'll win the pot? The one who comes the closest to the time their G.I. pal spends dickering before he makes his purchase.

And the time he spends is even more important than the money, for, as it says in the War Department's Pocket Guide to Syria:

... bargaining when making a purchase is customary. It is part of the social life of the people. They do not trade just for the money . . . but to practice their skills and judgments. To bargain intelligently is to show understanding in values."

That's the custom of the country . . . one that's new to many boys who are stationed there.

There's a custom of our own country, too, that's new to many boys in service. It's the American

custom of traveling in *comfort*—which troops are doing at the rate of 30,000 every night.

Lots of them have never slept in Pullman beds before. So *going Pullman* is thrillingly *new*. And that's what it will be to you when the war is over.

Then, new Pullman cars will give you comfort and convenience beyond any you have known. One new-type car will be *all rooms*.

Your room—in one of these post-war Duplex-Roomette cars—will be like a private room in a fine hotel, providing every facility for your com-

fort and convenience. But Pullman plans that a Duplex-Roomette will cost you little—if any—more than a lower berth costs now.

Another new-type car will provide Pullman comfort and convenience for less than the present rate for a berth in either standard or tourist sleeping cars.

When these two new-type cars go into service, *going Pullman* will be more than ever the *custom of the country*.

★ **NOW'S THE TIME TO BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND!** ★

PULLMAN

● For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation—now carrying out mass troop movements with half its fleet of sleeping cars and carrying more passengers in the other half than the whole fleet carried in peacetime.



Copyright 1944, The Pullman Company



DANG OF TEEN-AGERS PUSH BOYFRIEND'S MODEL T TO GET IT STARTED. CAR IS 17 YEARS OLD AND CAN HOLD 12 BOYS AND GIRLS. FAVORITE RIDE IS OUT TO FOOTBALL GAME

TEEN-AGE GIRLS

THEY LIVE IN A WONDERFUL WORLD OF THEIR OWN

There is a time in the life of every American girl when the most important thing in the world is to be one of a crowd of other girls and to act and speak and dress exactly as they do. This is the teen age.

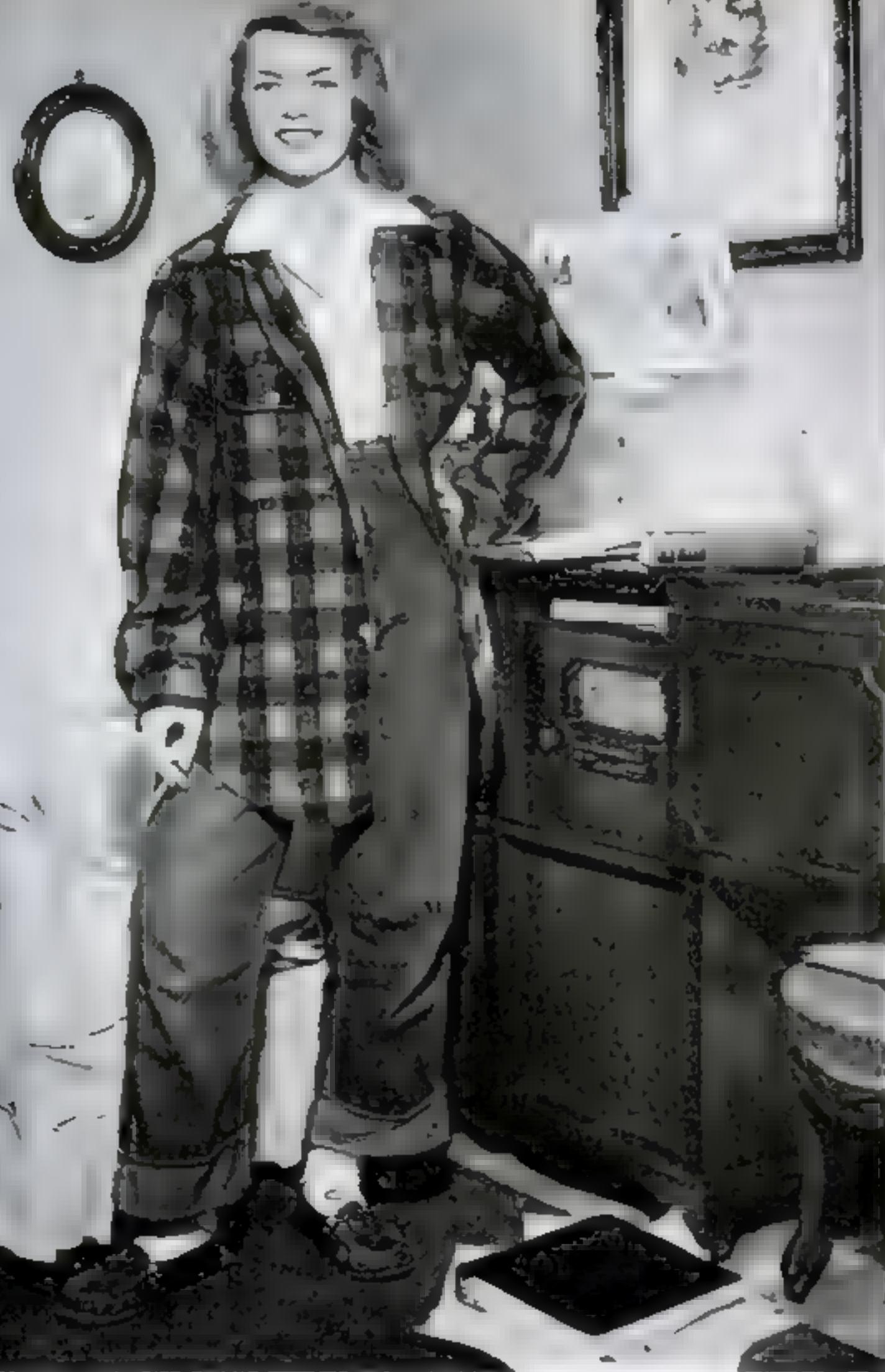
Some 6,000,000 U. S. teen-age girls live in a world all their own—a lovely, gay, enthusiastic, funny and blissful society almost untouched by the war. It is a world of sweaters and skirts and bobby sox and loafers, of hair worn long, of eye-glass rims painted red with nail polish, of high-school boys not yet gone to war. It is a world still devoted to parents who are pals even if they use the telephone too much. It is a world of *Vergil's Aeneid*, second-year French and plane geometry, of class plays, field hockey, "moron" jokes and put-on accents. It is a world of slumber parties and the *Hit Parade*, of peanut butter and popcorn and the endless collecting of menus and match covers and little stuffed animals.

It is also a world of many laws. They are capricious laws, changing or reversing themselves almost overnight. But while they are in effect, the laws are immutable and the punishment for violation is ostracism, swift and terrifying practice of ancient peoplea. Months ago colored bobby sox folded at the top were decreed, not by anyone or any group but, as usual, by a sudden mysterious and universal acceptance of the new idea. Now no teen-ager dares wear anything but

pure white sox without a fold. She must not let a beauty parlor do her hair, nor can she wear heavy make-up, too-long fingernails, a hat, stockings or high-heeled shoes. She must not drink, must not neck with boys she does not know well and, above all, she must never do anything too grown-up or too sophisticated.

American businessmen, many of whom have teen-age daughters, have only recently begun to realize that teen-agers make up a big and special market. Department stores have organized teen-age clubs to exhibit and sell special teen-age fashions. Half a dozen radio programs are aimed at homes where a daughter will cut off her father's news to follow the fictional adventures of a contemporary. Every afternoon after school lets out, music stores across the land bulge with girls listening to the singers and bandleaders they have made into national figures. The movies and the theater make money by turning a sometimes superficial and sometimes social-minded eye on teen-agers. No one has even tried to estimate the teen-age contribution to the hamburger, coke and juke-box business.

Their new importance means little to teen-age millions. By their energy, originality and good looks they have brought public attention down from debutantes and college girls to themselves. Moving through the awkward age, the troubles of growing up, their welter of fads and taboos, they eventually become—in the judgment of almost every Western nation—the most attractive women in the world.



PAT WOODRUFF WEARS AFTER-SCHOOL COSTUME OF BLUE JEANS AND A CHECKED SHIRT



HER BROTHER'S SLACKS AND LONG-TAILED PREWAR SHIRT ARE PRIZED BY PATRICIA LENTZ

THEY WEAR THEIR MENFOLKS' CLOTHES

On this and the following pages LIFE pictures the lives of 12 girls from 15 to 17 years old who live in Webster Groves, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis. They are better off than most of their contemporaries but their way of life typifies that of today's teen-agers. All of them go to the same school, take the same courses, know the same people and generally exhibit the passionate uniformity of a teen-age clique.



TIGHT SWEATER is the worst breach of etiquette. Here Dorothy Warley, who really knows better, poses to illustrate.



IDENTIFICATION BRACELETS are currently right for jewelry. Most of them come from high-school boys and other girls.



GADGETS AROUND NECK may be a boy's ring, locket or gold football. Pearls are acceptable, but not earrings.



THE STANDARD DRESS FOR SCHOOL IS A PLAIN SHETLAND SWEATER AND A WOOLEN SKIRT

They usually wear sweaters and skirts when they go to school, but after school and on weekends they dress in curious ways. Their favorite fad is wearing men's jeans and shirts which they borrow from father, brother and each other or buy in boys' wear departments. They defend this costume on the grounds of its great comfort and practicality, reasons which also lead quite logically to low heels and shrttails left flapping.



MEN'S PAJAMAS ARE WORN AT NIGHT. HAIR IS CURLED WITH RAGS, NOT BOBBY PINS

Always experimenting, they reject new fads with utter loathing or accept them with furious enthusiasm. Some mothers like their teen-age daughters' wearing pants and shirts because it saves their more expensive clothes. But teachers, fathers and boy-friends find it shockingly sloppy. This makes the custom exciting as well as comfortable and keeps the girls firmly united against all protests.



NAIL POLISH ON LEGS holds up hobby sox. Once worn down, sox are now worn high, make legs look prettier.



ANKLE SOX AND HIGH HEELS are as taboo as tight sweater. Sox must be white. Stockings are worn only to church.



PENNY IN LEFT SHOE for good luck came in a few years ago. Now the girls put in quarters and nickels for their carfare.



INITIATION TO HIGH-SCHOOL SORORITY is awesome, serious, secret. Here girls re-enact candle-light ceremony for LIFE's photographer. Nobody but a member has ever seen the real thing. Thus

is final acceptance ritual for a new member who is sitting in a circle of old members. Sorority activities take place outside school because school authorities do not approve of secret societies.

THEY LIKE BOYS BUT NOT TOO MUCH

In their social life teen-agers are primarily interested in themselves. High-school boys run a poor second and servicemen stationed near town are last. An old high-school boy home in uniform, however, is in a class by himself and rates tops.

The regular time for dates with boys is Saturday night and the dates are usually double. They start with a movie and end with cokes and malteds and hamburgers. Sometimes there is a visit to a juke joint where they sit around but do not dance as it is more fun just to listen. Friday night is reserved for hen parties at one another's houses with many crackers and pretzels, much argument about going steady and endless gossip about boys, girls and teachers who are crumbs. Sunday most of the girls go to church and in the afternoon they get together for walks or homework.

Old-style, teen-age, jive-talk slang is now almost forgotten. A girl no longer "cuts a rug" or "gets hep" or calls a boy a "shrewd dude." She also considers it extremely corny to swear. In place of the old expressions a few new ones have cropped up. "Seein' ya" means "goodbye" and, while not new, is now used to the exclusion of all else. Like other "ing" words the final "g" is always omitted, even in correspondence. Like most Midwesterners, the Webster Groves girls incessantly use "uh-huh" for "yes" and "uh-uh" for "no." Everything, whether it is an activity or an object like a coat or a sweater, is "fun" if it is liked, but anything that gives her a real thrill, from a new boy to a new pair of moccasins, is described as a "large charge."



MALTEDS AND HAMBURGERS after the Saturday movie are standard fare. Girls seem quite willing to sacrifice their figures for huge amounts of sweet food which they eat almost constantly.



HOLDING HANDS IN MOVIES is all right, but any girl who has a date regularly each weekend soon runs the risk of ostracism. "Nobody should be that popular," say members of the clique.



OCCASIONAL "A" COUPON makes possible a date at the Toll House a few miles away. Girls like double dates so they can stay with each other afterward and gab all night about the boys.



"SANDWICH GIRL" who puts herself in midst of crowd of boys is considered a real crumb. Girls will not invite her to hen parties and will try to act cool toward boys who formed sandwich.



NECKING IN MOVIES is absolutely out. Any girl who does is the object of endless catcalling and is put down as trying to act older or sophisticated, which is highest offense among teen-agers.

TEEN-AGE GIRLS (continued)



AT FRIDAY-NIGHT HEN PARTY Martha Ruddy and Fredna Parker jig around to music. When not dancing, girls sprawl on floor talking, singing, knitting and nibbling endlessly at pretzels.



ONE GIRL USUALLY STAYS OVERNIGHT with hostess after a hen party. No girl can bear to be alone after a gal-fest so teen-agers wrangle twin beds for their rooms to accommodate guests.



GIRLS MAKE THEIR OWN BEDS and help about house more than they used to when maids were easy to get. A new idea for room decoration is to bl^l walls with Vargas girls, just like Lucy's room.



BABY SITTING is the teen-agers' way to augment their \$2-\$3 weekly allowance which must cover lunches, movies, sodas, records. Their rates are 25¢ an hour before bed, night, 35¢ an hour after.



LISTENING TO RECORDS at Lemcke's record store occupies at least one afternoon a week. The girls spend one to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours listening to two dozen records, end up by buying one or, at most, two.

Current favorite is Dick Haymes's *Together* in which the four listeners above are completely absorbed. Girls lend records to each other. One with best collection of new tunes is much envied.



THE EVENING PHONE CALL is a ritual, performed here by Nancy Hamel. Most calls are so long that girls squirm into won-

derful variety of stances, postures and attitudes while never once losing the thread of conversation. Longest calls are al-

ways made after a hen party when girls all call each other to say something they could not mention in front of everyone.

PHONING IS A MAJOR PASTIME

A teen-ager regards the family telephone as entirely hers. Neither parental objection nor party-line wrath has cut down the hours she spends each evening at the phone, making dates, gossiping and la-ling over what she discussed at school. Sometimes she plays her newly acquired records over the phone for friends to hear

and envy. When she relinq fishes the phone she takes over the radio, turning on one name band after another while she does homework. As the evening progresses she goes back again and again to the phone to check with friends on homework answers until all her work is done and the family's patience is worn to the bone.



**PAT WOODRUFF DOES HOMEWORK
WITH RADIO GOING FULL BLAST**

CLOSE-UP



Billy Wilder and Charlie Brackett are dissimilar in dress, temperament and politics, but they write in perfect literary harmony. Wilder directs the pictures; Brackett produces them.

THE Happiest COUPLE IN HOLLYWOOD

Brackett & Wilder are movies' No. 1 writing team

by LINCOLN BARNETT

Explosive language often erupts from the writer's office when volatile Billy Wilder outlines a suggested scene in basic idiom or curses some studio bigwig. Their secretary is fascinated



Brackett & Wilder hits include *Ninotchka*, *Reel of Fire*, *The Major and the Minor*. In their scripts they envisage pictures in complete detail, prescribing every camera movement and every minute of action.

It is a Hollywood axiom that all screen writers nurse an inferiority complex. Though their salaries range up to \$3,000 a week, they envy the eminence of less affluent Broadway playwrights. The public seldom notes their names as they flicker subordinately across the screen. Most fans, indeed, like to think that bright dialog is invented extemporaneously by the performers who utter it. And even the stars sometimes tend to credit themselves with authorship of their favorite lines.

Under such circumstances many a Hollywood writer becomes morbid and tries to attract attention to himself by wearing loud suits and neckties. Some go around muttering, 'In the beginning was the word.' The ultimate tragedy that can befall a screen writer is exemplified by an incident that makes members of the brotherhood shudder when they think of it. Not long ago a writer named Cyril lay dying. On his deathbed he composed some lines of verse which he asked his best friend to read at his funeral. When he passed

Distressed by partner's profanity, co-writer Charles Brackett, who deplores the use of strong language in the presence of secretary, politely but firmly closes door. This kidding routine goes on all the time.





"The Campus" is an enclosed quadrangle on Paramount lot where studio social life flourishes. In the background is writers' building. In the foreground Brackett & Wilder chat with Starlet Diana Lynn

away, his friend, who happened to be a director, telephoned another director and said, "Cyril's funeral is tomorrow noon. Could you meet me a couple of hours beforehand?" The other asked why. Cyril gave me a poem to read at his grave," the friend replied. "And frankly it stinks. I want you to help me fix it up." So the two directors got together and rewrote the departed's last words.

This episode, which has haunted every screen playwright in Hollywood, made its most profound impression on the consciousness of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. To prevent such an indignity from being visited on them has been their obsession. They have been successful thus far. They are currently regarded as the ablest and most versatile writing team in Hollywood. Between them they earn \$4,500 a week. And they boast a kind of prestige and independence no other writers in any major studio have attained. Their happy lot is attributable in part to eight years of felicitous association

When a scene has evolved Brackett dictates handwritten manuscript to Secretary Helen Hernandez. "I have the most enviable job in the place," says Miss Hernandez. "There's never a dull moment."



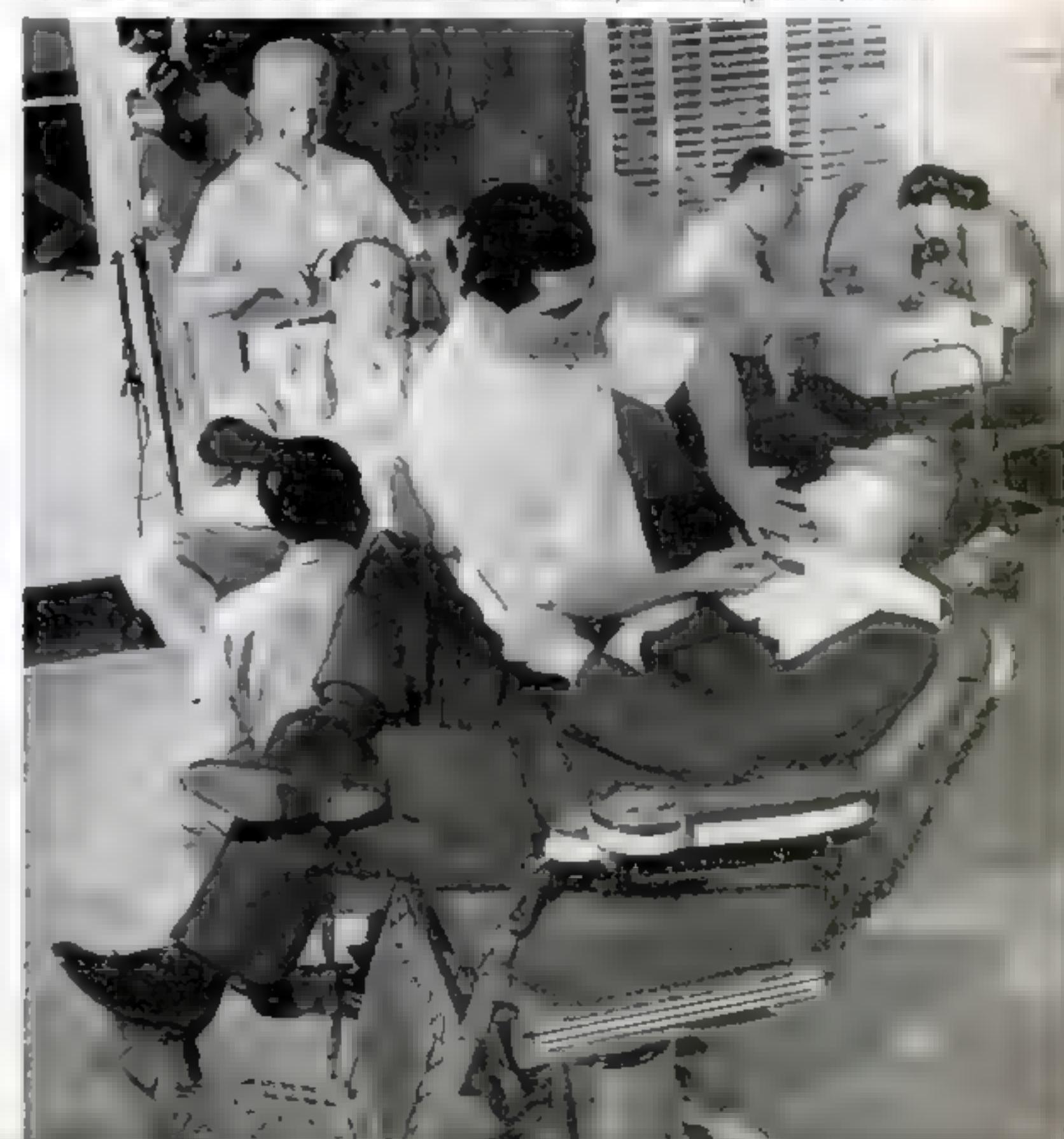
In the throes of composition Brackett always takes off his shoes, curls up on sofa with pad and pencil. He writes while Wilder paces the floor extemporizing dialog, flourishing a cane

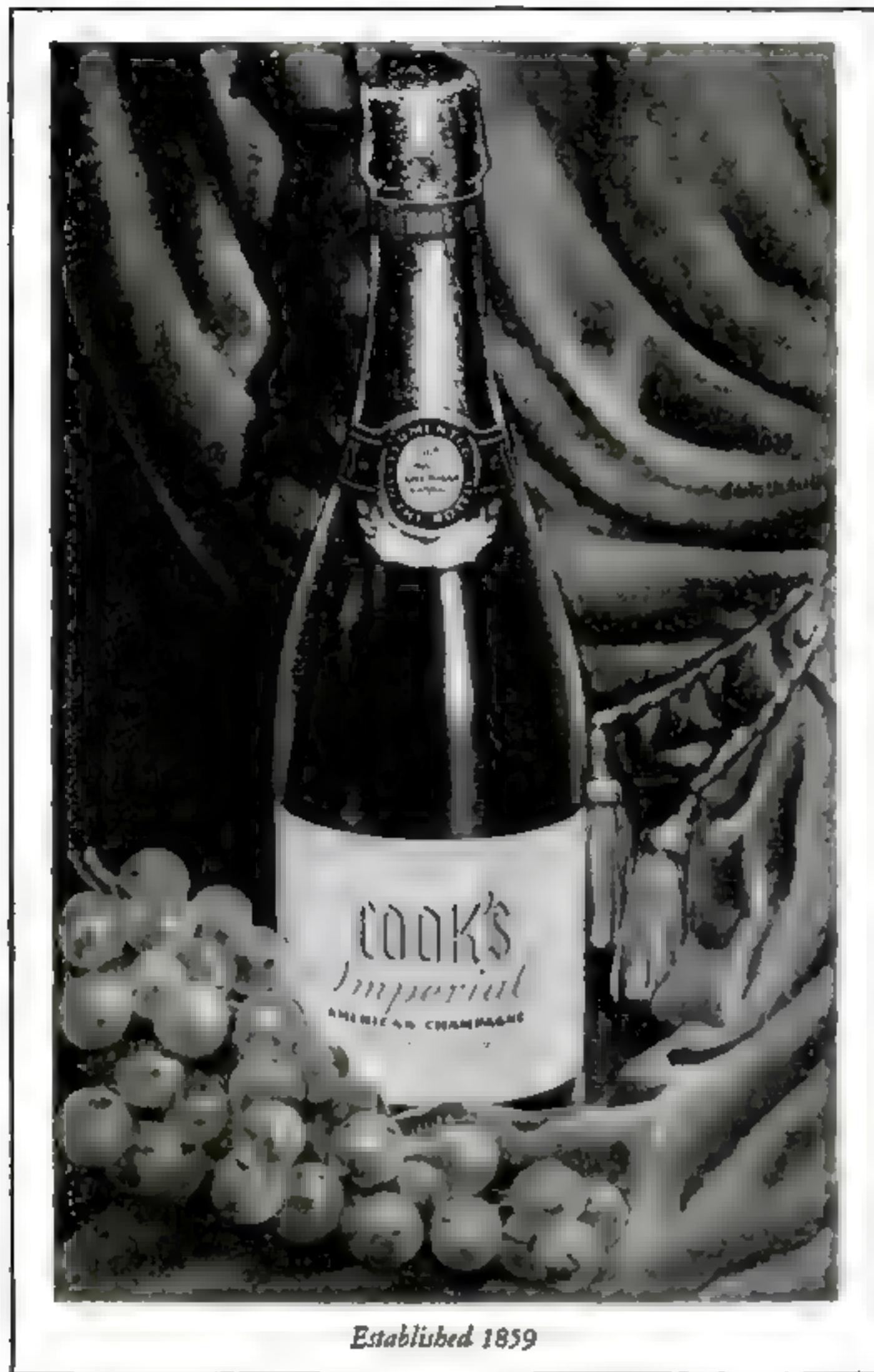
during which they have never hatched a flop or even a mediocre effort. All their pictures have been hits both from the standpoint of the box office and in the eyes of the critics. Their impressive list of credits includes such varied films as *Ninotchka*, *Bell of Fury*, *The Major and the Minor*, *Hold Back the Dawn* and *Five Graves to Cairo*. All in all Brackett & Wilder movies have grossed \$19,000,000.

More important than their undeniable talent in maintaining the dignity of their position in Hollywood are their healthy aggressive egos. Several years ago Paramount, their alma mater, lent them to M-G-M for a special project. They were summoned into conference with Sidney Franklin, M-G-M's top executive producer, whose customary relationship with screen writers is somewhat less personal than that of a zoo curator with inmates of the small-mammal house. Outlining the work at hand, Franklin would recurrently turn to Charlie Brackett and say, "Jack, would you lower that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

In the Paramount barbershop Brackett & Wilder go right on working. Some of their best ideas have been hatched at odd moments in barbers' chairs, over cribbage boards, in cafes.





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AMERICAN *Champagne*

Wines of Distinction

AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.



Shooting "The Lost Weekend" on New York's Third Avenue, Brackett & Wilder hid cameras to prevent crowds from forming. Here camera operates from top of marquee.

THE HAPPIEST COUPLE IN HOLLYWOOD (continued)

window," or addressing Billy Wilder he would command, "Steve, take your foot off that chair." After a half hour of this treatment, Brackett rose to his feet. "Mr. Franklin," he said haughtily, "my name is Charles Brackett. I'm too old and too rich to put up with this sort of nonsense. If you call us once again by any other names than our own, we'll walk out that door and never come back." The fact that M-G-M dispensed with their services three days later did not dim the luster of the moment.

In battles to uphold his professional dignity, Brackett is armored by his stout antecedents as a well-born easterner and alumnus of Williams '15 and Harvard Law School '20 and by his successful career in New York as a drama critic and novelist. Wilder, though he is younger and has lived in this country less than a decade, out-braves his partner for he knows he is a genius—a conviction by no means exclusively his own. Truculence and talent combined have thus elevated Brackett & Wilder to a position where they can translate their energies into finished films without intrusive collaboration.

To preserve the integrity of their product Wilder now directs all their pictures and Brackett produces them. They are known on the Paramount lot as "executive writers." As such they have freedom to evolve their own ideas and try experiments that run-of-the-mill \$1,000-a-week writers could not attempt. Their current undertaking is an adaptation of *The Lost Weekend*, Charles Jackson's psychological novel about alcoholism. While it was perhaps the most talked-of book in Hollywood last spring, Brackett & Wilder alone believed it held the makings of a movie. Its tense and horrifying story revolved around a single major character; it presented few situations and almost no dialog. But its challenge was so compelling Brackett & Wilder lay awake nights pondering how to translate its stream-of-consciousness drama into animate scenes. Ultimately they bought the book, dropped another project which they had been incubating for several months, and started work. Production is well under way and the picture will probably be released early next spring. "If they bring it off," a friend remarked, "I bet they'll try next to make a musical out of *Finnegans Wake*."

In a community famed for the vigor of its intramural animosities, the partnership of Brackett & Wilder has become a monument of professional friendship comparable in its way to that of Beaumont & Fletcher. So indivisible is their collaboration that a producer once suggested their screen credit should read, "Story by Brackett and Wilder." And a gossip columnist reported that at a party not long ago Brackett, who is a one-champagne-cocktail man, warned Wilder, "Better stop drinking now or they will say all over town tomorrow that Brackett & Wilder got drunk." The anomaly of their relationship is that two more antithetic personalities would be hard to find. Brackett is a courtly, somewhat rumpled, affable gentleman of 52 who looks as though he might be vice president of a bank in Saratoga Springs, N.Y.—which he is. Wilder is a loquacious, elegant, sardonic young man of 38 who moves with the lithe grace of a professional dancer—which he once was. Brackett is something of a blue blood, whose family is respectably distributed through upstate New York and Rhode Island and whose father was a promi-



Third Avenue crowds got wise and cameras were brought into view. Here Ray Milland as alcoholic hero of *The Last Weekend* tries to pawn typewriter for drunk money

inent lawyer and New York State senator. Wilder is a naturalized citizen whose Austrian father owned a watch factory outside Vienna until he swapped it one day for a trout hatchery. Brackett is a congenital Republican with liberal instincts, Wilder is a fervid New Dealer with leftish leanings. Brackett is an agoraphobe who jitters if the office door is left open. Wilder is a claustrophobe who can't stand closed doors.

They exercise their creative talents in a big suite on the ground floor of the Paramount writers' building. Since much of their work consists of thinking aloud, which they can do while eating, shaving or lying down, Brackett & Wilder never appear busy. Their office has a kind of convivial coffeehouse atmosphere. Idling actors and writers drop in every few minutes to grouse or gossip. After lunch every day Brackett & Wilder enter the larger of their two offices, which they call the Bedroom, and nap for an inviolate hour. For another hour each morning and afternoon they repair to their smaller office, The Game Room, for a round of cribbage with any available colleagues. Brackett generally wins. Wilder, who much prefers gin rummy (for hair-raising stakes), complained one day recently, "Charlie won't play my game. He's bought a house, married off his daughter and had two grandchildren—all on my money. Oh well, what do you expect from a man who voted for Dewey?" "Good cribbage," growled Brackett.

"He who writes last gets the credit"

Not until the final phase of composition do Brackett & Wilder begin to act like authors. They never write any "story line" or preliminary "treatment," for experience has taught them that uninvited collaborators move in as soon as anything is put on paper. Many a writer, happily completing the dialog of his screen play, has suddenly found several competitors at work on the same project, using the "treatment" he had innocently submitted to his producer weeks before. The practice of secretly assigning one or more writers to write "behind" another has been somewhat curtailed recently through the Screen Writers Guild. Now producers must notify any writer who asks if someone is writing behind him. If he doesn't ask, the producer needn't tell him. Brackett & Wilder successfully avoided such pitfalls before they became executive writers by evolving stories in their heads and keeping them there despite badgering by studio executives. Their motto was, "He who writes last gets the credit." Now secrecy has become a habit with them. Situations, scenes, gags are carried for weeks in Wilder's extraordinary flypaper memory, along with old football scores, the dates of championship fights and themes from most of the major symphonies from Haydn through Sibelius. They generally dole out their first few pages of dialog a day or so before shooting is scheduled to begin. Then, scene by scene, they unveil the rest of their script, keeping 24 to 48 hours ahead of the camera. This technique naturally makes a head producer, however confident of their talents, feel somewhat like a newspaper editor whose star reporter has submitted copy on a lead story so close to deadline that no editing can be done.

Brackett & Wilder consider four months about par for the composition of a screen play. For the first three months they orally resolve

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Whitey: "So do I, Blackie, but these days we sometimes have to forget our preferences."

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THE HAPPIEST COUPLE IN HOLLYWOOD (continued)

such problems as "Who are we rooting for?" "Why do they fall in love?" and "How do we get the dame out of the room?" When they are ready for "paper work" (a generic term commonly understood in Hollywood to mean writing as opposed to talking), they go into The Bedroom and warn their secretary, Helen Hernandez, to exclude all but their best friends. Brackett takes off his shoes, lies down on the sofa with a gross of sharp pencils at his side and props a tablet of legal foolscap on his knees. Wilder paces the floor swinging a cane—a light one when inspiration flows freely, a bludgeon when the going is slow. Every syllable of every line of dialog is exhaustively discussed. No word or bit of business, no fade-in, camera angle or dissolve is recorded until both partners agree fully on its dramatic value.

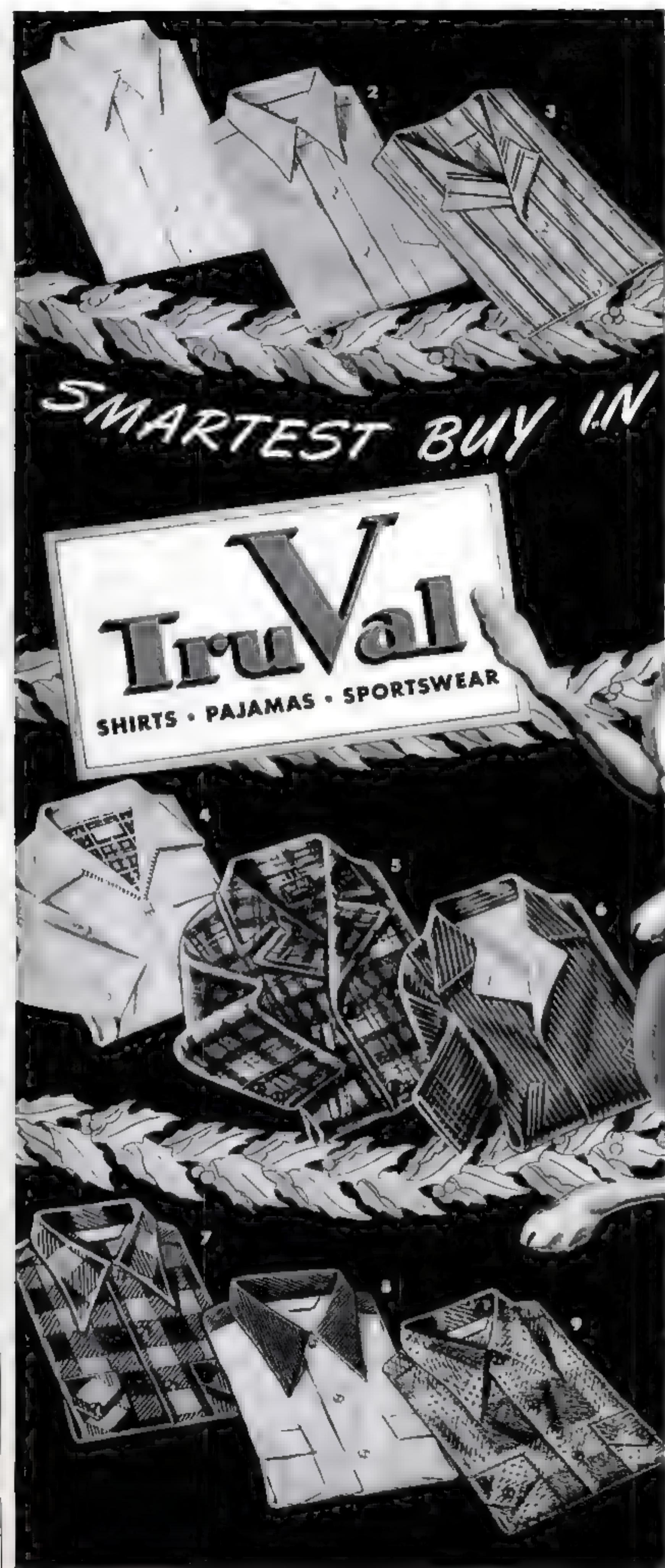
The homogeneity of Brackett & Wilder's product is such that curious colleagues long ago despaired of distinguishing the craftsmanship of one from the other's. Brackett & Wilder jointly share their laurels, never pout at criticism and, most extraordinary of all, go out of their way to give generous credit for whatever borrowed ideas they may have used. Since their scripts are dually conceived, the individual elements in their work can only be deduced from their temperamental differences. Wilder is galvanic, facile, prolific with ideas, endowed with visual imagination. Brackett is critical, contemplative, gifted with a graceful literary style and cultivated taste. When Wilder sparks off a salvo of suggestions, Brackett sorts good from bad and imparts to the best of them adroit turns of action and phrase. The exquisite, lamber dialog that is the hallmark of all their pictures is generally ascribed to Brackett although Wilder, despite his accent, has a keen ear for the American idiom and an acute sense of the flexibility of words. They complement each other in other ways. Wilder is cynical, taut, acidulous, a realist. Brackett is urbane, gentle, fanciful. Wilder is an instinctive dramatist who envisages story ideas through the camera's mobile eye: "I'm a celluloid maniac," he says. Brackett is primarily a novelist, attuned to niceties of continuity and construction.

"Whom God hath joined together"

Asked once, during negotiations for a Screen Writers Guild contract, to define a team, Brackett replied, "Whom God hath joined together." Terrestrially Brackett & Wilder were joined together by a Paramount story editor named Manny Wolf. Neither had made any dent in Hollywood up to that time. Wilder had come to this country in 1935 in the wake of his brother Willy. (His mother, who had once lived in the U. S., wanted her sons to have good American names, so she named them Willy and Billy.) Willy is now a businessman in New York. Billy Wilder, who had briefly studied law at the University of Vienna and had worked on a newspaper in Berlin, became screen-struck during the late '20s and ultimately made a reputation as a screen writer and director in Germany and France. But Hollywood, he found, was glutted with European geniuses. He earned his first \$50 there by jumping fully clad into a swimming pool at a producer's garden party. Jobless, almost penniless, handicapped by inadequate English, he lived for a while in the ladies' lavatory of an apartment hotel. Since it was rarely used, the management rented it to him cheaply on condition he keep the door locked. Wilder at first protested he did not wish to inconvenience its regular patronesses, but when the hotel insisted he maintain privacy, he made himself at home and hung the walls with modern French canvases he had brought with him from Paris. Meanwhile he wrote assiduously, grinding out stories and scripts which the studios unanimously turned down at the time, but which he sold for fat sums in later years when his name became known.

Brackett's advent in Hollywood, which antedated Wilder's by three years, was equally unspectacular but rather less painful since he arrived with an eastern reputation and ample funds. He had peddled his first short story while serving overseas during the last war, and had crashed the pages of *The Saturday Evening Post* with a three-part serial during his last year at Harvard Law School. He continued to turn out fiction during six years of practice with his father's law firm, Brackett & Eddy, in Saratoga Springs. (He is now senior partner of the firm.) Impressed by his work, Editor Harold Ross offered him a job as drama critic for *The New Yorker* in 1926. Though he had no previous experience in the theater, Brackett's reviews soon came to be highly regarded as models of good writing and critical perception. After three years with *The New Yorker* Brackett resigned and wrote his third novel. Then Hollywood called him.

The summons was imperative. RKO had a story which required dialog. Brackett, it appeared, was the man to write it. A New York agent shoved him aboard a plane. A Hollywood agent met him at



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JUST sink your teeth into a cool, juicy New York State apple!

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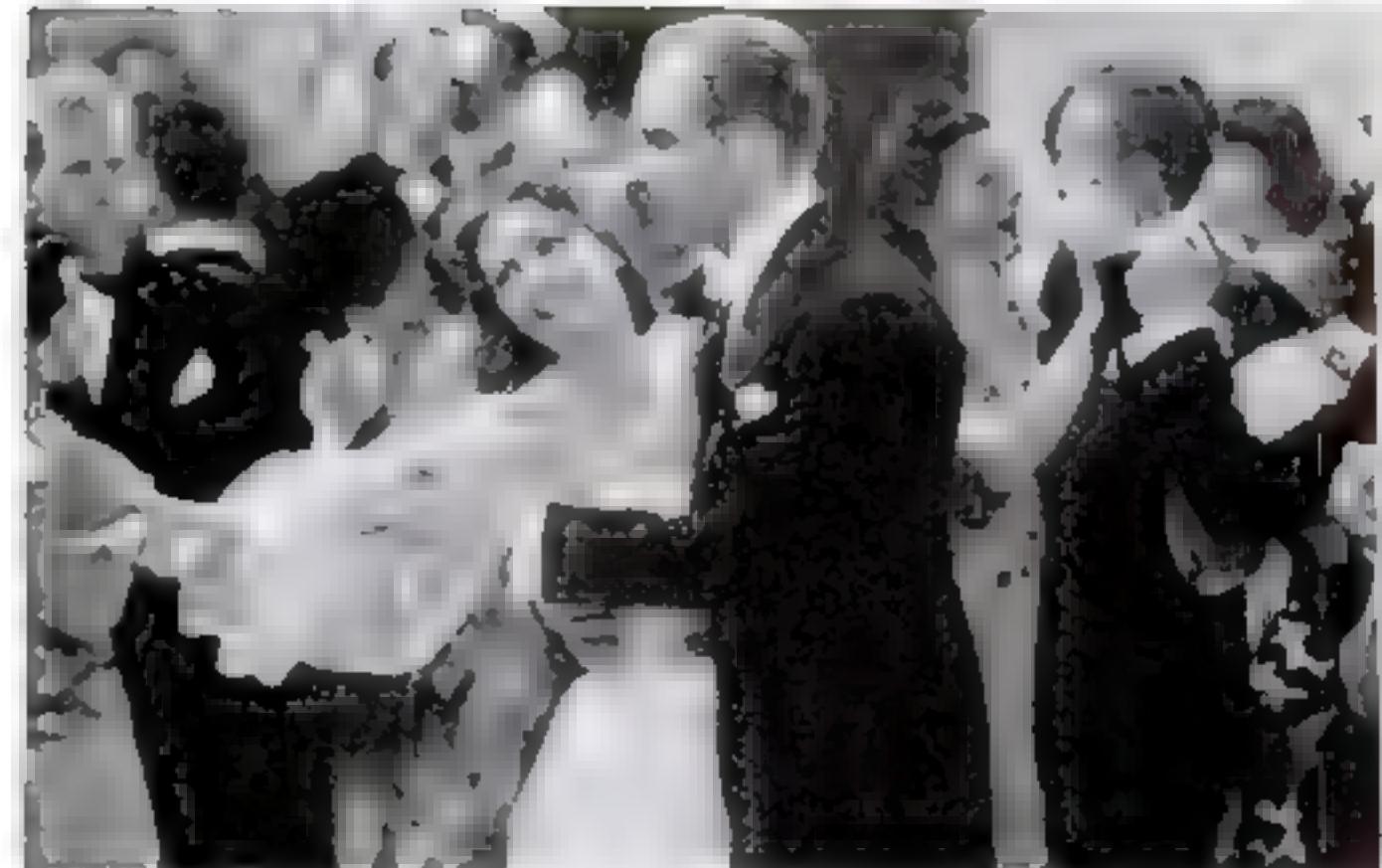
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In "Ninotchka" Brackett & Wilder gave Greta Garbo her first gay, human role. Here in Paris nightclub scene she dances with Melvyn Douglas, gets tipsy on champagne.

THE HAPPIEST COUPLE IN HOLLYWOOD (continued)

Burbank airport and rushed him to the studio, baggage and all. Impressed by a sense of urgency, Brackett expected to find RKO's executive hierarchy lined up to welcome him with tongues hanging out. Instead he was kept waiting an hour, then introduced into the presence of David Selznick, who greeted him vaguely with, "Oh yes, that story of Adela Rogers St. Johns". I guess you'd better talk to her." Next Brackett discovered that the "story" was simply an article in *Liberty* about the heart problems of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, that no story line had been discussed and that no one had any ideas at all. Feeling very much at sea, he nevertheless went to work and outlined a treatment. When it was finished he was called into story conference. "I didn't then appreciate the dreadful significance of a story conference," Brackett recalls. "So I simply got up and stammered out my story. When I got through there was a deadly silence. Then Adela said quietly, 'I don't see it that way at all. The boy loved that girl. That girl loved that boy. They loved each other.' And on that note I was wafted out of Hollywood."

Back home Brackett found himself inexplicably bored. Hence when Hollywood bid for his services a second time he again responded, though with misgivings. One day, after several months of performing sundry literary jobs for various studios, he was called to the office of Paramount's Manny Wolf. "Charlie Brackett meet Billy Wilder," Wolf said. "From now on you're a team." Wolf immediately assigned them to collaborate with Ernst Lubitsch on *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* (starring Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert). The trio clicked immediately. At their first session Lubitsch posed the question: how do the boy and girl get together? Wilder promptly suggested that the opening scene should be the men's shop of a department store. "The boy is trying to buy a pajama," he extemporized glibly. "But he sleeps only in the tops. He is thrifty so he insists on buying only the tops. The clerk says he must buy the pants too. It looks like a catastrophe. Then the girl comes into the shop and buys the pants because she sleeps only in the pants." Brackett and Lubitsch were enchanted. It wasn't till months later they discovered that Wilder himself is a tops-only sleeper and that he had been nursing the idea for months waiting for a chance to use it.

The case of the deadpan secretary

Catalyzed by this beginning, Brackett, Wilder and Lubitsch erupted bright ideas: When they reached the dialog phase their spirits were dampened by a pretty but deadpan secretary named Iva who had been assigned to them by the personnel office. All Hollywood writers rely heavily on secretarial reactions. Although Brackett, Wilder and Lubitsch repeatedly produced lines that convulsed them, Iva never changed expression. One day, exasperated, Lubitsch turned on her and asked, "Don't you think that's a funny line?" Iva said, "I think it's hilarious. This is the funniest script I've ever worked on." "But you've never laughed," said Lubitsch. Obviously distressed, Iva said, "Please excuse me if I don't laugh. Please." That night the three writers decided Iva was the victim of an unhappy love affair or some other profound misfortune. Four weeks later they uncorked an especially funny line and Iva burst out laughing. They stared at her. "Iva, you laughed," they shouted. "Yes, I know," she gasped, tears in her eyes. "Yesterday the dentist removed the bands from my teeth."

After *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, Brackett & Wilder wrote *Midnight*. On this job they worked for a producer who adhered to the old theory that too many writers improve the script. Hence when they had

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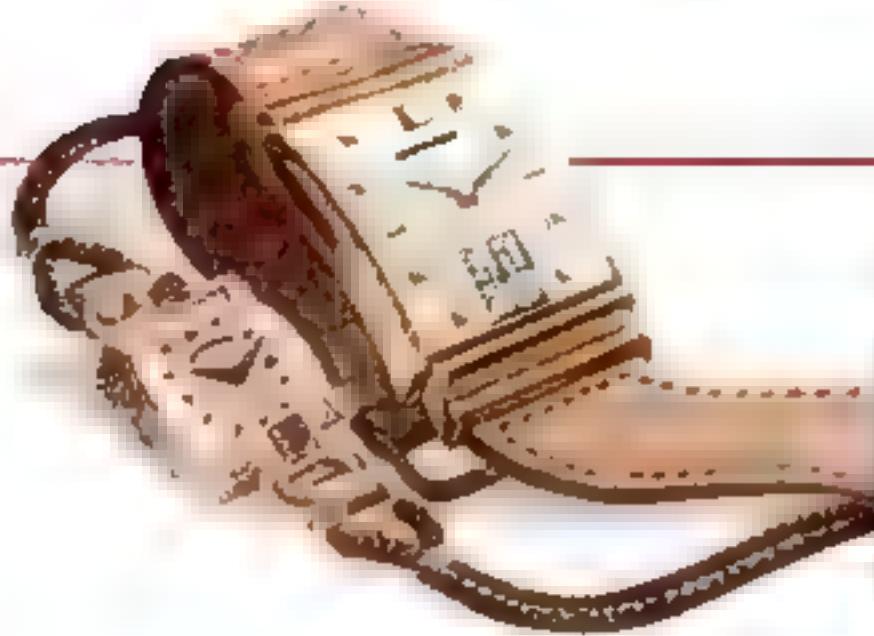


YES, it is a Hamilton, darling—not exactly the model I had hoped to give you. But it keeps just as accurate time as it did 40 years ago when my grandfather carried it. (Gramps always used to say that the sun would never set until it looked at his Hamilton first!)

But I'm only lending it to you, Jim, just to let you know I haven't forgotten what you *really* want

this Christmas. Someday soon, when Hamilton again makes watches for the folks at home, we're going to put this old timer back with our other treasured heirlooms. Because on that day, dearest, the finest husband in the world will get the finest gift in the world—the watch he's been waiting for so long and patiently—a *brand new* Hamilton!

All my love, Helen



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THE HAPPIEST COUPLE IN HOLLYWOOD (continued)

completed their script, the producer turned it over to a third writer named Ken Englund. "What do you want me to do with it?" Englund asked. "It looks fine to me." The producer said, "Rewrite it." Englund rewrote it. When he had read the new script, the producer said, "Well the trouble with this is it doesn't sound like Brackett & Wilder. You've lost the flavor of the original. Now who can we get who writes like Brackett & Wilder?" Tentatively Englund pointed out that Brackett & Wilder were at that moment sitting in their office with nothing to do. "Why don't you get them to rewrite it?" he asked. "That's a good idea," the producer said. So he called them in and told them to rewrite Englund's script. After several days of feverish cribbage, they turned in their original manuscript with a few minor revisions and it was a great success. Their sparkling dialog even impressed John Barrymore, who at that time had lost his memory and had to read his lines from slates held up by stagehands outside camera range. One day his wife came into the Brackett & Wilder office and asked for a copy of *Midnight*. "I've never known John to be so amused by a picture," she said. "He's actually asked if he could read the script."

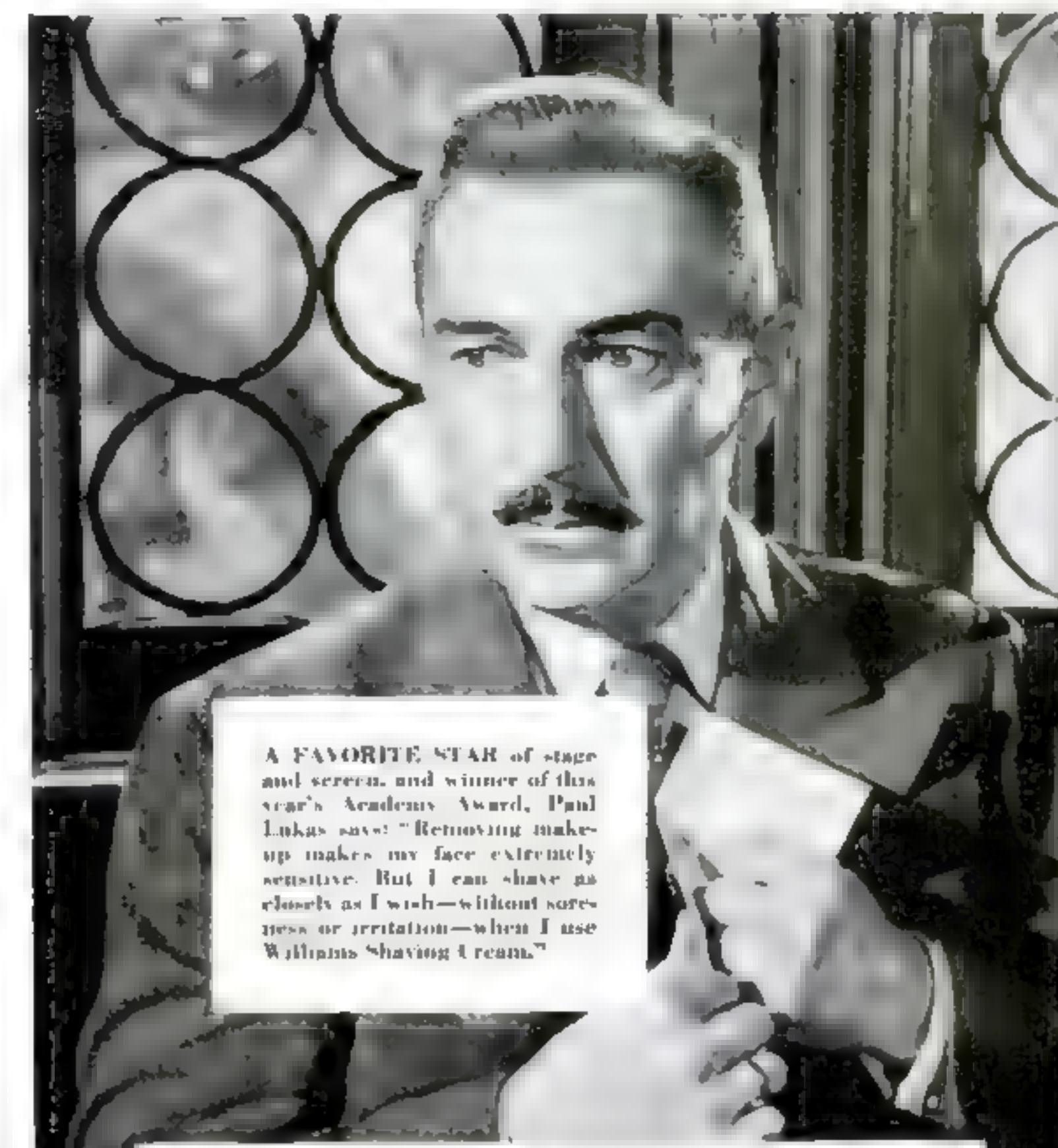
Their next picture, *Ninotchka*, which they wrote in collaboration with their friend Writer Walter Reisch, is generally regarded by critics as one of the finest and most sophisticated films Hollywood ever produced. It gave Greta Garbo her most engaging role. Of this picture Writer-Producer Nunnally Johnson wrote, "There hasn't been a stage comedy in 15 years as good as *Ninotchka*." Today Brackett & Wilder disagree on the place *Ninotchka* holds in their hearts. Brackett recalls it fondly because he confesses to a crush on Garbo. He used to haunt the set during the filming, despite Garbo's distaste for visitors. One day, noticing Brackett goggling from the sidelines, she ordered a stagehand to place a black screen in front of him. He promptly found a crack near the bottom of the screen, knelt down on all fours and peeked through. While he was in this ignominious position, his partner arrived on the set. "You a family father!" Wilder sneered. "And vice president of a bank! What would the directors of the Adirondack Trust Company say if they could see you now!" Wilder has mixed feelings about *Ninotchka* because as a Russophile he fears it offended the U. S. S. R. "I've always wanted to see Odessa," he mused recently, "and now I'm afraid we never will." "I can last a long time," said Brackett, "without seeing Odessa."

Next came *Arise My Love* and *Hold Back the Dawn*. The former, a daringly interventionist film, was released a few weeks after the fall of France and evoked storms of protest from isolationist fans. Its inception was curious. Producer Arthur Hornblow had handed Brackett & Wilder a story manuscript and, after explaining that it concerned an American flier with the Loyalists in Spain, advised them not to trammel their imaginations by reading it. So, laying source material aside, they proceeded to compose their script around Hornblow's one-sentence digest. In the same way *Hold Back the Dawn*, a

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



In "The Major and the Minor" Brackett & Wilder had Ginger Rogers masquerade as an adolescent. In one of film's funniest scenes she gets a lesson in tactics from amorous cadet. He graphically explains encirclement "at Sedan," then makes a pass at her.



A FAVORITE STAR of stage and screen, and winner of this year's Academy Award, Paul Lukas says: "Removing make-up makes my face extremely sensitive. But I can shave as closely as I wish—without soreness or irritation—when I use Williams Shaving Cream."

ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive

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IMAGINE covering your face with heavy stage make-up for hours every day. Think of removing that make-up after each performance . . . with rough towels, sometimes even with strong solvents. It's no wonder that actors' faces are so tender—extra sensitive to irritants in shaving cream.

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Feel the welcome difference on your own face. Get a tube of Williams Shaving Cream today.



RAYMOND MASSEY, popular with movie-goers and theatre-goers alike, is another distinguished actor who shaves with Williams. He says: "Removing make-up leaves my face very tender. That's why I always use Williams Shaving Cream. It never stings or irritates."



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THE HAPPIEST COUPLE IN HOLLYWOOD (continued)

thoughtful parable on the plight of immigrants seeking admission to the U.S., was based on a novel which Brackett & Wilder never read. They occasionally joke about the flights of invention which lead them off on narrative tangents far removed from their point of departure. Often as not their finished screen plays are 99.99% original. Their working formula for adaptations is, "In the novel it's a bunch of roses; in the screen play it's a torpedo boat."

After *Hold Back the Dawn* Paramount lent Brackett & Wilder to Goldwyn to write *Ball of Fire*. This screwball comedy, dealing with the compilation of an encyclopedia, derived from an original story written by Wilder during his first threadbare days in Hollywood. At that period he would have sold it for \$100. Goldwyn gave him \$7,500 with promise of another \$2,500 if it should be a success. When it proved a huge success, Wilder demanded his bonus. Goldwyn had apparently forgotten this small matter and at first refused, saying (according to Wilder), "If I make a promise I make it in writing." Eventually, however, he not only surrendered the bonus but told Brackett & Wilder to order suits from the best tailor in Hollywood and to send him the bill. Their suits cost \$175 each. Today Brackett's aristocratic conscience recoils from the recollection that he once accepted a suit of clothes as a gratuity. "Taking that suit was the most humiliating thing I ever did," he remarked not long ago. "I still wear mine," Wilder said. "So do I," said Brackett.

Back with Paramount again, they wrote *The Major and the Minor* as a vehicle for Ginger Rogers. They had hoped to persuade Ginger to accept the lead in *Ball of Fire*, but she had declined the role—that of a burlesque dancer—because she wanted to play "ladies." When this explanation was conveyed to Goldwyn he lost his temper and yelled at her agent, "You tell Ginger Rogers ladies stink up the place." Ginger was delighted, however, with her part in *The Major and the Minor*, which enabled her to appear not only as a young lady, but as an old lady and a demure schoolgirl as well. As a critical success *The Major and the Minor* was second only to *Ninotchka* and at the box office it was a smash. After that, as a change of pace Brackett & Wilder wrote *Five Graves to Cairo*.

A couple of coffeehouse guys

Since they spend most of their daylight hours together, Brackett & Wilder seldom see each other socially after work. Both men are extremely gregarious and count among their friends all the amiable and intelligent people in Hollywood. Wilder's wife, a California girl whom he married in 1936, once said, "Billy is strictly a coffeehouse guy. He will go to any party. And he would like to live at the corner of Hollywood and Vine"—which is the West Coast equivalent of Broadway and 42nd Street. Actually the Wilders live on the far fringes of Beverly Hills, a half-hour drive from Paramount, in open, rolling country. Mrs. Wilder, who is a competent painter and equestrienne, loves her bucolic surroundings, and the wide view from her veranda. Wilder loathes the country and detests animals and flowers. His domestic interests focus on the interior of his house, which he has lovingly fitted with early American furniture. He has a special passion for fabrics and is forever bringing home bolts of material which Mrs. Wilder stores away in an attic already stuffed with enough cretonne, needle point and glazed chintz to reupholster a hotel.

Wilder is profoundly devoted to his 4-year-old daughter Victoria, who is gifted, like her father, with a superlative memory, social graces and highly competitive instincts. "Billy and Victoria are happiest," Mrs. Wilder says, "when they are surrounded by crowds of people, doing something better than anyone else." Wilder excels at intellectual parlor games. He also plays a first-rate game of tennis and occasionally competes in chess tournaments with local masters. A restless man who rarely stays seated for more than ten minutes at any dinner table, Wilder sleeps badly and like most movie people is a hypochondriac. "You don't dare mention a new disease in front of Billy," his wife says, "or he has it the next day. Right now he's toying with spinal meningitis."

Brackett less frequently suffers from imaginary ills. He sometimes exhibits a tendency to deafness, although his friends insist he feigns it in order to exclude unpleasant sounds like directorial objections or symphonic music. He explains his musical insensitivity on the grounds that he is tone deaf, and he once talked of acquiring a "hearing-ear dog" trained to nudge him at the first strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Like Wilder, Brackett feels that his all-round efficiency is abetted by a weekly injection of Vitamin B-1. He augments his shots with daily doses of B-1 pills and cod liver oil, regarding these measures as adequate substitutes for sunshine and fresh air.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



"Magnesium makes a lightweight out of a heavyweight"

In England, they save 1100 pounds of useless weight per plane just by turning to the use of magnesium for gasoline tanks, which the stress of war has proved to be amply strong and utterly fire-proof.

That is just one example out of hundreds available, showing the savings that can be achieved through magnesium. It eliminates the cost in money, in time, in energy of the wasteful weight we so often had to have before. For magnesium is not only light (its weight is less than one-fourth that of iron), it is also strong and rigid.

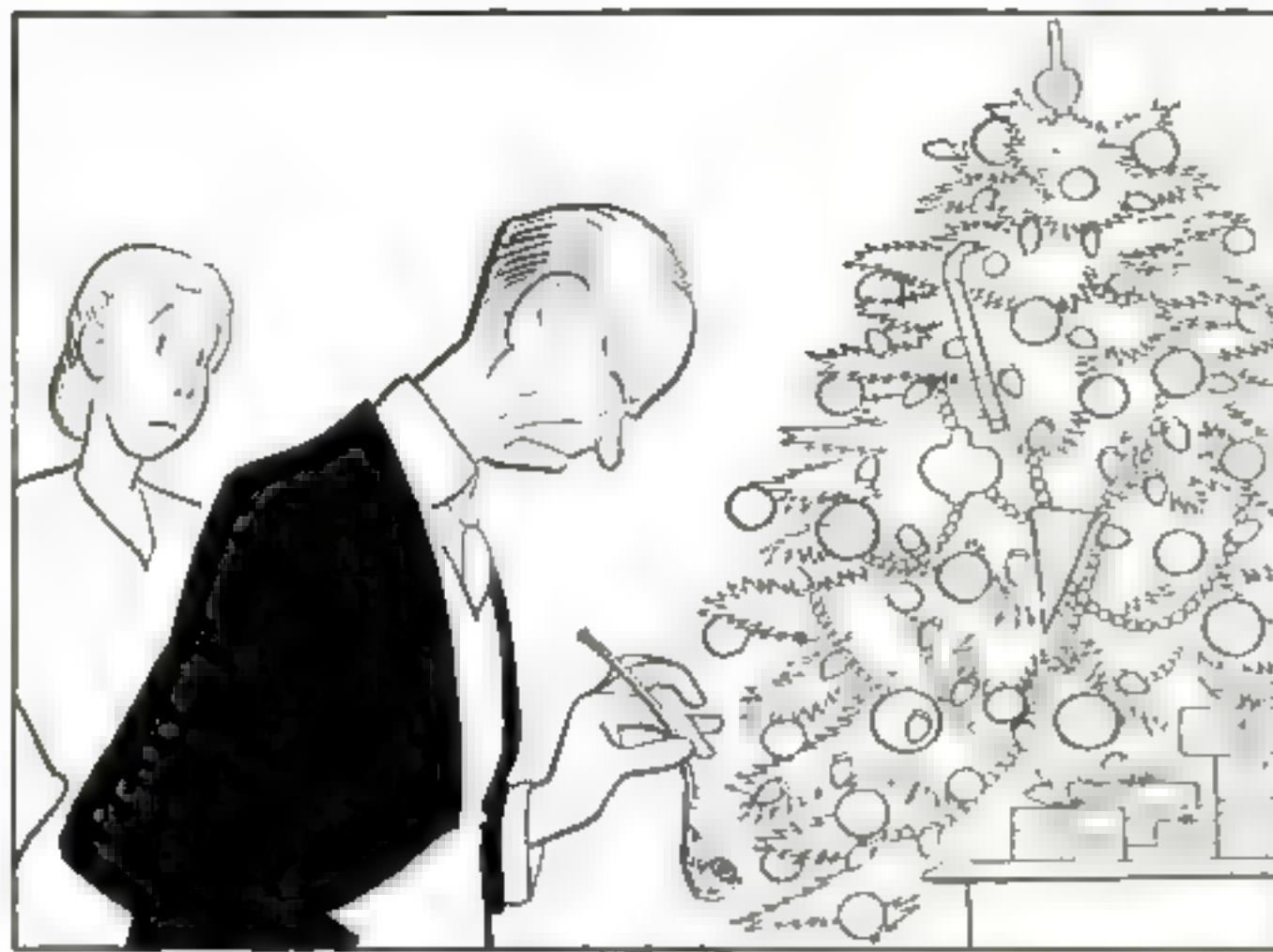
Magnesium will serve peacetime America as well as it served our armed forces under the tragic impulse of war. With it, for instance, that private plane millions of Americans hope to own, can be as far ahead of pre-war models as today's fighter planes are of those of 1918. Strong for safety! But light, for economy and wide cruising range!

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THE HAPPY HINTER. He made sure he got Briggs! He knows it's aged in oaken casks for YEARS—extra-aged for extra flavor. Time renders Briggs mellow, rich, smooth—great! Give your pipe-man a full pound of Briggs—and treat him to a solid stretch of smoking bliss!

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WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

THE HAPPIEST COUPLE IN HOLLYWOOD (continued)

which he disdains. His only form of exercise is moving the pegs up and down a cribbage board. In general Brackett conveys an impression of sound metabolism and repose which his friends find downright soothing. Lubitsch relates that on one occasion when he, Lubitsch, lay seriously ill in a hospital, his pulse rate, which had jumped to 125 following a visit from Miriam Hopkins, eased down to 68 when Brackett dropped in. Although inwardly Brackett suffers the gestative pangs chronic with all writers, they are lulled each evening when he gazes on the Victorian tranquility of his home. He has bedizened his modern stone house in Bel-Air with red plush sofas and chairs, cased lamps, antimacassars, scrolled mahogany, bric-a-brac and other windfalls from the Brackett family tree that reflect his rather rechete 19th Century taste and temperament. A self-conscious easterner, he continually professes nostalgia for Saratoga Springs. Unlike Wilder, who unashamedly proclaims his love of Hollywood, Brackett feels uneasy about his own perfect adjustment to Lotusland. He expresses wonderment at his painless literary transition "from esoteric novels to exoteric pictures." He keeps his eastern roots alive with streams of correspondence to his law partners, to the directors of his bank and to the caretaker of his inherited Victorian mansion in Providence, R. I., where he insists he wants to die.

Sunday-noon dinners at the Bracketts' are Hollywood's equivalent of Mme. de Staél's salons in 18th Century Paris. To them troop the most entertainingly articulate writers, actors, actresses and asserted geniuses in the craft. Brackett, who is an appreciative listener as well as an excellent raconteur, presides over them with solicitude and grace. In this function he is ably assisted by his wife, a kindly but witty lady whose occasionally corrosive remarks have from time to time been attributed to Dorothy Parker. A Fletcher of Indiana, Mrs. Brackett met her husband at a Williams prom 25 years ago and took an instant dislike to him. "He was the rich young man of his fraternity," she recalls, "literary and very sure of himself." But she married him soon afterward. Their two daughters, Alexandra and Elizabeth, are both extremely pretty, both competent fliers and both married. "Xani," the eldest, eloped in accordance with Hollywood convention. When Brackett discovered her flight, he talked of putting a ladder under her window so she could climb back in. But when she returned next day with her husband, a young actor, he greeted them with champagne. When "Bean" became engaged to an Army pilot, the Bracketts gave her a formal church wedding. Lubitsch recalls that "when father and daughter came down the aisle, no one looked at the bride, no one looked at the bridegroom or the best man or the bridesmaids. Everybody looked at Charlie. He was the perfect father."

There comes a time in the careers of all collaborators when they begin to wonder whether their talents are inextricably entwined or whether their separate wings can still sustain them independently and alone. Such a time came to Brackett & Wilder last year. To fortify their individual egos they temporarily dissolved their partnership. Wilder wrote and directed *Double Indemnity*, a murder story. Brackett produced *The Uninvited*, a ghost story. Then, reinvigorated and with renewed confidence each in his own abilities, they moved back into their old clubrooms to collaborate on *The Lost Weekend*. "So now we're together again," Wilder told a friend a few weeks ago, "and we're the happiest couple in Hollywood."



The "word game" is played each noon at the writers' table in the Paramount commissary. Each writer has a card ruled into 25 squares, five across and five down. Then in rotation around the table players call out letters. Each contestant enters letters as they are called into the squares on his card. Whoever constructs the most five-, four- and three-letter words—horizontal and vertical—wins. Stakes are 50¢ a game. Contestants here, reading clockwise from left, are Writers Brackett, De Leon, Waldman, Wiley, Wilder and Partos. They are sneering at word Partos dreamed up. Waitress is Genevieve.

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This CHRISTMAS, give his neck a break! Van Heusen Shirts have the famous collar attached that looks better, fits better, needs no starch to stay neat longer. In smart patterns and whites. Sanforized, laundry-tested \$2.25 and up

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ALWAYS WELCOME—Van Heusen Pajamas. Patterns, stripes, solid colors. Fabrics on the luxury side—long-wearing, washable. \$2.50 to \$10

Make it a Van Heusen Merry Christmas—a memorable Christmas for a man!

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SHIRTS



PAJAMAS

HANS
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Flying Bazooka

MYITKYINA, BURMA . . . a Jap garrison is almost surrounded by Chinese and American forces, but Jap supplies are still coming through. A P-51 Mustang squadron is out to break the supply line. Bazooka tubes are mounted on the Mustangs'

wings and the Yanks are out shooting sky rockets at the Nips. Water-borne supplies get holes punched in them. Trucks and trains are blasted out of this world. A new incurable headache for the Japs is born . . . flying bazookas.



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PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES . . . the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



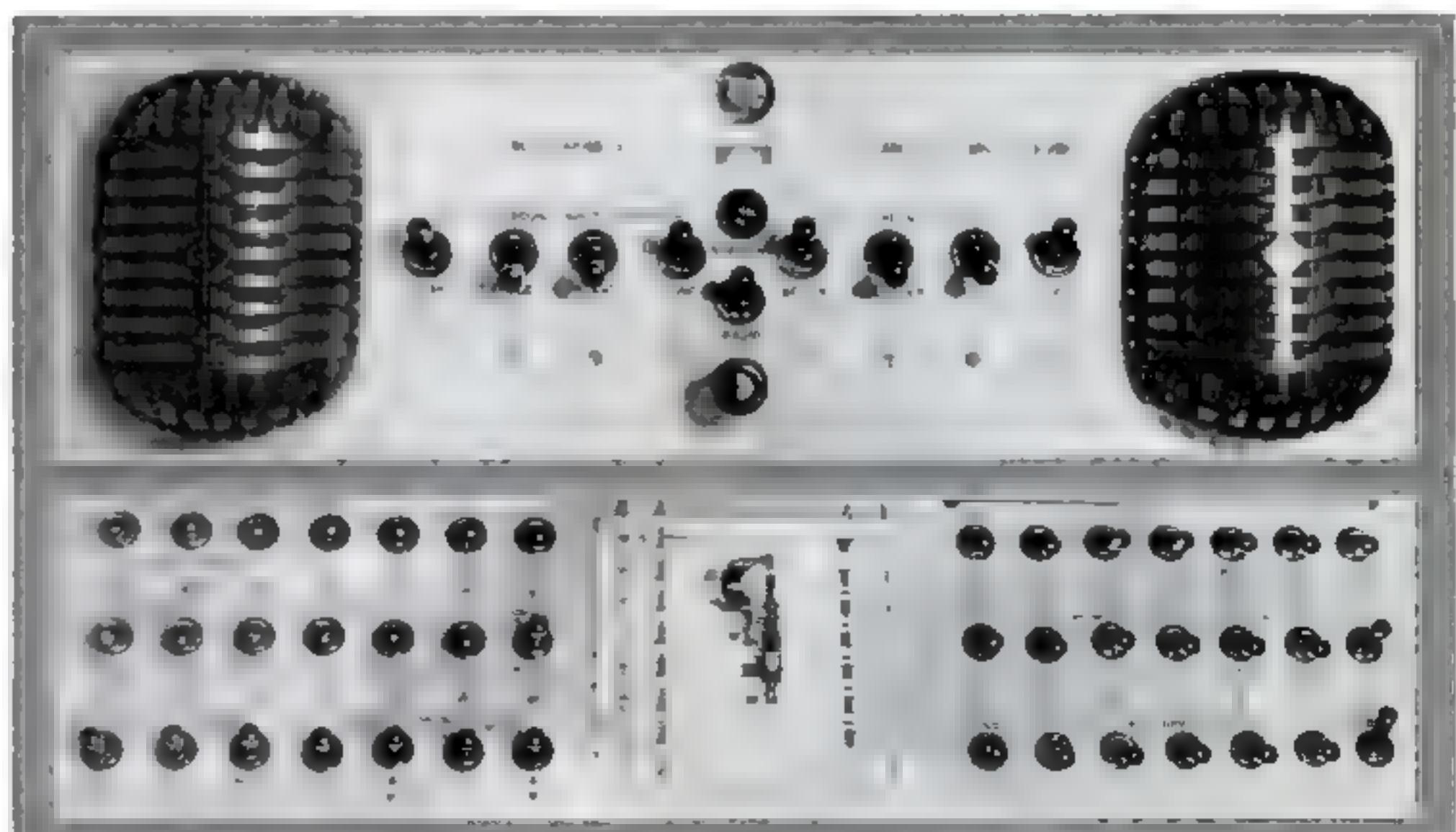
ELLINWOOD'S BIG DESK HAS SEMICIRCULAR TIER WITH SET-IN CONTROL PANELS (BELOW) REGULATING GADGETS. HE HAS JUST PUSHED SWITCH TILTING VENETIAN BLINDS

Life Visits a Super-Gadgeteer

Ray Ellinwood of Burbank, Calif. lives and works in a world of switches, push buttons, vanishing walls

Sitting at his desk (above) and flicking switches on his control panels (right), Herman Ray Ellinwood of Burbank, Calif. can make the walls of his office vanish automatically, his drapes slide back and forth, desk drawers pop open and shut. He can flash movies on a screen, display models of his products, animate sales talks without getting up from his desk. In his wonderful, hyperefficient office, Ray Ellinwood is the epitome of the gadget-loving American businessman.

Mr. Ellinwood conceived his house of magic some time ago when he clocked his secretaries and found that they—and he—lost 60 seconds every time they entered and left his office. They made 40 trips a day and the loss of all that time was more than Mr. Ellinwood could stand. He drew up plans for a time-saving office, spent the better part of a year buying materials and building it. Today he can go without seeing a secretary face to face for days. He dictates into a dictaphone, talks through an interoffice loudspeaker and sends memos by a conveyor belt which starts up, literally, at the wave of his hand. The office, says its super-gadgeteer owner, adds $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to his working day. Ellinwood, a 75¢-an-hour draftsman seven years ago, is now paid \$25,000 a year as head of Adel Precision Products Corp. which makes airplane parts.



Central control panel (above) has set-in speaker and microphone for radio and loudspeaker system. Levers in middle

row control destination of his broadcast. Lower panel has 42 switches within easy reach of Ellinwood's right hand



In his office Ellinwood touches the desk switch which quietly swings open the blank and apparently solid wall behind him.



Wall disappears and reveals openings for still- and motion-picture projectors. Another switch turns on the light at top.



At the opposite end of room is still another blank wall. Ellinwood has swiveled around in his chair to see it.



At lunchtime Ray Ellinwood presses another switch and looks expectantly toward a third seemingly solid wall at his left.



This time the wall revolves slowly, conveying him to a tray placed on a built-in table by a company cafeteria attendant.



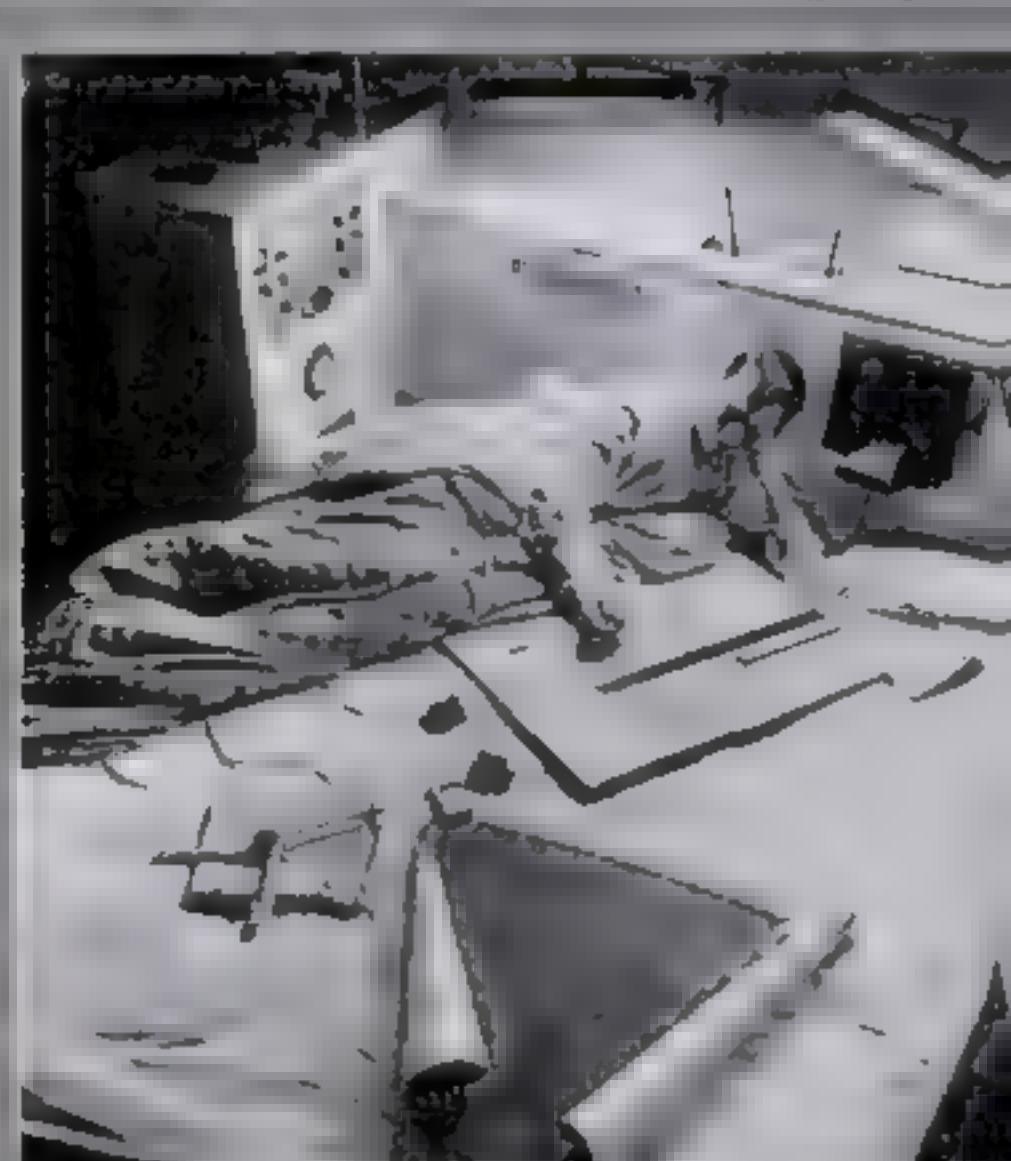
Ellinwood sits down to a sandwich and coffee, which he ordered five minutes earlier over his office telephone.



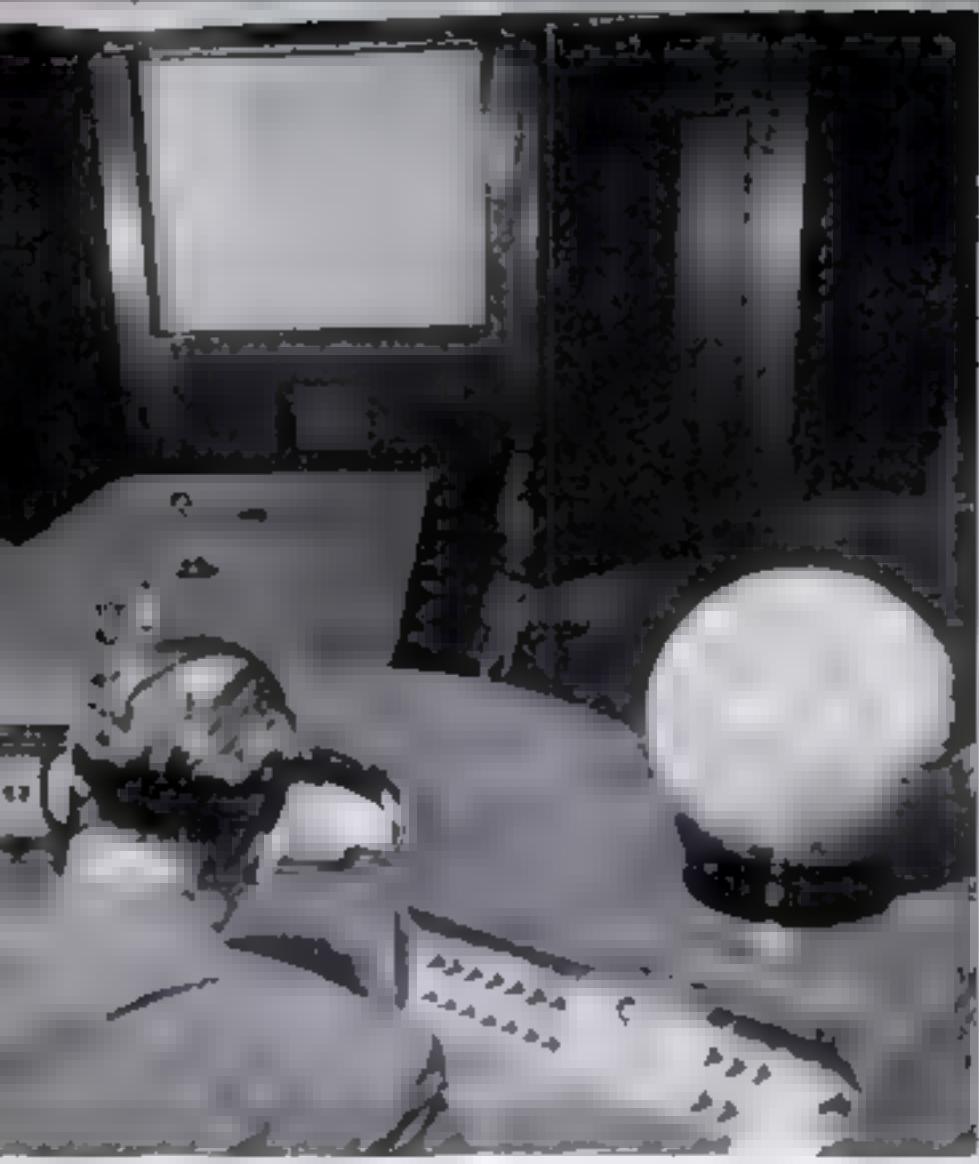
At home his den has another blank wall. He designed the camera on desk corner. The store-bought clock doesn't work well.



Wall goes up when Ellinwood presses foot button and drafting desk appears. His portable dictaphone goes everywhere.



In his bedroom 7-ft. bed rolls out from cabinet, which has radio and interroom phone. Control board is at left.



Projection screen appears when Ellinwood pushes switch and wall panel slides up. Opening below is sound outlet.



Kitchen utensils to be made by Ellinwood after the war are shown on slide. This is a part of Ellinwood's sales promotion.



The screen moves, revealing model of another Adel product. Switch starts it by moving through the hydraulic mechanism.



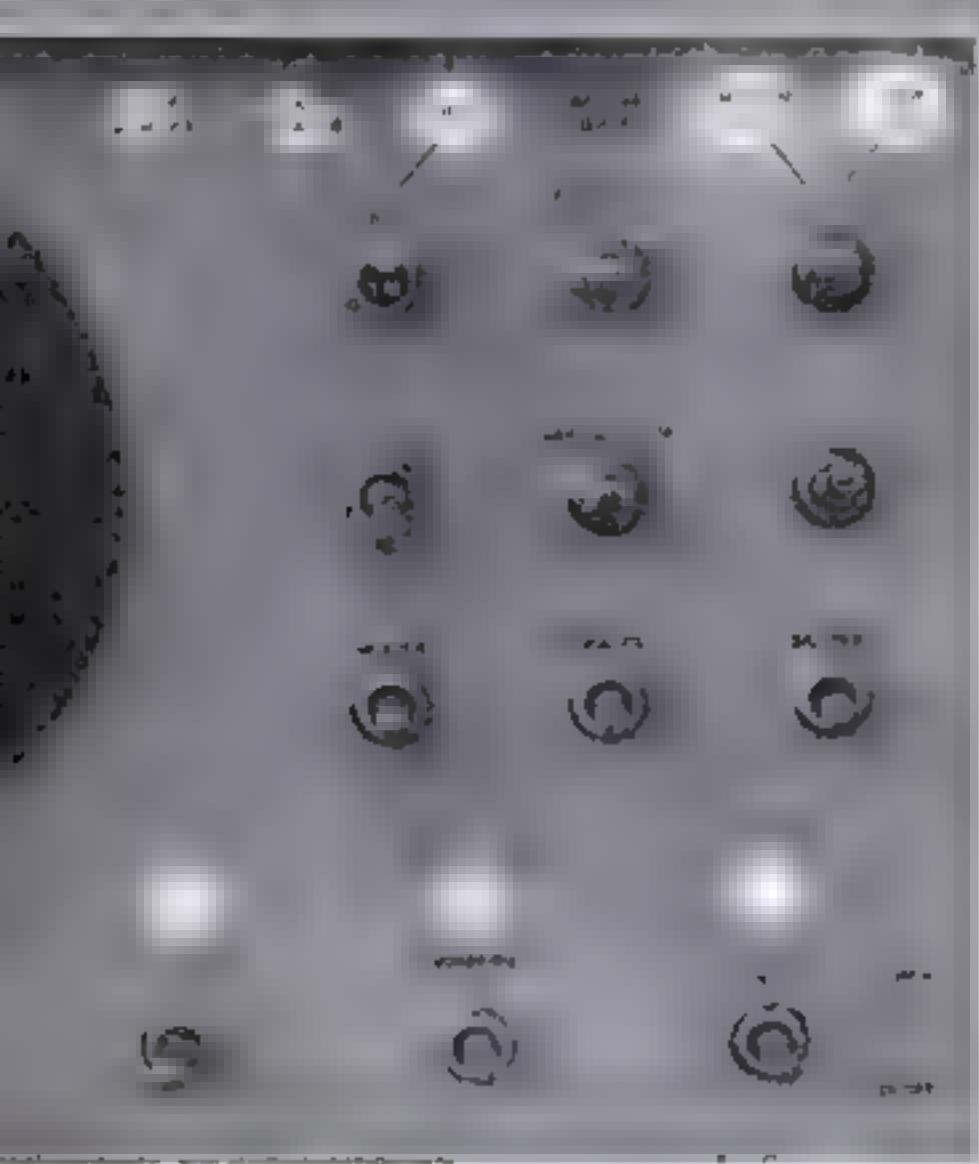
On another wall are three blank panels which, of course, also move. Wallscotching makes wall handsome, deceptive.



The panels slide up to show postwar surgescope (germproof camera) and insignia of firms which are Adel customers.



Panels are lowered to concentrate interest on models of Adel products. The mirror background reflects Ellinwood's image.



Controls at bedside operate almost everything in house. Grill switch starts kitchen electric plate at preset hour.



Shoe warmer, turned on from bed before Ellinwood rises, is no gag. He is highly susceptible to chills, particularly in his feet.



Mrs. Ellinwood enters husband's room only when green light over door is on. Red signals he doesn't want to be disturbed.



For a Man's Christmas...Swank...handsomely styled in the traditions of fine craftsmanship.

Set Illustrated (1/20 12 Kt. Gold Filled) \$11.50. Key Chain \$1.00.

Ellinwood home overlooks the San Fernando Valley, has many Ellinwood-designed gadgets in nine rooms. His wife has a hard time keeping maids who get upset when walls shoot up or radios suddenly start playing while they are dusting or sweeping.



Bomb shelter was built three years ago during the West Coast bomb scare. It is concrete, has grass growing on its roof, is five times as sturdy as normal construction requires, has remote control for radio and phonograph. Sun deck faces on the pool.



Lawn-watering device regulates exact hour and length of time the grass is sprinkled. Other gadgets include the electric-eye doorbell and concealed radio and phonograph loudspeakers. Wires and machinery are neatly hidden behind plaster or woodwork.



PM *for Pleasant Moments*

At cocktail time, things have a way of pointing to PM. Pleasing Moods. Pretty Melodies. The orchestra may even play, "O Promise Me". Follow the trend adroitly, delightfully, by offering a Particularly Mellow, Positively Marvelous PM Manhattan, Highball or Old-Fashioned. PM's the Perfect Match for Pleasant Moments!

IF IT ISN'T PM... IT ISN'T AN EVENING

FOR ALL ACTIVE MEN...

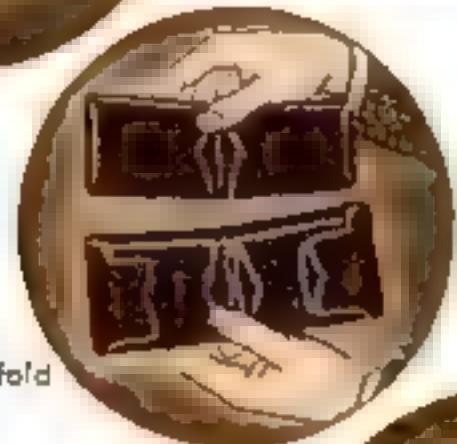
a billfold both handsome and rugged—it's stitchless!



1. Secret Bond Pockets. Inner-fold open side down is a swell hideaway for bond money!



2. A Second Billfold. Use the wafer-thin inner-fold separately for evening wear.



3. Everyday. A regular "pocket file"—3 full-length compartments, 8 smaller ones.



THE

BUXTON STITCHLESS (SELF INTERLOCKED)



DAY-AFTER-DAY STRAIN, WET, SWEAT, GREASE, ROT THREAD—
SO THIS HANDSOME BUXTON IS MADE WITHOUT STITCHES!

Given a special wear-resisting surface by Buxton, what leather can beat this handsome, selected pigskin for long life!

Yes, pigskin is tops in durable leather—but it's so firm it often cuts stitches.

Buxton, though, takes full advantage of the durability of pigskin—or any handsome, firm leather—because Buxton has no stitches! *ONE PIECE* of leather self-interlocked—it depends on neither thread nor glue to hold together!

In addition to both beauty and strength, Buxton "3-Way" has a smartly-fashioned inner-fold you can use separately for special occasions. Other handy pockets, too, to hold your "A" card, driver's license, plant passes, business papers, etc. 3 full-length compartments, 8 smaller ones, provide plenty of room in which an active man can "live"!

Given a special wear-resisting surface by Buxton, what leather can beat this handsome, selected pigskin for long life!

Buxtons are on sale at better leather-goods counters everywhere. Buxton, Inc., 4445 Orleans St., Springfield 1, Mass., or Dept. B, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Our Guarantee—if any Stitchless Buxton gives out in normal use before the leather wears out—it will be replaced **FREE!**

If your dealer happens to be sold out of Buxton Stitchless Billfolds please don't blame him. They are first choice of so many of his customers.



Black grain pigskin
—partition only—
\$5 + tax; in "3-Way"
model—\$7.50 + tax



Something goes wrong every couple of weeks and Ellinwood has to get busy on repairs. Here he tinkers with a burned-out transformer. When electric-power workers went on strike he had to haul the attic pulleys by hand to open doors and windows.



His daughter Joan, 14, takes after her father. She has a chemistry lab in garage, makes wooden shoes for friends with handsaw. She knows the location of every wire in the house, repaired panels after LIFE's photographer wore them out by overuse.



"All I want for Christmas"

ALL I want for Christmas — yes,
I swear 'twould suit me fine —
Is some Ready-Rubbed Tobacco
For that favorite pipe of mine.
Edgeworth? Ah, you've guessed it;
Just a pound or two will do,
Now nothing could be nicer
Than a gift like that from you.

A reminder of your
thoughtfulness for
118 hours of smok-
ing enjoyment.



*"It's always Perfect Taste
to give the Best"*

EDGEWORTH

AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO



*Give him something
to help with his Homework....
a pair of Evans Slippers*



You bet Evans Slippers help a man with his homework. Their light, soothing comfort gives him pep to start his chores. Besides, the Evans Slipper habit saves shoes . . . and that's important. Beautifully made, smart and sturdy, Evans Slippers are a gift to give proudly . . . there's only one better and that's War Bonds. Ask for them in good stores everywhere. Most styles are not rationed.



Since 1841



Evans Slippers

L. B. EVANS' SON CO., WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



LIFE'S MISCELLANY

SINATRA'S SONG PARTNERS SING ABOUT HIM

The two girls below enjoy the ineffable privilege of being able to make music with Frank Sinatra. Joan Edwards sings on the *Hut Parade* radio program with him. Eileen Barton is his partner on Sinatra's own program. Although millions of envious American girls could not possibly imagine anybody's being unhappy about singing with Frankie and getting paid for it, Joan Edwards professes to see a dark side. She explains her plight in the song printed on the opposite page. Eileen, however, is more orthodox. She is just dreamy and recently introduced the song which is printed just below Joan's.



JOAN EDWARDS IMITATES THE EMACIATED CHEEKS OF HER PARTNER IN SONG



EILEEN BARTON QUIETS BUTTERFLIES IN HER STOMACH AFTER FRANKIE SINGS

IODENT

TOOTH PASTE or POWDER

ONLY IODENT IS MADE
IN TWO TEXTURES

No. 1 for teeth easy-to-bryten . . . No. 2 for teeth hard-to-bryten. Made by a Dentist to safely remove smudges . . . even smoke smudge. Bears Good Housekeeping Seal.



WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?

Nail Clip



This La Cross Implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. The manufacture of manicure implements is still sharply curtailed.

All genuine La Cross implements are stamped—LA CROSS.



For more than four decades,
America's Finest Manicure Implements

SCHNEIDER BROS. CORPORATION, FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *For Victory!*

TAKE A Mental Shower

NoDоз Awakeners keep you mentally alert. Refresh your mind mid-morning, afternoon, night, whenever sleep threatens. Quick-acting. One tablet effective 2 to 4 hours.

HARMLESS AS COFFEE

25¢

TRY

AT YOUR DRUGGISTS

Over fifty million sold since 1933

Send 10¢ for trial size

NODоз AWAKENERS

DEPT. F-23

Tribune Tower

OAKLAND 12, CALIF.

Offer valid after Oct. 25, 1944

LIFE'S MISCELLANY

CONTINUED

BALLADS FOR FRANKIE (continued)



CAUSE OF IT ALL ADOPTS THE MUSIC

JOAN'S SONG

I'm just the girl who sings
With Frank Sinatra
And let me tell you that it's not
so hot-tru.
I get interviews galore but it
really seems a shame
That singing with Sinatra is my
only claim to fame.
Oh the autograph hounds really
make me dizzy;
They follow me for blocks and
shout where is hell
Life is such a dreary bore
This shouldn't happen to
Dinah Shore
'Cause I'm just the girl who sings
with Frank Sinatra.

MUSIC BY JOAN EDWARDS LYRICS BY LEN DUDLEY

EILEEN'S SONG

Dear Mister Sinatra, you don't
know what you're doing to me.
Ev'ry time that I hear you on my
radio,
Your vision I see.
Dear Mister Sinatra, you're an
angel from out of the blue.
Ev'ry note that you sing makes me
tingle with joy,
I'm mad about you.
Life has taken on a new complexion
Since the day I heard you croon
When you whisper little words of
affection,
Darling, oh how I swoon!
Dear Mister Sinatra, you're so
tender and sweet and so fine
Oh, my life would be just like a
beautiful song
If you were only mine.

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Time, LIFE, Fortune and the
Architectural Forum have
been cooperating with the
War Production Board ever
since Jan., 1943, on the
conservation of paper. During
the year 1944 these four
publications of the Time
group are budgeted to use
73,000,000 pounds (1,450
freight carloads) less paper
than in 1942. In view of re-
sulting shortages of copies,
please share your copy of
LIFE with your friends.

To taste Old Crow today is to savor
the same perfection in whiskey
which generations of critical drink-
ers have known and applauded.
You will find Old Crow unchanged,
in spite of war restrictions and
concentration on the government
alcohol program. You will find it, of
course, a bit more difficult to buy.
But be patient and keep asking for it.

THOSE IN THE KNOW

ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S
GREAT WHISKIES



Bottled-in-Bond

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye
This whiskey is 4 years old • 100 Proof
National Distillers Products Corp., New York



LIFE'S MISCELLANY

CONTINUED

TINY MIRROR HELPS RESCUE AT SEA

A special mirror capable of signaling a bright flash to a plane as far away as 10 miles is now a part of Army and Navy life-raft equipment. The mirror, which is silvered on both sides, has a small sighting cross in the center. Sunlight shining through the sight makes a cross of light on user's face, is reflected on back of mirror. When the mirror is tilted so that this reflection coincides with the cross itself the signal is flush on the target up in the sky.



Mirror is aimed. Cross of light comes through the sight on the mirror, is reflected on mirror's back. Sailor moves mirror until reflected cross falls exactly over sight cross.

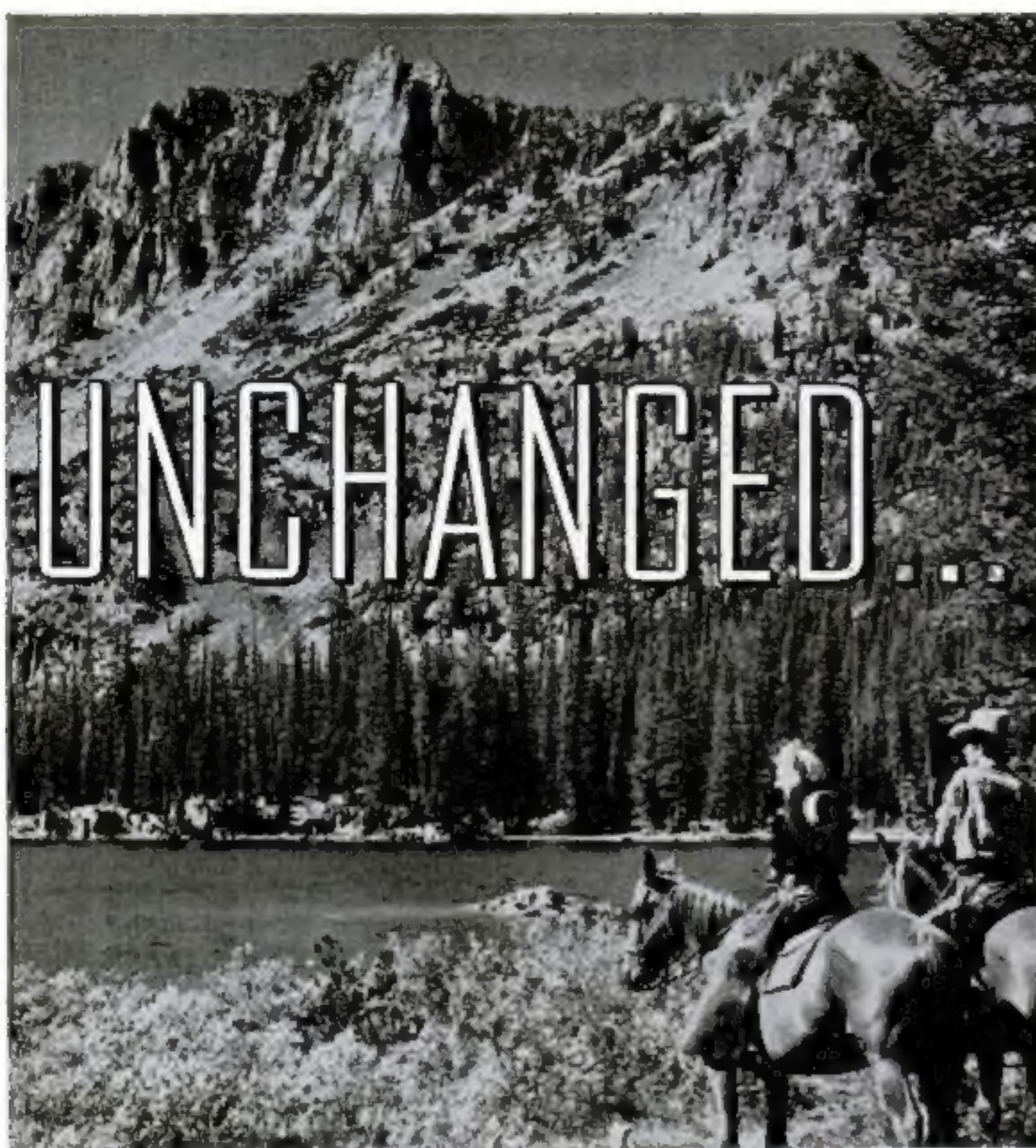


Rescue plane is framed by the crosslines of the sight in center of the mirror. The mirror is held about three inches from the face to obtain best results during the signal.



Bright signal flash on the surface of the flat gray ocean directs the rescue plane to the life raft. Ordinarily airmen are unable to see a small life raft from high altitudes.

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PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS • PORTLAND 4, OREGON



California Grape Brandy 84 Proof, Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN

"Pacific?"

by
Gilbert Bundy

Brilliant young artist and war correspondent whips off some on-the-scene sketches for Camels—and for you—of the things he's seen and done with the fighting men in the not very pacific Pacific.



"NOW ALL HANDS HEAR THIS" . . . that's how the squawk-box (loud-speaker) starts off. The gunners get the news—enemy aircraft approaching. Just 19 minutes after I dashed off this sketch, they had doused the Camels and were spraying steel all over the sky.



MEET DONALD DUCK. Marine mascot. Even the most rugged leatherneck acts like a doting mother with a spoiled infant when it comes to pets. It got so that Donald followed these two gyp-eyes just about wherever they went.

YANKEE TRADING. Plenty sharp, these boys, in the swap-and-barter routine. Captured Jap battle Rags . . . pistols . . . helmets . . . stacks of stuff for souvenirs for Mom, Pop, and the best girl back home.



"YOU GUYS RATE A PARTY," the cookoo said, breaking out a carton of Camels and the biggest, gaudiest cake I ever saw, at H-Hour minus Five. Yep, just five hours before the Marines invaded Island "X." Funny thing, too, they ate it. P. S. I didn't.



TOUGHEST LITTLE GUY I EVER SAW, this Navy coxswain chauffeuring a landing craft. He has the face of a cherub, but don't let it fool you. He's made of rawhide, spring steel, sand, and T.N.T.



CHEST HARDWARE. Here's a pal of mine (the G.I., not the General) getting a good answer for that question he'll be hearing in the future . . . "Daddy, what did you do in the war?"



"I CAN SAY THIS, because I've seen it all over the map. There are moments when having a cigarette seems like the most important thing in the world. And Camel is the cigarette that rates. Way up high. It's got something the men go for. Maybe it's the flavor that lets you know you're really having a smoke, even though Camel is plus in mildness. Maybe it's because it's easy on my throat, and no matter how rugged a guy is he still wants that kind of a cigarette. But whatever it is...Camel's got it, and you can quote me!"

Camels

COSTLIER TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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